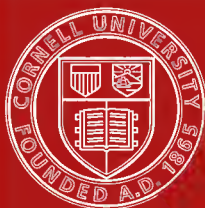




LOOKING BACK FROM
BEULAH

1912

ALMA WHITE



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Sincerely yours
Alma White

LOOKING BACK FROM BEULAH

BY

MRS. MOLLIE ALMA WHITE

ON THE OVERRULING AND FORMING HAND OF GOD IN THE POVERTY AND STRUGGLES OF CHILDHOOD. THE HARDSHIPS OF LATER YEARS; THE BATTLES, VICTORIES AND JOYS OF

THE SANCTIFIED LIFE

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PATH THAT LED TO IT. THE APOSTASY OF THE MODERN CHURCH, WITH SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS AND COMMENTS. PENTECOSTAL WORK.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls" (Jer. 6:16).

And I saw the denominations—great multitudes—in the wilderness of this world, pitifully confused in the way. Inordinate desires, "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," had darkened their understanding. The path to the "goodly land" was lost—filled with sand by the crossing and recrossing of gay young crowds "who sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play*," and by the elders who "turned aside quickly out of the way" to worship other gods.* The guide posts erected by early leaders were cut down. Blind guides were abundant and as badly muddled as the rest. The Guide Book was being highly criticised, and the miraculous and supernatural eliminated: "the land of milk and honey" was considered doubtful†, and the leeks and onions of the kingdom of darkness more to be desired.

I saw the wrath of God descend upon them. Fire destroyed them‡. And "the Lord made a new thing; the earth opened her mouth and swallowed§" up the gainsayers||, that were famous in the congregation, men of renown¶; and of the others, the wilderness was full of their carcasses**.

*Ex. 32:6-8. †Heb. 3:18. ‡Num. 10:2. §Num. 16:30.
||Jud. 11. ¶Num. 16:2. **Num. 14:29.

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1909

TO HIM WHOM I LOVE,
WHO HATH ENRICHED ME WITH
A GREAT POSSESSION,
AND IN THE MIDST THEREOF HATH BECOME
THE FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND
TO MY SOUL,
TO WHOM I HAVE DEDICATED ALL THINGS,
TO HIS CAUSE

I Dedicate this Book.

To the few that are finding the narrow way and walking therein, may it be a benediction.

To the unsanctified, may it create a fear lest a promise being left them, they fail in unbelief.

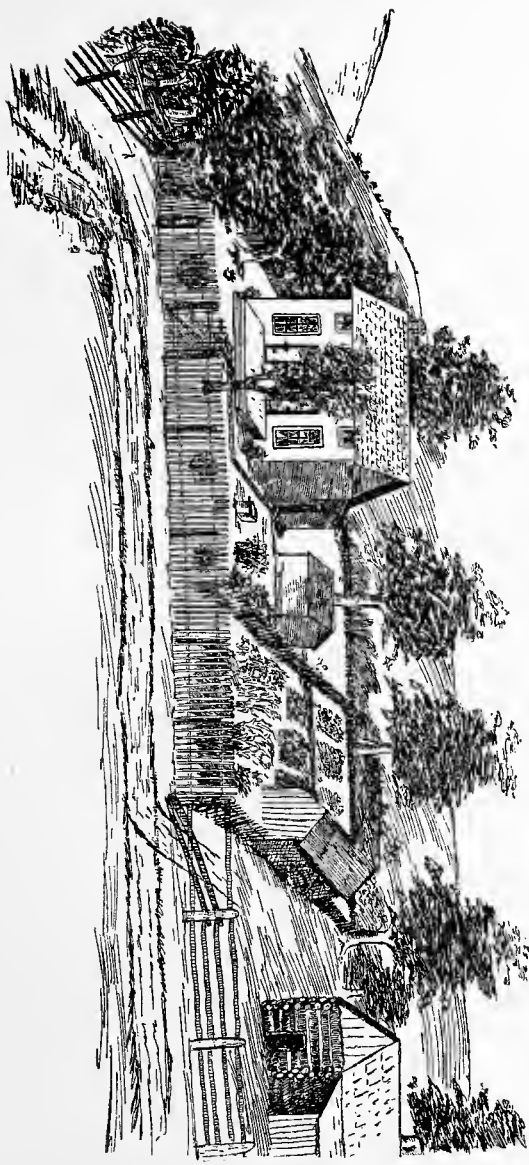
To the unsaved, may it be a voice crying, Repent, Prepare to meet thy God for He cometh to judge the quick ~~and~~ the dead.

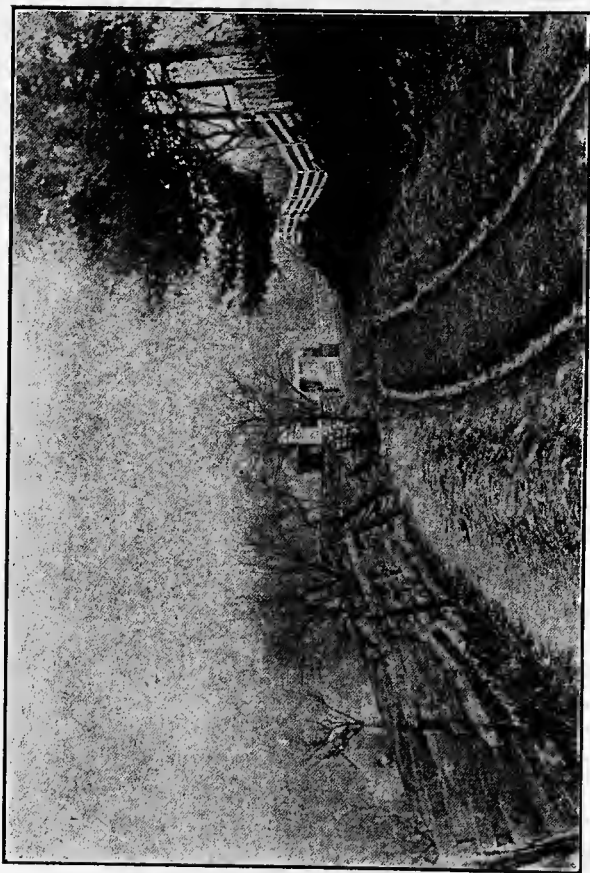
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FROM THE OLD PLACE WE MOVED TO THIS NEW HOUSE ON THE HILL





A LATE PICTURE OF MY CHILDHOOD HOME

LOOKING BACK FROM BEULAH

CHAPTER I

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION

WHEN nine years of age, I was deeply convicted of sin one evening while listening to a conversation in our home. My father and mother, together with some relatives, were talking of the eternal torments of the wicked. One dark picture after another was drawn, and while standing some distance from them, apparently unnoticed, I was so overcome with the fear of hell that I could hardly move. I soon caught my father's eye, and he reminded me that it was bed-time. I left the room with a longing to unburden my heart to some one, for a consciousness of sin had settled upon me. The need of a Savior was thus felt early in life. Daylight was anxiously looked for, in hopes that it would bring relief, but when it came it did not lift the darkness from my soul.

We lived in Lewis county, Kentucky, on the Kinnikinnick, nine miles from Vanceburg.

The nearest church was five miles away. From the time I was first convicted I had no opportunity of attending a meeting for two years, yet there was such concern at times about my soul that I was scarcely able to work or study.

Mother was familiar with many of the old Methodist hymns, and often sang them about her work and before retiring at night. The following hymn of Wesley's on the final account, greatly impressed me:

“And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

“Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

“Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

“If now Thou standest at the door,
O let me feel Thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at Thy bar appear.”

The songs she sang were the only sermons I heard. They were used by the Spirit to keep me under conviction. Among them

were: "Come Humble Sinner in Whose Breast," "There Is a Spot to Me More Dear," and, "Show Pity Lord, O Lord Forgive."

I meditated on these hymns day and night, and asked mother to buy me a book so I could learn them. She had so many things on her mind that my earnest appeal went unheeded. Having no one else to go to, I believed that God would answer prayer, and knelt down and asked Him for the book. Two weeks later I went to visit my eldest sister at her home. In the evening, when her husband returned from town, he threw a beautiful leather-bound hymn-book into my lap, with the remark, "I thought we needed a hymn-book here." I was delighted with this book, and much of my time was spent at their home in memorizing hymns.

Two years elapsed. A revival meeting was in progress in the church before mentioned. My father, eldest brother and two sisters were converted in this meeting. I had the opportunity of going only twice. At the first service I attended I went forward to the altar, and the next evening joined the church on probation; but no real change of heart was experienced and my soul languished in darkness, more miserable than before. Having been encouraged by receiving a hymn-book in answer to prayer, I prayed for a Bible also.

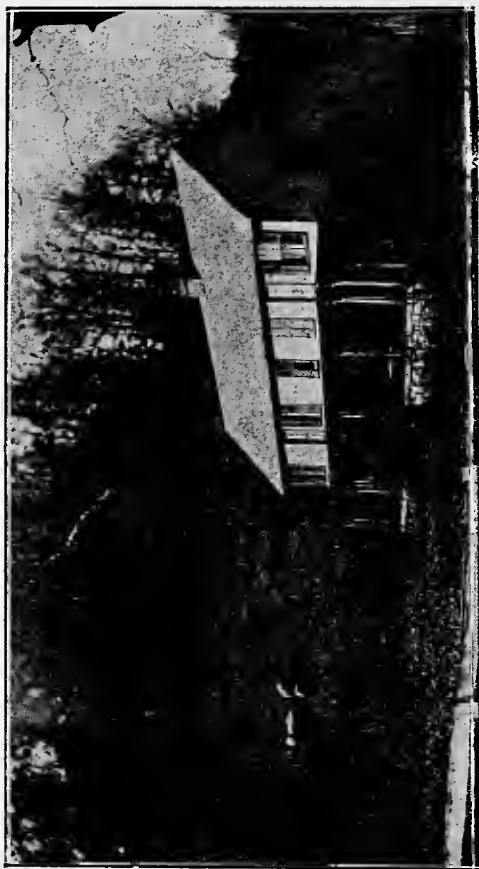
After having attended our district school for a few months, the teacher came to me and said, "Do you know you are going to win the prize in your spelling class?" This was a surprise to me, for one of my sisters, who was in the same class, was a much better speller than I. The prize was to be either a Bible or an album, and when the teacher asked me which I preferred, I exclaimed, "THE BIBLE!" On the last day of the term she placed in my hand a Bible with a gilt edge and a clasp. This book was valued above anything that I had ever before owned. All my spare moments were devoted to it. The first four books of the New Testament were read and reread, and many verses, including all of the fourteenth chapter of St. John, were committed to memory.

My probationary membership in the church was drawing to a close, at the end of which time I expected to be baptized and taken into full connection in the church. I had lived in hopes that peace would come to my soul then, but in this I was mistaken. The membership vows and water baptism brought no change of heart. Now that I had been accepted as a member, I supposed that everyone thought I was a Christian, but too well I knew better. I knew Jesus had denounced hypocrites, and He and John the Baptist

called them a "generation of vipers;" something kept saying, "Hypocrite, hypocrite." There were rattlesnakes and vipers in that part of Kentucky, which were a constant dread, and the thought of being compared to them horrified me.

The Methodist preacher visited our home occasionally, but never spoke to me about my soul. My eldest brother was taken down with typhoid fever, and for weeks his life hung in the balances. He was not saved, and the thought of his being lost in the hell that the Bible tells us about, nearly distracted me. There were days while he was sick, that I had scarcely any appetite for food. He, like myself, was a member of the church, but even though he had been converted I was satisfied he was then a backslider. I watched him very closely and wondered why the other members of the family were not more concerned about his soul. On a Sunday morning I ran all the way to the home of my eldest sister, without being sent, to tell her that he was worse. She did not manifest the sorrow that I expected her to, and I went back home crying.

Arriving at my brother's bedside again, I found an old German neighbor there. He turned away, shook his head and groaned. I understood what that meant. Our pastor had



HOME OF MY ELDEST SISTER

not called, and I wondered why mother did not send for him.

The next morning there was still no change for the better, but somehow I felt that something was going to be done in his behalf. Looking down the road I recognized our preacher coming on horseback. Soon he was at my brother's bedside, reading and praying. As he read the third verse of the 103d Psalm, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," every muscle in my brother's face quivered, and his countenance changed, which left a lasting impression upon me. I believed that God reclaimed him at that moment. Mother's tears were flowing, and the preacher looked pleased. I could not restrain my emotion and foolishly left the room to weep. I should have stayed by the bedside and had my cry out, and others perhaps would have gotten under conviction. I did not realize then that I was quenching the Spirit. After this scene, until my brother was restored to health, all concern left me as to whether he lived or died. I knew that if it were God's will to call him away, that his sins were forgiven. My greatest concern now was about my own soul, and I would willingly have chosen sickness, if through physical suffering the desired change could have been brought about in my heart. There was no one to

whom I could go for help or advice, and no one seemed to be concerned about my salvation. The world and its pleasures had no attraction for me while in this condition. Much of the time I was silent, and was often accused of being sullen, by people who did not understand that it was real conviction.

Two years more of trial and heart-anguish passed. On a Sunday afternoon, with my brother and sister, I attended quarterly meeting in Northcutt chapel, seven miles away. The presiding elder, for whom the chapel was named, preached the sermon. He took his text from Prov. 18:24: "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I felt that every word he spoke was intended for me. Near the close of his sermon he told of one who had neglected salvation and died without hope. Kind friends had ministered to his wants and done all that loving hearts and hands could do to comfort him in his dying hours, but while breathing his last, instead of angels coming to bear him away on their white pinions, demons were present to escort him to the black chambers of despair. As he described the horrors of the dying man, an unseen power took hold of me; I sat motionless, wishing an altar call might be made, and that some one would help me to go forward, but to my disappointment, no invitation was given.

It would be impossible to tell what I suffered after reaching home. I sought places of retirement where I might breathe out my soul to God. Often in the night-time deliverance seemed very near; I could almost reach out and grasp the blessing, when the enemy would whisper: "If you get converted you will shout and awaken everybody in the house." He kept me in constant fear, knowing how much out of the ordinary it would have been for a person in our home to shout and praise the Lord.

My father invited a minister of the M. E. Church to preach in our school house, where a class was formed and our membership placed. He was a young college graduate and preached good sermons, but had no power. He flourished his left hand gracefully in order to display a gold ring which he wore. I wondered at his disregard for God's word and the Methodist discipline, which forbid the wearing of gold. The enemy used this ring to distract my thoughts from spiritual things. I wondered who would be the fortunate (?) young woman on whose finger this ring would be placed sooner or later. In a short time after he came to the charge a girl of my own age was wearing it, who became his wife a few months later. The very fact that this preacher fell in love with a fifteen-year-old girl and

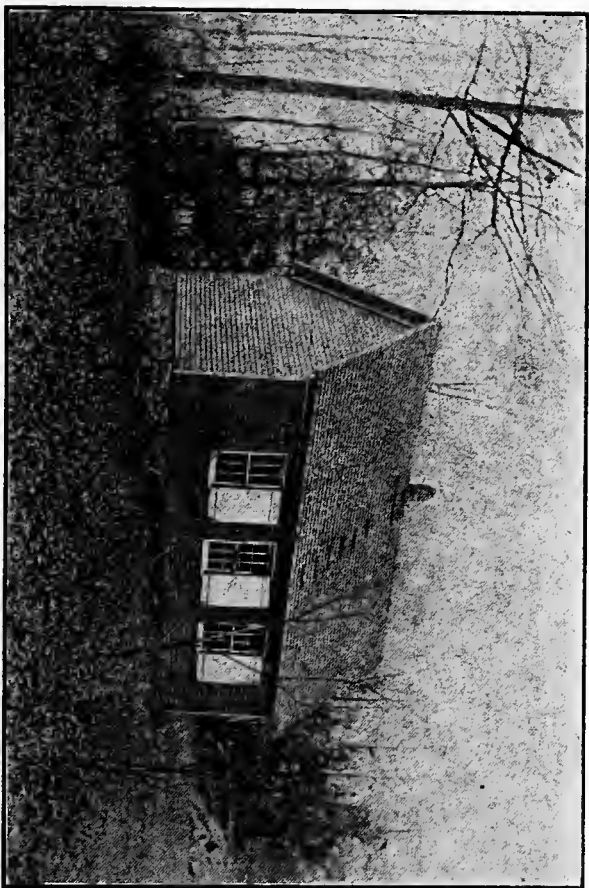
married her within a year after being placed on this charge, proved that he had no salvation. His college education had made a fool of him, rather than fitted him for the ministry, which is usually the case. The young woman we knew had not a particle of salvation; in fact, she made no profession of Christianity; all that could be said of her was that she was a church member. This man has filled many important pulpits and positions in the Kentucky Conference, and remains until this day without any spiritual life.

He promised to hold a protracted meeting for us, to which we anxiously looked forward. At last the services were begun, but after preaching three evenings, he closed with no particular reason for doing so, claiming that duty called him elsewhere. After he left the charge, another young college preacher was sent, who proved to have less ability than his predecessor. Our hope for a revival was again blasted.

The Lord had answered my prayer for a hymn-book and a Bible, had converted my brother and raised him from a bed of sickness, and I believed it was time to pray for a preacher to come who would hold special revival services and give the people a chance to publicly seek the Lord. There were no regrets when our pastor left, and we anxiously

awaited his successor. W. B. Godbey was sent in answer to prayer. He began special meetings in our neighborhood November 5, 1878. I was away from home and did not attend the first service; the second evening I went forward with others on the first invitation. Our hired man knelt near me, whom I had always considered very wicked, as he attended balls and places of worldly amusement. After a short struggle he leaped to his feet shouting. On the other side of me was a worldly neighbor girl who loved to dance; she broke through and began to praise God for deliverance from her sins. These conversions were a great surprise to me. I supposed that they, being more worldly than I, would be longer in finding Christ. In this my self-righteousness was manifest, which was as filthy rags in God's sight. I had to learn that salvation is a free gift, and not merited by any one; also that grace will reach as far as sin has gone, when conditions are met, and that through faith in the atoning blood we are made free. I found no relief that evening, and left the house in great distress. I could hear the wails of the lost, and felt that one more step would take me over the brink into the abyss. Everything hitherto tried had failed to bring relief, and I knew that it was not in the power of human beings to help

me. All desire for food was taken from me. The next day, as far as possible, I remained out of sight. The cry of my soul was: "I must be saved to-night or be lost forever." On entering the meeting house that evening, I found the seats all taken except two benches near the speaker, that were used for mourners. I sat down on one of these, near the end, and held tightly to keep from falling to the floor, for I was almost prostrated under my load. The text was Romans 6:23: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Breathing became difficult as the preacher thundered the terrors of the law. The old serpent seemed to be tightening his coils about me. Conviction was settling down with such power on the congregation that some turned sick and sought to escape from the house. One of my uncles, who had been trying to be a Universalist, went out and threw up his supper, and returned. Hell was uncapped; men looked into it and became desperately sick of their sins. The call for seekers brought many to the altar. Demons seemed to be clutching at my heart-strings as I sank to the floor at the end of the seat. A sister came to talk with me, but I was sorry she did so, as I wished to be alone. When she left, the preacher came and knelt at my side and asked me to repeat



THE HOLLY HILL SCHOOL HOUSE WHERE I WAS CONVERTED IN 1878

these familiar lines, from which he thought I would receive benefit:

“But drops of grief can ne’er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
’Tis all that I can do.”

My reply was that I had repeated them over and over. While he was talking, I felt that the Savior was far away and could not hear me; I was so inwardly absorbed and crushed that I could scarcely hear the voice of the preacher, who was speaking in his usual tone. Trying to arouse me from this death-like stupor, he said, “Daughter, will you take Jesus for your Prophet, Priest and King—your Prophet to teach you, your Priest to forgive you, and your King to rule you?” I told him that I would gladly do so. He asked me then to rise to my feet. “No,” I said, “I must be saved to-night, and I cannot leave until the work is done, if I have to stay here until morning.” “But you have taken Jesus, have you not?” I answered, “Yes.” He assisted me in rising to my feet. Before I had fairly stood, my burden rolled away, my heart opened, and heaven came down and filled and thrilled me until my whole being was tremulous with new life. The power of the Spirit was so great upon me that I was unable to

stand without support. Everybody around me appeared to be changed; the faces of some persons were radiant with light, while others looked very dark. All eyes apparently were upon me. Some said, "Shout;" others said, "Sing," but I could do nothing but laugh, wondering if heaven could be any better. A young man, who claimed to be an unbeliever, and who apparently had been unmoved until this time, observing the change that had come over me, turned to mother and said, "I can never doubt again after seeing this." Three days later he was converted.

On the way home that night my heart sang:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

"Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the rock of ages,
Ever my trust shall be."

I understood for the first time the song that the heavenly host sang over the Babe of Bethlehem, and felt that I could vie with them in singing, "Glory to God in the highest." The night was full of melody—all things seemed to be praising God. Even the whip-poor-will, with its doleful notes, that

had formerly brought such gloomy forebodings, now appeared to unite with me in singing praises to my King.

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CHAPTER II

THE INWARD CONFLICT—TRIALS IN SCHOOL

On the Sunday afternoon following my conversion, I was alone in the house, sitting by the fire reading the Bible, when Satan brought some wicked thoughts into my mind. Frightened by them, I arose, hastened to a back room and dropped upon my knees in prayer. The adversary said, "You have lost your salvation; you were seven years seeking Christ, and it will be seven years more before you are restored to Him." Bewildered by the sudden attack of the enemy, and stung by his upbraiding words, with a humiliating sense of the long struggle in seeking salvation, and the thought of having to repeat it, my soul was filled, for a moment, with inexpressible agony. In this, my first conflict, the Lord, seeing my confusion, quickly came to my relief, and in the realm of my soul struck the key-note of my first battle hymn:

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

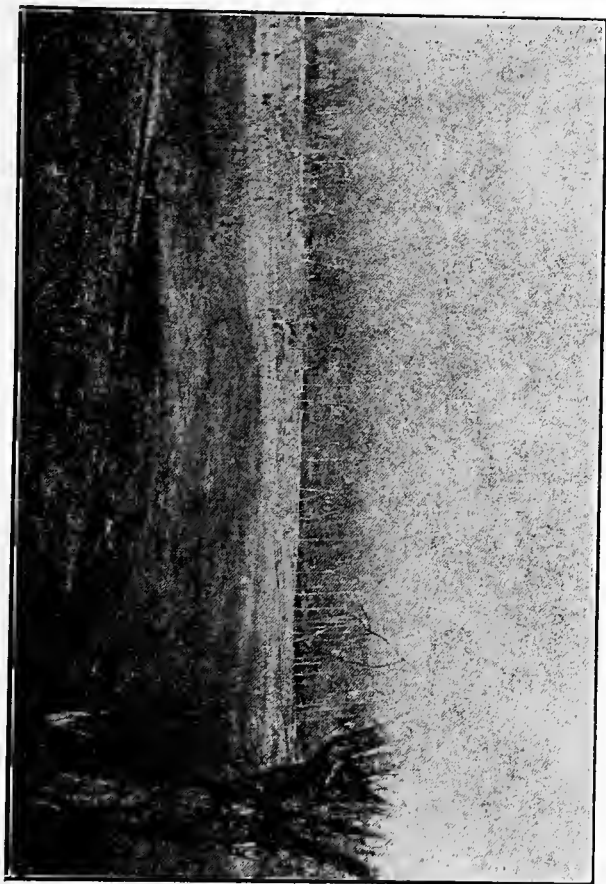
"Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

Remembering that the Word says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and again the dove of peace rested upon me, and I wept for joy. From this hour the warfare began, and trials and besetments awaited me on every hand.

One of my sisters was very nervous, and often my presence annoyed her. I sought to please her in different ways, but did not succeed. Whenever I could have a little time to myself, the hymn-book and Bible were my constant companions. When I sang, she complained about the noise, and if she found me reading the Bible, she would want some work done. She had no idea how the devil was using her to put stumbling-blocks in my way. While the injustice of her complaints was evident to all, no sympathy was awakened for me in the hearts of the other members of the family. My father and mother were in the habit of giving way to her in almost everything. Mother had done it more to avoid contention, knowing that father would always take this sister's part, whether she was right or wrong. A gulf widened between us until it afforded me great relief when

VIEW ACROSS THE BOTTOM FROM THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE



she was absent from home for a time. The partiality shown to her was used of God to reveal inbred sin in my heart, as it required a continual effort to overcome an ill feeling that wanted to spring up there.

We lived on a small farm, which my parents owned, and on which place my father operated a tannery. Much of my time was spent in out-door work. There were seven sisters and three brothers, and only one of the latter old enough to be of much help. Having a strong constitution in my early life, the heavy burdens naturally fell upon me, which slowly undermined my health and laid the foundation for years of suffering. My strength was taxed oftentimes to its utmost capacity in lifting loads, frequently sacks of grain, which injured my blood vessels. My sister Lida, who was three years and a half my senior, was proud and ambitious. We were not at all congenial, her aspirations being entirely different from mine. Nora, who was the nearest my own age, stayed with my married sister most of the time.

Things did not always run smoothly among us, and there were often divisions and contentions which afforded ample opportunity to develop the Christian graces. Rather than strive, I learned to suffer, knowing that the Bible says, resist not evil, but overcome evil

with good. Mother often said that I would not take my own part. There were frightful uprisings in my heart which required a constant effort to keep down, but through much prayer I found the grace of God sufficient.

Much was being said about our education, but my father often remarked that it was useless to spend money on me, as it could be put to better use in educating my sisters, whom he considered more brilliant than I. I had only been to school a few months in all my life, while my sisters and brother had not only attended the public schools regularly, but at different times had attended a seminary at Vanceburg. When they were away at school the work was too heavy for my strength, but it had to be done; there was no other way.

One day mother said the way was opening for Nora and myself to go to the seminary. This time my father made no objection, and in less than a fortnight we were in the school. Having looked forward to this event, I had studied hard to prepare for it, often burning the midnight oil over my books. I wanted to become a school teacher that I might earn some money for myself, and have the opportunity of helping others.

Change of location and close application to study, caused me to somewhat neglect secret prayer and the reading of God's word,

and I soon discovered that some of the joy had gone from my heart. In the first conflict with the enemy he tried to throw me suddenly from the track; in this he was defeated. Next he tried the gradual process, and had well-nigh succeeded before I awakened to my danger. The principal of the school noticed my depression and tried in every way to cheer me up, but as he was ignorant of the real cause, he did not succeed. He asked some of the students to take me out to gather wild flowers and make me laugh, if possible. But of course this was no remedy for a famishing soul.

Natural timidity caused me great suffering in school, and the principal told my father that I must overcome it; otherwise progress in my studies would be greatly hindered, but in spite of all efforts to be an overcomer, for a time at least, I failed.

At the close of the term we returned home for the summer. I had planned to take the teachers' examination in July, and knew it would be necessary to put in all the time possible in preparation. Two weeks before the examination, Bro. W. B. Godbey announced special services to begin in the neighboring school house. To take the time to attend these meetings, I feared might be at the cost of a certificate, but after taking it to the Lord in prayer, it was made plain what to do.

Matt. 6:33-34 was given me: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (R. V.). Great peace came with the decision to first look after the welfare of my soul, by attending the services. In doing this I was wonderfully uplifted and blest, and later had the help and favor of God in getting a good certificate. An older sister, with a better education than myself, who was badly in need of spiritual help, sacrificed the meetings in the interest of her certificate and failed in the examination.

In the revival meetings I won some important victories. An old man, "Uncle Gus Frizell," as he was called, with snow-white hair and beard, came a long way to attend this revival. He often led the prayer and praise meeting preceding the sermon. He asked me one day if I would pray that evening if he should call on me. The question was very unexpected, and before I had time to collect my thoughts I told him that I had said I would never refuse. He was delighted. I was frightened, and with stammering tongue tried to tell him that I did not intend to give him a decisive answer, but he would not await a further explanation. To refuse now would

be to lay down the cross, which I could not think of doing, for I knew it would be perilous. I therefore proceeded to put a few sentences together, to memorize for the occasion. That evening, when called upon to pray, my mind became a blank, and for a moment I was speechless. Then opening my mouth in the effort, the Holy Spirit came to my help and began to intercede through me, astonishing me more perhaps than anyone else. Through this intercession a picture came before me of human beings sporting on the edge of an awful precipice, ready to be dashed into the abyss below. Forgetting myself, I cried to God in their behalf. Fear and timidity were swept away, and my soul, in the liberty of the Spirit, mounted heavenward. Hallelujah! I learned the secret of openly addressing God, and never committed another prayer. Uncle Gus did not call upon me in the preliminary service; but waited until after the sermon, which was a heart-searching one. There were sobs and groans from the penitents kneeling at the altar.

The preacher said next day, "Daughter, you made a wonderful prayer." I tried to tell him I was not responsible for the prayer, but did not know how to express myself. He smiled, and with a "God bless you," went on his way. My cup was running over with joy

all day, for another battle had been fought and the victory won, and no one but Jesus knew how great had been the conflict.

The school directors in the county were engaging their teachers for the fall and the winter terms. There were more teachers than there were schools. There was an out-of-the-way district among the hills, where some teachers had commenced to teach and failed to finish their terms. I had heard of this place and knew that the school was by no means a desirable one, but asked the Lord to give it to me. I applied and succeeded in getting it. No boarding place could be found nearer than three miles from the school house, and the road was rough and hilly. Becoming weary on these long walks, I often sat down to rest, while two little girls, who accompanied me, would run ahead and gather wild flowers and make them into bouquets. These little bright-eyed children, innocent and playful as squirrels, I would find awaiting me on a hill or in a ravine, cozily seated in some nook of the road. When I overtook them they would show their sympathy and love by giving me their prettiest flowers which they had gathered along the way. There were many poisonous serpents, for which we were on the constant lookout. The Holy Spirit made it clear to me that my Christian life would be much like

this road—rough, long, hilly, beset with poisonous serpents, and yet occasionally cheered with love's bright faces and fragrant flowers.

The school house was an old log cabin, with a floor on but part of the room. There was a fireplace, one window, and a few old benches without backs. The school was opened each morning with prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. The first day of the term there were twenty-two pupils in attendance, two young men among them, one of whom brought a message from his father, an elderly member of the school board, saying that he wanted his children to study geography, but did not want them taught that the earth is round; he said he had heard enough of that nonsense. The young man said that he thought "Pa was a little off," and that he proposed to accept the teachings of the textbook. The father's confidence was soon gained and he consented to my teaching what he called the "new theory."

In this school many valuable lessons were learned, especially the one of endurance. Sometimes, when my strength was overtaxed, I remembered that the Scriptures teach that if we are faithful over a few things, we will be made ruler over many things (Matt. 25:21).

Soon after the three months' term closed, and I had fifty dollars coming—all my own



VIEW FROM BACK OF THE HOUSE

money. - Our pastor had advised my father and mother to move to Millersburg, Ky., where other members of the family, as well as myself, could have the advantage of the Methodist female college located there. Instead of spending the money as I had planned, the whole amount was given to mother to be used in making preparations to move. There were few regrets in taking the last look at the old home, as my life there had been one of loneliness, hardship and toil.

The trip of seventy miles was made through the country in a covered wagon in March, 1880, our goods having been shipped ahead. After arriving at Millersburg, we were invited to spend a few days at the female college. When I heard the young women talk about their lessons in literature, art, music, the languages, sciences, etc., it started anew my thirst for knowledge. How it thrilled me!

On a seven-acre lot a short distance from the town, Rev. W. B. Godbey was building a house. The lumber was shipped from some mountain land my father owned in northeastern Kentucky. Here the preacher's family was to live while his son "Jimmie" attended the Kentucky Wesleyan College, a school for young men, also located at Millersburg. "Jimmie" was an apt linguist, and was pre-

paring for missionary work in China, but took quick consumption and died. A remarkable scene took place at his bedside, which my mother and sister witnessed. "Jimmie" was sanctified a few days before his death, and died in the first glow of this new experience. The Spirit came upon his father, and he, victorious over his loss, shouted his son to the other shore. Our old home place in Lewis county was exchanged for the Godbey property, and a few months later we moved into the new house vacated by this family. After attending college for about ten months, I stopped to teach. The board of directors offered me the school in the district in which we lived, which was one of the best in the county and sought after by leading teachers. The Lord helped me to secure a first-grade certificate, which it was necessary to have in order to get the school.

At this time Aunt Eliza Mason, who lived in Montana, came to visit us. Two of my sisters had always been favorites of hers. A few days after her arrival I overheard her tell mother that she wanted to take one of them back with her. Mother told her that neither of them could be induced to go so far from home, and that Alma would be more likely to go than any of her other children. My aunt said she would prefer to take one of the other

girls, but rather than have no one go with her, she would take me.

I passed through one of the greatest trials of my life that day. The cords that had so tenderly bound me to some of the members of the family were gradually being severed. I had been with mother to C——, and on account of some misunderstanding between an older sister and myself, I silently wept all the way there and back. For three years God had been preparing me for the separation, by taking me through some trying experiences with different members of the family. When my aunt returned to Montana, she went with the understanding that I was soon to follow. God's will was made very plain to me. He said to me as He did to Abraham, "Get thee out of thine own country, and from thy father's house into a land which I will show thee." It has always been God's plan when people begin life in His service to take them away from their old environments and place them where they cannot lean upon human ties and relationships. One of Satan's most successful schemes to defeat God's plans in the lives of people is to cause human relationships to stand between them and God. If a man misplaces his affections, Satan has won the day. In human ties and affections there is great strength; it is the devil's purpose to use these

for the upbuilding of his kingdom by wresting them from their proper places and using them to defeat God's plans.

There is no subject upon which more light is thrown in the Word than the kinsfolk question, yet most professed Christians do not seem to know it. It is hard to make people believe, and especially the young, that human affections, when perverted, make parents and loved ones the most deadly foes of those who are trying to serve the Lord. When a person turns his back upon the world to follow Christ, he will have enough to do to keep his eyes upon Jesus and make the race, without being dictated to by carnal-minded relatives who are unwilling to relinquish their claims upon him. It is impossible to serve two masters. One can readily see how the love of a worldly-minded mother can hinder a child who has chosen a course in life entirely different from her own plans, which must necessarily be the case when the lone way of the Cross is taken.

After returning to Montana, my aunt engaged the spring term of the Bannock public school for me at sixty dollars a month. This was twice as much per month as I had been receiving in Kentucky, and was quite an inducement for me to go; but the great desire of my heart was to be used of the Lord in

that new country as a missionary. From the moment of my conversion I believed that my life would be spent in a special way in the Lord's service, and supposed that my only opportunity would be in some home or foreign mission field, as the Methodist church had made no provision for women to preach. That this opening was of God, I could not doubt, and believed it to be the first step to a life of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. My plans were kept for a time from father and mother, knowing it would be hard for them to let me go. At last I told them of my intentions, but it was some time before they were convinced that it was God's will.

CHAPTER III

LEAVING HOME

ON the 20th of March, 1882, my ticket was purchased for Dillon, Montana, at a cost of one hundred and six dollars, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I started alone on my long journey. I was yet in my teens, and previous to this had made only a few short trips on railroad trains. As I drove away to the station, I looked back and saw mother standing on the porch. I knew she was wondering if she would ever see me again. Perhaps no tie was ever stronger between mother and daughter than that between us. I promised her before leaving home not to get married until she saw me again, and that, God willing, I would return in two years. In less than an hour after boarding the train, I reached Cynthiana, where I met Mrs. Martha Grinnan, my father's only sister, who, with a distressed look, said: "Child, I would rather see you buried than taking this trip, for then I would know where your corpse lay. You know nothing of the sin of this wicked world, and your parents have shown no wisdom in letting you take such a journey alone." I told her that I was not alone; that I had a

Companion who never left me. She was not a Christian and could not comprehend this statement.

After the train started I could no longer restrain my tears, and during the next few minutes my whole life passed in a panorama before me. In this view God showed me how His providences and mercies had over-ruled and worked out for good all the hardships and struggles that I had had in the past. It was a wonderful experience, in which my life was seen in flashes, yet so distinct and perfect was each shifting scene, that it will never be effaced from memory. It closed with mother's pale face and father's troubled look when he tremblingly bade me goodby. It was hard to leave my little brother Charles; his pitiful look, as I drove away, remained with me. We all knew that God had set him apart to preach the Gospel, this knowledge being imparted to us while he was yet in his infancy. Soon there would be hundreds of miles between us. All this came with full force against my soul, and following it came thoughts of the future. The West would bring new experiences. We had heard many stories of wild Western life, and when my aunt told of the hostilities of the Indians, it stirred me to the depths. I dreaded new scenes and places. There had been so many dark pictures drawn of the

rough Western life, of Indians, Mormons, pickpockets, and fiends with traps for girls, that they almost caused my heart to fail me. But the Comforter was near and whispered, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you. Peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Seven years before I had committed to memory the 14th chapter of John, in which these verses are found, and had often been comforted by them, but never did they come to me with such meaning as now. Not to be troubled, nor afraid, nor left comfortless—He would give, but not as the world giveth. Wonderful words! Earth has never heard such a farewell as this spoken by Jesus to His disciples. Surely these are the sweetest words ever spoken in a world where friends must part!

Being greatly comforted I went on my journey more firmly established than ever before.

On the omnibus at Cincinnati, just as Kentucky was receding from view, a bold young man crowded me in the seat, for which there was no necessity, as there was plenty of room. The Lord helped me to rebuke him. I told him that if there was not room enough for him, I would see that the driver

made it for him on the outside. Congratulating myself on this little act of heroism, I felt strengthened for the battles ahead.

When near Indianapolis, a fearful rain-storm delayed the train for twenty hours. Our coach was filled with passengers, and my seat had to be shared with some one else.

Reaching St. Louis out of time, I had to spend the day in the union depot, which proved to be one of the most wearisome of my life. Great crowds were surging to and fro, and if I left my seat I was not likely to get another until an outgoing train was called. I had not slept for forty-eight hours, and went to the ticket window to secure a berth in a sleeper. With difficulty I passed through the immense throng. I carried two pocket-books, and in making change, I left the one containing my railroad ticket and twenty dollars, in the window, not discovering the fact until I returned to the waiting room. The perspiration stood on my brow, and my heart beat as though it would burst through its walls. Uttering a prayer to God to save me from the disaster of losing it, I rushed back and found it where I had left it. A hundred hands could have picked it up and no one would have been the wiser. Nothing less than a miracle had been wrought in my behalf, which greatly increased my faith in Him who had promised

never to leave nor forsake me. My train was at last called.

The next morning our train was only seventy miles from St. Louis, where there was a further delay of ten hours. After arriving at Omaha I had to wait over night for the west-bound train.

On reaching the desolate wastes of Wyoming, a feeling of loneliness and fear came over me. On the western border of the state a number of cowboys boarded the train. I was the only woman in the car, and my tears flowed in spite of all efforts to restrain them. Having upset a bottle of camphor in my lunch basket, and learning that meals were one dollar each at the rough station houses, I was wondering what to do, when a fine-appearing old gentleman who had taken occasion to call my attention to the scenery along the road, asked me if I would accept a box of crackers and cheese, which were exceptionally nice. I took the box with thanks as coming from the Lord.

We were not far from Ogden, Utah, a Mormon city, where, I had been told, men would stand on the platform at the depot and watch for young girls with a view of making them polygamous wives. I learned afterwards that they were not so openly bold as this, except on the arrival of immigrant bands of Mor-

mons, when they took wives from among them. But at the time, the thought of having a half dozen marriage proposals at the depot and being carried off bodily was dreadful. There had been so many delays on the road, I hoped there would be none in this city. Before reaching the place a young man took a seat near me. He had a kind face, and noticing the card on my valise he showed me his ticket to the same destination. The fear of the place partly left me when I thought that he might assist me in changing cars. On the arrival of the train, he courteously guided me through a motley-looking crowd to the waiting room, where I learned that a washout on the road would delay the north-bound train twenty-four hours. The young man took the opportunity this delay afforded him to visit Salt Lake City, and was soon on board a train for that place.

Having inquired about the hotels, I secured a room in one that was well recommended. While walking to it I was conscious that evil eyes were upon me. I engaged a room, and when just about to enter it, a feeling of fear came over me, but lifting my heart to God in prayer I was soon composed, and retired for the night, knowing my security was in God. Awaking the next morning, I was more frightened than ever. Thinking per-

haps a walk around the block would give me some relief, I put on my cloak and hat and stood ready to go, with an ill-boding hesitation, when there was a knock at the door. After a moment's delay, thinking perhaps it might be the chambermaid, I summoned courage enough to unlock the door. There stood before me a tall, well-dressed, dark-complexioned man, whom I took to be a polygamist, who, in a smooth, soft voice, requested the privilege of speaking to me. Closing the door in his face, and locking it quickly, I sank prostrate on the floor. For a moment I was terror-stricken; in fact, there are no words to express my feelings, when a voice whispered, "Where is your God?" I was soon weeping for joy, realizing that the eternal God was my refuge and underneath were the everlasting arms. Rising to my feet, reassured, I boldly opened the door and walked out into the hall to look for the intruder, but he was nowhere to be seen. The following hymn, which I had committed years before, strengthened me now:

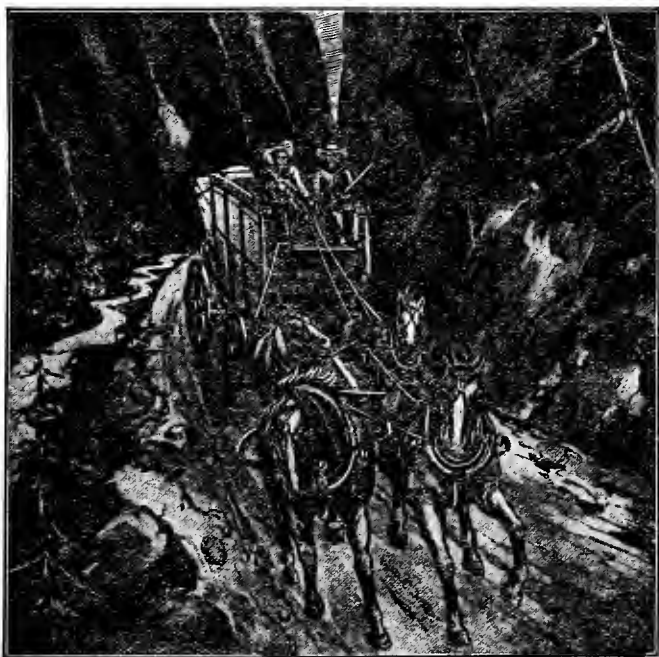
"My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

“O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne’er give o’er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.”

Only a part of the passengers could be accommodated on the first train out. Gate officers were examining the dates on the tickets and permitting only those to go who had been waiting the longest. Fearing that I would be left, I asked the Lord to touch the hearts of these men so they would let me go. After examining my ticket, they said, “There are others ahead of you, but you may go anyhow.”

On the stage from Dillon, Montana, to Bannock, there was but one other passenger, a man who was rather drowsy, yet somewhat communicative. He told me his name, but asked me not to mention it at Bannock, as he wished to conceal himself a few days before meeting his sister, whom he had not seen for many years. As soon as I met my aunt she described this man and asked me if such a person was on the stage; she said his sister was expecting him and would be disappointed if he did not come. A few minutes after arriving he committed suicide in a hotel. The grief of the sister, who had not yet met her brother, can better be imagined than told.

She now had to look upon him in his own blood, and trembled before the awful sin that was upon his departed spirit. The same day a miner was found dead in his cabin near town, and from all appearances, he, too, had taken his own life. Some bitter disappoint-



ROCKY MOUNTAIN STAGE

ments in earthly things had led to these tragic ends, which were common occurrences in early Western life. "He died with his boots on," was said of such. Two days later, the people of the town performed the last sad rites for the two suicides that man performs for man. I, with my aunt, attended the double funeral—the closing scene of these two lives. I could not help but think, while in the solemn procession to the graveyard, of the homes somewhere that were once brightened with their baby innocence and boyhood life; of the bond of brothers and sisters and the sweet friendships of early days, and of the time when they were fathers' and mothers' hope and joy. The remorseful soul haunted by such memories hastens to acts of desperation. Persons who committed suicide in these early days often destroyed every trace that would lead to the discovery of their relatives, doubtless hoping they would never hear of their awful end. Probably it were better that they never knew than to weep over the irreparable fate of brother and son. The winds among the pines sing their requiems over these poor unfortunates of the West, and the Rocky Mountains gather a drapery of shadows about their graves. Nature closes her lips and stands silently aloof, far distant from the old Eastern homes, and keeps many dark secrets of lost

boys—and girls—in her bosom. I wept over what I heard and saw of the slain of sin, as the dead were laid away on the mountain-side to await the Judgment morn. I longed more than ever, to be used of God to help save the perishing.

Bannock was the center of the early mining activities of Montana. Here still stood, in Hangman's Gulch above the town, the scaffold on which the Vigilantes hung some of the noted road agents, who were the terror of the miner with his booty. They held him up in the crowded stage coach, or alone with his pack animal on some mountain trail. I now saw in man, as never before, the thirst for gold and the curse it brings. Many sacrifice honor, virtue and principle to possess it, and like Judas, sell out their Christ for money. Paul said, "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil: which some reaching after have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows" (1 Tim. 6:10 R. V.).

CHAPTER IV

TEACHING IN MONTANA—INCIDENTAL EXPERIENCES—MASONIC BALL—CARD PLAYING

THE next Monday after my arrival I began teaching in Bannock. As was my custom, I opened the school daily with prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. There had never been any objections made to this in any of the schools where I had taught before. I soon learned that the board of trustees were very much displeased because the Bible was being read in the school. My uncle predicted that they would make me trouble. I continued, however, until they came to see me and requested me not to proceed in the course I had begun. They had sent me a message previous to this, which I ignored. I knew that God had led me and that His blessing was upon me in the opening exercises of the school, but Satan was wily and brought strong influences to bear upon me. First, he argued, I was far from home and without money; then I had been promised the winter term and also an increase of wages from sixty to eighty dollars a month; moreover, there were those who were urging me to comply

with the request of these ungodly trustees, and I yielded to their entreaties. I had no sooner done so than darkness came over my soul. Judging from my feelings, Satan must have had a jubilee in the pit over his victory. The children, who at the beginning of the term were well behaved, now became unruly, and everything went wrong the rest of the term. I wept bitter tears, believing God would have come to my help had I but persevered on the right line. I knew that my punishment would be just if I were not employed to teach the winter term. I believed that the Lord would teach me a lesson that would not soon be forgotten, and so it proved. The board engaged a young man to teach the school. This left me without employment.

One stormy afternoon, some months later (Saturday, March 3d, 1883), I was sitting on a couch by the window, somewhat depressed in spirit. A young lady, who had just come from Ohio, and the young man who was then teaching the school, were present. They were engaged in a conversation that did not interest me. Many thoughts were going through my mind as I wondered how much longer my punishment would last. Looking through the falling snow without, I saw a young man approaching the gate on horseback. He dismounted and came to the door.

As I opened it and looked into his face, I could hardly speak. The school teacher, seeing my confusion, invited him in. He introduced himself as Kent White, and said he had come to fill an appointment for Rev. Van Orsdale. He had been directed to my uncle's home, where the ministers were usually entertained.

An experience two years before in Kentucky, somewhat prepared me for this meeting. A young man of good character, who owned a blue-grass farm, came to our neighborhood. His business detained him for a number of weeks. During the time quite a friendship sprang up between us. I had not sought to know God's will concerning it, and He rebuked me for allowing an affection to be formed for another, even in a small degree, without consulting Him. I had a sister away teaching school who was to be home soon. I had an impression that when he met her his attentions to me would cease, which proved true. From this experience, God taught me, as never before, the importance of being wholly led by His Spirit in the formation of all my friendships. In a time of heart searching I received the assurance that He would choose my life's companion and save me from the hurtful love scrapes and painful uncertainties that young people are subject to when

God is not consulted about such affairs.

The school teacher was entertaining the minister when the young lady beckoned me to the dining room. She said, "Now don't you fall in love with the young preacher, for I will guarantee he is married." I said, "He is not married." She asked, "How do you know? He is a stranger to you." I made no further reply, for he was indeed a stranger to me; I had never seen him before nor even heard of him, but it came to me when I met him at the door that he was to be my companion in life, which caused my confusion. So deeply was I impressed by the Spirit with the conviction that he was to be my husband that I stayed up that night in meditation and prayer till one o'clock. So definite were some of God's manifestations to me in the next few days, that I knew if His plans were carried out, some day we would be united in marriage. But five years were to pass before that time came, with only an occasional letter between us. As the fulfilment of God's promises to Abraham was preceded by great trials of faith, so He dealt with me, building me up in Himself, before He brought about our engagement and marriage.

Mr. White remained at Bannock three days. Before leaving he proposed to supply the literature for a Sabbath-school if I would

start one in the church that had been almost deserted. The children were assembled on the following Sabbath, and not being able to get anyone to assist me, I taught the whole school in one class. This I did for a number of months, when I left to teach a district school near Dillon, and the Sabbath-school was disbanded.

After the lesson God had taught me in my first experience as a school teacher in Montana, there was no hesitation to open school daily with devotional exercises, regardless of the consequences. Later, as will be seen, I waged a battle with the enemies of Christian teaching in another school and won. "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

At the close of this school I accepted an invitation to attend the Methodist Conference at Butte City in August, 1883, where I was entertained by one of my uncles, then in that city. Here I again met Mr. White, who was making preparations to attend the University of Denver. He spent one day at Dillon on his way to Colorado. This was the last we saw of each other for nearly two years.

During the fall and winter following this conference, I taught a school eight miles north of Dillon, boarding at the home of J. F. Bishop. Mr. Bishop was a Republican, and

formerly of New York. He was an interesting conversationalist and well posted in the political history of the country. In the most animated conversation he showed the true characteristics of a Northern man. Well fortified in his position, he maintained his composure and never yielded a point. As a typical Southerner, I saw in our natures the two forces that were arrayed against each other in the Civil War, and that caused the first gun to be fired at Fort Sumpter. This was my first association with Northern people. In my childhood I was taught to look upon them with suspicion, and upon anyone wearing the so-called "Lincoln Blue" as an enemy and a traitor. The South at that time, with great loss of blood and property, had just staggered from the battle-field in the bitterness of defeat, with what they considered the dreadful calamity of having a race of freed slaves among them. In the old Kentucky home I had often listened to the rehearsal of war stories told by men who had worn the gray, as they gathered around our fireside.

They believed they had been wronged by the North, and it was impossible to make them see that it was the hand of God that had broken the shackles from four millions of slaves. In conversation with Mr. Bishop I saw through the eye-glass of one south of the

Mason and Dixon's line, and tried to be loyal to my father's convictions. But now, realizing more fully that ours was a lost cause, in the ruling of Providence, I found my prejudices gradually giving way. I wrote to my father telling him that I had come to the conclusion that Abraham Lincoln was not such a bad man after all. In his reply, he said, "What kind of people are you among out there? I want you to come home. I would as soon you were in Iceland, among devils."

During this winter I did some personal work in revival meetings at Dillon. There were some genuine conversions. The Lord clearly helped me to lead one woman into the light; her testimony and shining face were evidence to all that a change had taken place in her heart. This woman lived only a few weeks after her conversion. The evangelists frequently called upon me to pray, and it was no unusual thing for persons to take me by the hand and tell me how much they had been benefited by my prayers. Among them was C—— B——, an ex-prize fighter, who said, with tears trickling down his great cheeks, that his heart had never been touched before he heard me pray. An old lady came to my uncle's house to tell me how I had helped her. These incidents so encouraged me that I would gladly have given my whole

time to the work, if the way had been open.

The people generally were given up to worldliness, and from time to time devised plans to draw me into their social circles. Card-playing and dancing were the popular amusements of the day. And these people, with but few exceptions, were all church members. In almost every home a pack of cards could be found. The sight of them always brought to my mind a picture of their association with saloons, brothels and gambling hells. Mother had taught me to shun cards as I would a poisonous serpent. I wondered how anybody who had any respect for himself or loved ones, could have them about.

The sin of gambling, the art of getting something for nothing, is rapidly on the increase in the land. Nine-tenths of the defalcations, embezzlements and similar expressions of official dishonesty, are found to take their rise in some form of deliberate gambling. Dishonesty, deception and trickery are early hatched out in the heart by cards. Gamblers have told us with tears that their bondage was greater and their condition more hopeless than that of the habitual drunkard. It is estimated that nine-tenths of all gambling is done at the card table, which is the most common, potent and subtle instrument of hell for this nefarious work. Satan owns the cards. He

has adopted them as an agent of destruction. Look at them as they are played with a nervous twitch and dealt out with an oath, their secret habitation an old tobacco pocket! When in use they are encircled with tobacco smoke and the breath of stomachs loaded with whisky and beer. They move where the beings of men are wrought up to an awful tension, where the thunder clouds of wrath gather, where the lightning of the eye of anger flashes, and where is heard in muttered profanation the name of the Most High. More than homes and fortunes are lost at cards. Men gamble away virtue, honor and manhood, yea, even their own souls. On the cards we can read dishonesty, hate, revenge, murder, suicide and lost souls. Is it any wonder that we are told that sailors in shipwreck and soldiers going into battle, are seen to stealthily throw away their cards? They shrink from going into the presence of death with the "devil's prayer-book" on their persons. Is not the very sight of them to be detested by good people, and should not the social game, the great feeder of the gambling house, receive the strongest denunciation?

We met young women who were employed to teach the public schools, who sat up until two and three o'clock in the morning, playing "progressive euchre." Sam Jones

more appropriately called it "progressive damnation." The young converts from the revival meetings, of course were unable to stand against the tide of worldliness, kept up by the dancing, card-playing, hypocritical church members who were like an infectious sore on the community. Then, too, no sooner had the revival fires subsided in a measure, than they began their church fairs and festivals. When the cry goes forth, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," such people will be found among those calling for the rocks and hills to fall on them.

A man once prominent in the gambling world, who traversed the continent and crossed the ocean in his gambling tours, at one time was asked to preach a week in one of our missions. He set forth the midnight horrors of blood and anguish found in a gambler's life. For the good of those, and especially parents who believe there is not much harm in the social game of cards, we print an excerpt from his biography.

"While in the city of Cincinnati I contracted the evil habits that afterwards designated me as the devil's own. I knew not the taste of intoxicants, and did not know one card from another when I left my Virginia home. I was taught to shuffle and play my

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first game of cards in a Presbyterian home, by a member of that church, a daughter of that home. My first night in this home, where I lived during the six years of my stay in that city, cards were played. I do not think it prevaricating, or in the least an extravagant assertion to say there were cards played in that so-called Christian home every night (Sundays excepted) the year round. I never heard a prayer offered during my stay there. Well do I remember the night of March 21st. The father sat by the bright lamp; mother, son and two daughters at the card table, and I sat off by myself, reading a book, trying to bury in thought the scenes that imaginatively arose before my gaze, when Miss Nellie said, 'Perhaps the young gentleman will take part in the game.' 'No,' said I, 'I don't know anything about cards; was never allowed to handle them in my home, as my people are Christians and members of the church.' This was a Schley bomb in the Presbyterian camp. All eyes were riveted on me at once. 'Well,' said the strike-back girl, 'we are Christians and members of the church, and if it were sinful to play a social game of cards, we certainly would not indulge.' 'Very well, excuse me; I am no Christian, but I don't play cards.' 'You're excusable,' 'Yes'um.'

"Three months rolled by. I learned to

love the family, especially the girls. Night after night they pleaded with me to take part in what they termed their innocent amusement. At the end of the third month, I took my seat at the table by the side of her whose jeweled hand shuffled and selected my first card to play. There was no attraction in the game for me, because of my blindness to see through or comprehend. But oh! the words of instruction from Nellie's lips were music to my ear; her gentle smiles to me were enough to bleach the ace of spades. As time passed on from that night, more and more I thought of and enjoyed the company of the girls and the game. At length their skill as carders was not sufficient to entertain me, hence I sought higher game. I went to the bar room for amusement, which led to drink, then to drunkenness, blood and death. While no one fills the grave from my hand, I have heard the crack of the revolver around the card table, where parlor-manufactured gamblers meet. I have seen men of noble parentage go down in blood; I have heard the shrieks of the poor dying gambler as he closed his eyes to open them in hell. When I left Cincinnati, I left as a gambler, educated as such in a Christian (?) family."

At Bannock I came very near being

entrapped. There was to be a great Masonic ball in town. Supper was to be served. People came for miles to be present, and all the hotels and boarding houses were full. A friend of my uncle came to spend the earlier part of the evening with us. He did not care to go to the ball, but insisted on our going with him to the supper. With reluctance I consented to go, but felt much out of place, and soon regretted that I was there. Supper over,

“Music rose with its voluptuous swell,”

as the sensual poet expresses it, thereby acknowledging that in the dance, it is the carnality of the occasion which is the attractive part of it. The dancers were gathering and forming into sets. They insisted on my just looking on for a little while; yielding to their entreaties, I reached the door in company with my uncle and aunt and their friend, and was soon seated where I had a good view of the performance. The partially nude forms of the women were at first shocking; later, there crept over me a strange fascination for the whole affair. I received many pressing invitations to dance, but persistently declined them. After we had been there a short time I desired to go, but my aunt insisted on stay-

ing a little while longer, and it was two o'clock in the morning before we left the house. Once more on the outside, I felt like a bird that had escaped the serpent's charm, and could see how easily unstable souls are drawn on to spiritual and moral ruin.

Long before the midnight hour, young men who had come there sober, were reeling around the floor intoxicated. The dancing commenced with the old-fashioned quadrille, but as the excitement and delirium increased, this did not satisfy them, and their only enjoyment was found in the lustful embrace of the round dance. Husbands and wives became jealous of each other, who afterwards found that this night's experience had led them to the verge of separation. Young girls, who in the earlier part of the evening had shown some degree of modesty, became coquettish and bold. The odor of liquor permeated the atmosphere.

My father was a Free Mason, and I was brought up to believe that the Masonic lodge was a benefit to humanity. Here I saw drunkards, infidels, blasphemers, adulterers and liars wearing the Masonic badge, and among them those who had refused to allow me to read the Bible and pray in the school. I had paid out about \$100 of my own money on an insurance policy that my father had taken out

in the lodge, and at this time was paying tax on the monthly death roll. After this, I informed my parents that I would no longer keep up the payments, as I thought it inconsistent with the Christian life.

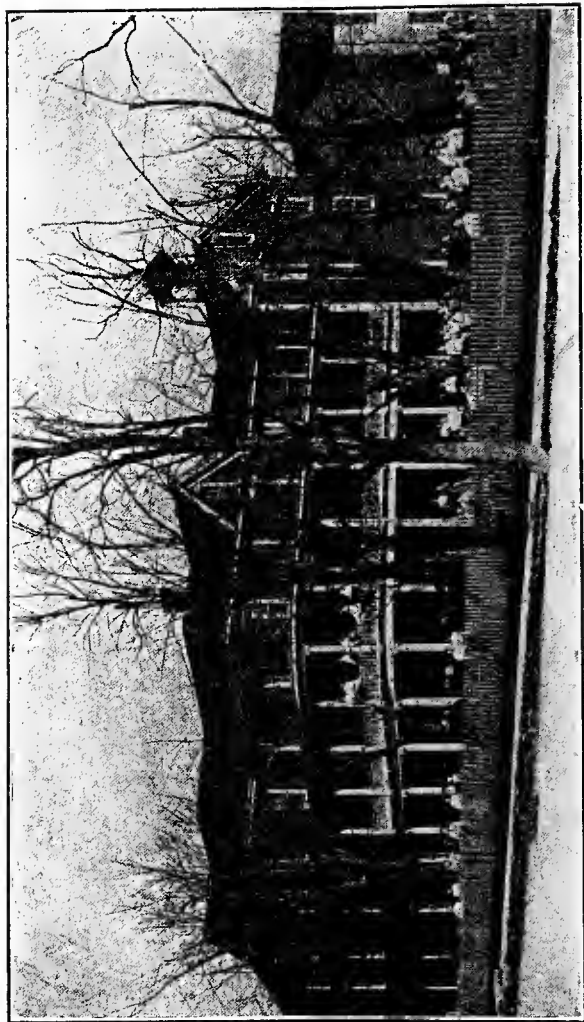
My father's regalia was kept in the bottom of a trunk, and looked upon as being almost sacred. It was made of white and blue satin, and beautifully trimmed with gold and silver tinsel. When he became a Christian he lost interest in the lodge and never wore the regalia again. After returning to Kentucky I took the trimmings off and made them into flower vases.

Some professing Christians, and even holiness people, say they can see no harm in carrying an insurance policy in a lodge. This one night's experience, with the spiritual light I then had, forever settled the question in my mind. Lodges, with their ungodly associations and insurance policies, are earthly props on which no Christian has any right to lean.

CHAPTER V

AT HOME IN SCHOOL—OVERWORK—MISSIONARY
IN UTAH—TESTINGS

THE TIME CAME for me to return home. On the 13th of May, 1884, after an absence of a little more than two years, I left Montana for Kentucky. Many changes had taken place in my absence. My eldest sister had died, leaving seven children, five of whom were living with father and mother. Mother was careworn and had aged very fast. She had reared a large family of children of her own, and the burden of these grandchildren was telling on her. She was relieved of three of them, however, a few months later. My eldest brother, and also a sister, had married and left home. The summer season was just opening, and there was a great deal of sewing to be done. There was no one else to do it, and I undertook it myself; for six weeks I scarcely took time for my meals. When the fall term of the female college opened, I entered the school, worn out with the summer's work, taking five studies besides music. The teachers said I would break down, and insisted



MILLERSBURG: FEMALE COLLEGE, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

on my not trying to do so much. But I carried through the term all that I had begun, believing that this year would end my school days, and I wished to accomplish all that was possible.

At the close of this year of hard study I became alarmed at the spiritual dearth in my soul, when a letter came from Mr. White, telling of the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit in Thomas Harrison's meeting at Denver, and also relating an instance of a young woman's receiving the Holy Spirit. He said that it was my privilege to have "the blessing," and urged me to seek it. One night, conscious of my need, I waited quite a while before God in prayer for a new token of His favor. He opened the heavens and poured out a great blessing upon me. I wondered if I was sanctified, and yet I had not definitely sought the experience. I was only praying for a new token of His love and favor.

I had now made preparations to return to Montana. Before leaving home I wrote to Mr. White at Denver, telling him that I expected to pass through that city, and would probably spend a few hours there between trains. He received the letter, but misunderstanding the time that I should arrive, did not expect to meet me, as he was intending to leave the city immediately, and supposed that

I would not arrive until several days later. I had given up seeing him, when he walked into the waiting room at the Union Depot, accompanied by Evangelist Thomas Harrison. It was a providential meeting. Finding, on examining my ticket, that I could stay over until the next day, I concluded to do so.

I met Mr. White's pastor, Rev. I. H. Beardsley, some of whose relatives I had known in Kentucky. He and his wife kindly invited me to stay at their home over night. Mr. White took me about the city next day, which was growing rapidly, many fine buildings being erected. He improved the time by talking on the subject of holiness. Before leaving that afternoon, we knelt together in the old St. James M. E. Church and prayed. The Rev. Mr. Beardsley was then pastor of this church. At that time I had only a vague idea of sanctification, and did not know that it means the destruction of the carnal nature. W. B. Godbey had left some books at our home on the subject, but he said that he preached the Gospel many years before being sanctified, and this led me to believe that it was not to be obtained by everyone, and that even preachers could preach a lifetime and get to heaven without it. It looked unreasonable for me to expect so much in so short a time after my conversion. While praying, I

received a blessing, but doubted that it was sanctification, and therefore did not claim it.

After my arrival at Dillon, Montana, I learned that the district school boards in the towns and country had engaged their teachers. I owed seventy-five dollars to an uncle for my railroad transportation, and all I had was a little change in my pocket. The Methodist Conference was then in session at Dillon. In a testimony meeting I told of having received a great blessing, which led Rev. T. C. Iliff, superintendent of the Utah Methodist mission work, who was present, and looking for teachers for the Salt Lake Seminary, to make inquiries about me.

My uncle and aunt were about to move to their ranch, expecting to rent or lock up their house in town. My sister Nora was one of the sisters, who, at my aunt's first invitation, refused to go to Montana, but two years afterward she decided to go. She went a few months before I made my second trip. She was invited to spend her summer vacation on my uncle's ranch. The fact that the schools were all taken, and that I had no money and no place to stay, seemed to be overlooked by all. My extremity was reached, and I had no one to look to or lean upon but God. Praying almost constantly for three days, I felt that a crisis was near. The Spirit

whispered, "Open your Bible." I did so, and my eyes fell upon Matthew 6:28-34: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." When I read the following, "O ye of little faith! Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" my eyes were so filled with tears I could read no further. O how I now became conscious of His loving and watchful care over me! How gently He chided me for my lack of faith! "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (R. V.). My soul was flooded with light, and peace was reigning in my heart; I knew that God had spoken directly to me through His word. Perhaps only ten minutes had elapsed when a knock was heard on the front door. It was Rev. T. C. Iliff. He said, "I understand you are a school teacher; I am looking for teachers for the Salt Lake Seminary." He asked me if I would accept a position in this school, and of course I was glad to do so.

I was still in a dilemma to know what to do the intervening two months, when a man called with a note from a country school

teacher, requesting me to finish her school, as she wished to visit the National Park. I had heard wonderful descriptions of the National Park, or "Wonderland," as it is sometimes called, and had long wanted to visit it myself, but never since the Lord called me to His service had I found an opportunity to take a vacation or go on a pleasure trip. Responsibilities on me were too great to spend even a few weeks in recreation when duty called me elsewhere, so I had to be satisfied with the descriptions others gave me of the Park, which seemed almost incredible. I saw this school was the Lord's opening, and in a few days was enjoying the quiet of country life. As I had only a few pupils, there was ample opportunity to rest my tired nerves. Out-door exercise was just the thing necessary to prepare me for the year's work ahead. On counting up my expenses, I found that I would not have money enough, after paying my board, to buy a ticket to Salt Lake City. I did not tell anyone this, and was wondering how to get through. When I offered the lady the money for my board, she turned away and said, "I can't take it from you." She could not be prevailed upon to accept it. Her only excuse was that I had helped her with the dishes a few times, which was no more than the other teacher had



A GEYSER IN THE NATIONAL PARK

done, whom she had charged for board.

My sister Nora accompanied me to Utah, and was engaged to teach the Methodist school at Tooele. The Rev. Mr. G——, whom I had met at the Methodist Conference in Butte City, was appointed principal of the seminary in which I was to teach. He and his wife had charge of Davis Hall, where the teachers and many of the students boarded. He charged me more for board than he did anyone else in the school; of this I was ignorant for a number of weeks. When asked to explain why he did this, he declined to do so, and refused to make any reduction. Brother and Sister Iliff then invited me to spend the rest of the term at their home. Mr. G—— was not pleased with this, and manifested a wrong spirit toward me the rest of the year. The pastor of the church, Rev. C——, and his family also boarded at the Hall. He was a native of New Jersey and a warm friend of the principal. His sermons were illustrated largely with incidents from the Civil War, many of which would have been more appropriately left out. His war illustrations aroused prejudice in the hearts of his members, as the congregation was composed largely of people from the South. I made the statement that I thought he was pursuing an unwise course. Some one repeated it to him, and he after-

wards met me and severely rebuked me for making this remark. He said that I ought to appreciate him more, and if it were not for my Southern prejudice I would do so.

I taught the primary school, which had an enrollment of sixty pupils. From time to time more seats had to be provided; my overflowing room became a problem for the school board. The next grade above had a small attendance, and the teacher ought to have shared the burden that was falling heavily upon me. At this time two colored girls were assigned to my room by Professor G——. One was much larger than the average pupils of my department. Instantly it flashed upon me that he had sent these children to me for a purpose, and I determined not to let a word escape my lips that I would have cause to regret, well knowing that I would lose my position if I refused to teach these colored children. There were no mixed schools in the South, and I had been taught that it was a disgrace for a white person to teach colored people. Understanding now the real feeling the Rev. G——, the principal of the school, and others, had against me, it pierced my heart like an arrow, and the tears flowed freely. As I passed through the building at noon, they looked at one another as much as to say, "I wonder how she is taking it?" When they

heard that I had been weeping, they said, "That shows how much Christianity she has." Brother and Sister Iliff showed entirely a different spirit in the matter, and Brother Iliff told them it reflected upon their Christian charity to impose the children upon me, knowing that as yet I had not gotten rid of my Southern ideas in regard to colored people. In a few hours the victory was won, and I found it a pleasure to teach the colored children. The Lord had brought it all about for my good.

Plans had been made for a large Sunday-school Christmas tree, and the teachers in the institution were invited to unite their efforts to make it a success. The woman in charge, who had a class of young men and women in Sunday-school, was wearing mourning for a relative, and passing herself off as a real widow, when her husband was not dead. She was a woman of commanding presence, and when she spoke, her orders were obeyed. The kindergarten teacher and I had previously planned to combine our departments and give the children a tree of their own, as many of them were poor, and some of them almost destitute of clothing. The dry goods stores had given us a large assortment of winter garments for the poor, and we had spent much time in drilling the children in songs and reci-

tations. They were looking forward to the exercises with eager anticipation, when the woman in charge of the Sunday-school tree sent word to us to drop our work and unite our efforts with them. As this would necessitate the abandonment of the exercises, and be a great disappointment to our little folks, we refused to do so. The kindergarten teacher had once been a Mormon, but had left the church, and while having no definite religious convictions, she felt the injustice of the woman's request, and showed no disposition to yield to her desires. A number of persons came to us at different times trying to induce us to join the rest of the school in the big Christmas exercises. The pastor criticised us and cast reflections on my Christianity. I said some things to him that might have sounded unkind; nevertheless they were true, but afterwards I regretted having said them. He left me with an air of satisfaction, and I believed the enemy had taken the advantage of me in this conversation and had won a victory. Silence would have been my strongest weapon and would have shown greater wisdom. My heart became more and more grieved as I remembered the prophet's words: "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb, so, He opened not his mouth." Haunted

with a feeling that I might not have shown a true Christian spirit, I prayed more earnestly for grace to be an overcomer at all times. Some one reported the matter to Brother Iliff when he returned to the city. He looked somewhat troubled and said, "I wish our teachers could keep sweet under all circumstances." He then said that Miss L—— always kept composed in any controversy. I knew the teacher to whom he referred had no salvation, and this statement was humiliating to me. She was cold and precise in her manner, and when attempting to testify or pray in meeting, had only a form of words. The Lord used this experience to stir me up, and I prayed more earnestly than ever to be able to please Him in all things.

A few weeks later, a young lady brought me a note written by the pastor's son; it was addressed to herself and did credit neither to this young man nor his parents. She asked me with tears in her eyes what she must do about it. I told her to take it to the principal. After school closed in the afternoon, I met the young man's father in the hall, who asked abruptly why I had not brought the note to him instead of letting it fall into the hands of Prof. G——. I told him that I did not think of him at all and supposed I had sent it to the proper person. He was much disturbed, and

said I had not shown a Christian spirit. I supposed the principal would justify me in what I had done, but these two men—who for a time were not on good terms—had made friends, and both were against me.

On the following Sunday evening the pastor preached again, and as usual, illustrated his sermon with incidents from the Civil War, which cast reflections on the Southern people, and were directed at me. I told Professor G—— that the pastor's sermons would be more edifying if he would leave those things out. A few days later I met the pastor in the reception room. He said he had heard that I was criticising his sermons again, and that it showed I was not right with God. The hasty words spoken in my former experience with him caused me to speak more guardedly and to evade an issue with him. Later he sent for me to come to his study, and while listening to a number of accusations, for which I knew Professor G—— was directly responsible, it seemed impossible for me to hold my peace any longer. Had they not been ministers in good standing in the M. E. church, I could have borne it better. I told the pastor that during my few months' acquaintance with him I had found him bigoted, selfish and overbearing. Losing his self-control he declared that no one living had ever dared to

talk to him like that. He said that his dignity as pastor of the church had been highly insulted. Seeing that the multiplication of words would be folly, I quietly withdrew from his presence. Meeting the principal of the school next morning, he said, "An apology is due Dr. Carrol (for this was his name), and you must make it immediately."

If I had been sanctified at this time, I would have known better than to have made an apology, let come what would. The scripture came to my mind: "If therefore thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. 5:23-24, R. V.). I thought this meant that I should go and apologize to him; but I know now that it has entirely a different meaning. We are not to apologize to people to whom we have told the truth in the right spirit, however hard it may grate against carnality.

I was hearing nothing preached but the suppression of the old Adam nature, and supposed that all I could do was to pray for more grace to bear with people. I knew there was something in my heart that was rising up occasionally and giving me trouble, but knew not that there was deliverance.

Reconciliation with the pastor was not brought about until after a difficulty arose between his son and his teacher, in which the son, on refusal to comply with certain requests, said sarcastically, "I am not from Indiana, anyhow." This was the native state of his preceptor. No sooner had the words escaped his lips than the gangling "Hoosier" hurled him through a glass door into my room, knocking me to the floor amid flying glass. Such treatment being neither Christian nor humane, I so expressed myself in the hearing of the young man's father, who manifested his surprise at my being in sympathy with his son. After this his attitude toward me was entirely changed; but my difficulties were not ended, for the principal, who had a good supply of ill-will of his own on hand, seemed to have imbibed all the animosity of the pastor, and made it exceedingly unpleasant for me the rest of the term, all of which worked out for my good.

While passing through these experiences I was painfully conscious that my Christian life was not complete, and it is partly for this reason that I have related them so much in detail.

One afternoon a note was put under the door of Davis Hall requesting some of us to call at a certain street number. Supposing some one was in destitute circumstances, Sister Iliff and I took a car to the city limits, where

we found the number on a board at the door of a dug-out. Entering, we found an old lady carrying her arm in a sling. There were three little grandchildren and a grown-up, feeble-minded son, scarcely able to take care of himself, all sitting by a board eating some fat pork, without any bread, and drinking a little tea. The two daughters, mothers of these children, had died of broken hearts from neglect and ill treatment. The fathers spent most of their time in the saloons, refusing to support their families. The old lady's arm had been broken and improperly set, which caused her intense suffering. These children had been left entirely to her care, and now being disabled, she had no means of support; she was one of the "hand-cart emigrants" to Utah, in 1856, and becoming dissatisfied with the Mormon faith, had apostatized, which caused the church to refuse to help her in this time of distress.

Aside from what we saw on the table, they had had nothing to eat for two days. The half-demented son had assisted some one in butchering a pig and secured some of the meat. The next day food and fuel were sent them. In the meantime I went with Sister Iliff and she confronted saloon keepers with the story of these children, whose homes they had broken up and whose fathers they

were ruining. To her plea that it was their duty to help them, they heartily and liberally responded. They apparently did not enjoy our presence nor the depicting of this scene, and were anxious to get rid of us both. Yet such are the scenes that are making up the dark annals of the saloon that will burn in the soul of the rum-seller where the worm of memory dieth not and the fire is not quenched. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink" (Hab. 2:15).

Such is a picture of poverty in Utah, which the missionary is called to look upon. Many pitiful sights are seen of indigent and infirm persons who somehow make their way to this Mormon Zion, looking for prosperity, and expecting a miraculous healing of their bodies. Sights of wretchedness and suffering always deeply affected me, and I had to guard against seeing them lest my nerves should become unstrung, and I should be unfitted for work.

CHAPTER VI

LAST YEAR AS A TEACHER—A SCHOOL ELECTION—TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS

IN JUNE I returned to Montana. My sister Nora, who had been with me in Utah, preceded me a few weeks and was teaching a summer school on a ranch seven miles from Red Rock. Wishing to spend some time with her I stopped off at this station from a morning train. As I had no way of reaching the school house, the night operator at the depot kindly offered to take me if a conveyance could be had. There was but one horse and buggy available; the horse was a broncho, and while the owner would not recommend him, he said we might take our chances. The operator was a large man, weighing perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds. In our conversation on the road, the subject of religion was introduced. I found that my escort claimed to be an infidel, and I gladly witnessed for Christ, while he set forth tenets of unbelief. I told him that if he were facing death he would not talk so. He said that he had been at death's door and had felt no fear. With these words upon his lips, something about

the harness gave way; the horse, with a leap, left the road, taking us over sage brush in the direction of an irrigating ditch. Seeing our danger, I kept looking to God in silent prayer, when he cried, "For God's sake, jump!" Not being afraid, I refused to make a move. He tumbled out of the back part of the buggy just as we were approaching the ditch. He had no sooner lighted on the ground than the horse stopped. He rose to his feet with a blanched face and tremblingly said, "Why, you are not even pale!" He was humiliated when I reminded him how a few moments before he had boasted, and now when a trying time came, he proved himself to be a coward. He looked away, made no reply, and tried to change the subject.

Three years before, in a similar experience, I had proved that God can keep one in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him (Is. 26:3). It was in a thunder storm in the Rocky Mountains. My aunt, at whose home I had been living, Mr. S——, an old bachelor friend, and myself were crossing the mountains from Bannock to Dillon, when we encountered a storm. A number of horses had been killed by lightning in the vicinity a few days before; my aunt and Mr. S—— were badly frightened. Our horses were becoming unmanageable as we began to descend the dangerous part of the

road winding around the mountain-side. I thought of the many times our driver had good naturedly ridiculed religion in my presence, and how he had been encouraged by my aunt's amusement at his wit. It looked like it was God's opportunity to teach them a lesson. I could not keep from laughing, which may have appeared irreverent, or in derision of their fear; anyhow it was incomprehensible to them, and called forth a severe rebuke, especially from my aunt. I knew that I was God's child, and the display of His mighty power on such a majestic scale was entertainment for me, and I was as confident and careless as a playful child, tossed and caught in the arms of a loving father. I knew that God would not let me fall. It was not presumption nor hysteria, but the wonderful working of God's Spirit within me, that filled my mouth with laughter, for which I was not responsible. Glory to Jesus! It is our privilege to have a triumphant faith. He had promised never to leave nor forsake me, and now that He spoke to us through the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar, His wondrous presence sweetly filled my soul.

“I've seen the lightning's flashing,
I've heard the thunders roll;
I've felt sin's breakers dashing,
Trying to conquer my soul.

"I've heard the voice of Jesus
Telling me still to press on;
He promised never to leave me
Never to leave me alone."

Hallelujah! We can have a faith like
God's old heroes, as we see it set forth in that
wonderful eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

"O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."

Soon after my arrival, my sister asked me what I would do, as the school boards had all employed their teachers for the fall and winter terms. I was face to face with the same difficulty I had experienced the year before, but I believed the Lord would open the way. There was a school about twenty-five miles away, said to be one of the best paying schools in the county. A member of this school board had told my sister a few days before that they had already engaged a teacher. Much of my time was being spent in prayer, and it was very forcibly impressed upon my mind to go down and see for myself.

Some persons thought it very foolish to make this trip, knowing it was reported that the board had engaged a teacher. A ranchman hitched up his big wagon and took my sister and myself to the place. We found only two members of the board at home, while the one who had given my sister the information was out of town. After telling them our business, they did not commit themselves until they had stepped to one side and talked the matter over. On returning they asked me to come back again when the other member of the board could be present. I begged them to decide the matter themselves, if possible, for it was too long a trip to make a second time. They again retired, this time staying longer. In their absence the Holy Spirit gave me the evidence that I was to have the school. I had this assurance as much as if they had already given me their answer. Returning, they said, "We have decided that Mr. R—— has controlled the school board long enough, and propose to let you have the school whether he likes it or not. We understand he has promised it to Miss C——, but we had no voice in it." They agreed to give me seventy dollars for the first month and then raise my salary.

A few weeks before the opening of this school, I had malarial fever at Dillon. The

strain of the work at Salt Lake City had told on my physical system, so it was easy to fall a prey to disease. The weather was warm, and to get away from the noise, and for other reasons, I was compelled to occupy a room near the roof. I was not confined to my bed all the time, but when up and around I suffered more than anyone knew. I tried to wait upon myself, not wishing to be dependent upon others. The Saturday before the opening of the school I was, to all appearances, utterly unfit for work. My uncle asked me what I would do. I told him that I expected to open the school at the appointed time. He did not believe I meant what I said until I asked for an expressman to take my trunk to the depot. As soon as an effort was made to go to the train, I felt God helping me, and two hours later, weak and trembling, but with a keen appetite, I arrived at my destination.

One of the members of the school board met me, and said that after repeated efforts he had failed to find a boarding house for me, unless I would go to the railroad hotel, where a saloon was kept. He informed me that the wife of a railroad conductor living near by could take me if she would, but that she had refused them four different times that day. He pointed out the house to me and said, 'You

can go and see her, if you think best." I asked the Lord to touch her heart and save me from having to go to the hotel. My knock at the door was answered by the lady herself, who smilingly said, "You are the school teacher; come in. The school board will not take 'No' for an answer, and I suppose I will have to take you." She took my wraps, said that supper was just ready, and invited me to the dining room. The food looked very tempting. She was very kind and made me feel quite at home. In a few minutes after my arrival she seemed delighted to have me there, and said, "I knew all the time that I ought to take you." She had a pleasant smile and made me feel like smiling, too.

During the next three weeks I gained several pounds in weight and did not lose an hour from school. Jesus was very precious to me.

"The opening heavens around me shone
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus showed His mercy mine
And whispered I was His."

In this town of Lima, with a school enrollment of seventy scholars, there was no Sabbath-school, nor church services, and not a sign of spiritual life anywhere. A burden for the children came upon me, and with the

assistance of one or two persons a Sabbath-school was started. It took much wisdom to deal with the Catholics and Mormons in order that the work might not be hindered. I taught the children of the day school at least forty hymns; also the Lord's prayer and many texts of scripture, some of which they would repeat at the opening exercises in the morning.

Ninety dollars was raised with which to buy an organ for the school. The children were learning to sing, and many of the parents were delighted; otherwise they undoubtedly would have opposed me in the religious training their children were receiving. A lesson in hygiene took up an hour near the close of each day with the entire school. This gave a wide scope to talk on moral and religious subjects.

My greatest delight was in this work, and I would have been glad of the privilege of turning the school into a mission room.

Impressions made on the minds of children are usually lasting, and I believed that the seed sown would bring forth fruit.

The member of the board, who was ignored when the other two members employed me to teach the school, was nursing his wrath and waiting for an opportunity to retaliate. The school election was soon to take place,

and this man worked secretly for weeks to elect a trustee, who, with himself, would have the power to put me out. He was an ex-saloon keeper, and his candidate was a great muscular freight conductor, called the "John Sullivan" of the road, a great fighter, with the record of killing a man. The conductor at whose house I boarded, came home one night with a black eye and otherwise badly bruised up at the hands of this man. The daughter of this burly conductor attended my school, and when once it was necessary to punish her, the neighbors warned me to beware of the tiger in her home.

The next morning after the little girl was punished, I looked out and saw her mother coming to the school house. She had had a fight with a woman a short time before this, and when she heard that her child had been punished, she said she would go to the school house and whip the teacher. Knowing her purpose in coming, I uttered a prayer to God for protection. Meeting her at the door, and looking as pleasant as possible, I invited her in. She was confused, and said she had come to see about her daughter. I told her Clara was a very good girl, but sometimes, like other children, she needed to be corrected. She stood for a moment with her eyes fixed upon me, then turning to her daughter said, "Clara, if

you give this teacher any more trouble I will whip you myself," then she walked quietly away.

The town was wonderfully stirred up over the school election. The opposition had enlisted the worst element of the place and it was evident they would win if God did not interpose. The religious instruction in the school was being made an issue by them. I knew the Lord was able to deliver me as He did Daniel from the plot of wicked men. I went to my room to spend the night in prayer. At 3 o'clock in the morning the victory was won.

"Hushed was every doubt,
Gone was every fear."

This was only two days before the election. The following day men could be seen standing in small groups, talking, and hurrying to and fro from one saloon to another. It was evident that the excitement was increasing. Some of this I observed from my school house window. Men had stopped their work to electioneer. Friendships were being renewed and liquor flowed freely. The most popular saloon in town was owned and run by "Pete" Halligan, an Irishman, who was an uncle of some little Catholic girls in the school. He declared that while he himself was a great sinner, he believed that the school teacher had

been a blessing to the town. He said that he had three little nieces and he wanted to see them brought up right and that this teacher had great influence over them for good. He further said that he intended to place himself on record in this campaign as being a friend to humanity, and work and vote in behalf of the teacher.

The evening before the election, a Mr. R——, who had espoused our cause, came in with a beaming face and said he was sure the opposing party had overlooked the fact that women could vote at school elections. This man was a brother of the member of the board who had opposed my teaching the school. He advised that two ladies who were present, should go out quickly among our lady friends and have them assemble in one place just in time to go to the polls and vote before the time of closing. At the appointed time seventeen women had gathered. I was impressed that two more votes would be necessary to win, and at that moment thought of two women who lived back of the school house near the willows. They came quickly when sent for. The company of women, headed by Mr. R——, the originator of the plan, went to the polls and voted. The disgruntled member of the board was in utter confusion when he saw his brother walking up to the polls with

all of these women to vote. He said, with stinging sarcasm, "When did you become a Mormon?" With a twinkle in his eye, he replied, "You may call me a Mormon or anything else you are a mind to on this occasion." It was too late to muster the women on the opposite side, as the time had come for the closing of the polls. A little later the news was heralded over the town that our side had won by a majority of two.

When the new trustee was installed, the board employed me to teach the spring term, and offered me the school for the following year, with an increase of salary. As I had other plans before me, I declined to take the fall term, and recommended one of my sisters for the place, whom they employed.

CHAPTER VII

DENVER—MARRIAGE—STRUGGLE AGAINST WORLDLINESS

AFTER SPENDING the summer of 1887 teaching a country school, I left for Denver, where I expected to take music and a few other studies in the Methodist University. I soon found that I was unable, physically, to do what I had planned, having taught thirteen months in a high altitude, with only one week's intermission.

Mr. White, to whom I was soon to be married, insisted on my taking a course in elocution. He said it would be two hours a day of diversion from my regular studies, and would be helpful to me in different ways. Before I was hardly aware, he had arranged for my tuition in a college of elocution in the Tabor Grand Opera House. There were many Methodist students in this school; among them were ministers, and in the same classes were persons preparing for the stage. The teacher was a Unitarian and a Christian Scientist. Some of the ministers brought their carefully-prepared sermons to her to be drilled in oratorical delivery. She took the liberty

to criticise the thought of their sermons, and to strike at the very foundation of orthodox teaching, sneering at the blood of the atonement, and made the remark that she had no use for a slaughter-house religion. She told the students that it was a day of advanced thought, of culture and refinement, of which the Unitarians were in the lead. Mr. White often rebuked her, and tried to offset her arguments by a plain statement of facts; but this only led to endless discussion and took up a great deal of time. Providentially I was kept from taking any part in these discussions. It was sad to see her influence over young and unstable souls.

Joseph Stocks, a bright young man in the last year of the University course, on Mr. White's suggestion, took some studies in this school of elocution. Little did Mr. White know that this step meant the ruin of this, his friend and schoolmate, who was unconverted, and the subject of many prayers. "Joe" was the son of a deceased Methodist minister. A trap was laid for him by the assistant teacher in this school, ten years his senior, who, with the help of Mrs. S——, the principal, succeeded in winning his affections, resulting in their marriage and his going into the Unitarian ministry. The hand of God was upon him and he lived only a short time. Thus

was a young life that gave promise of great usefulness blasted.

On the 21st of December, 1887, Mr. White and I were united in marriage in the Asbury M. E. Church. We continued to pursue our studies in the University, and at the school of elocution. We were studying Shakespeare, when Booth, the great tragedian, was announced for a week's performance in the city. Mrs. S—— said that her students must all attend. I had never been to a theater, and did not want to go, but the enemy came to Mr. White as an angel of light, and made him believe that it would do no harm to go once for educational benefits. He bought a couple of tickets, against my will, and begged me to use them, which I finally consented to do. After I was seated in the great auditorium of the Tabor Grand Opera House, the same building in which we were studying elocution, I felt like I was in the ante-chamber of pandemonium, my suffering was so great. I felt and believed the very atmosphere was thronged with demons, and severely censured myself for being persuaded to go. While I had a fearful conflict with the powers of darkness, my Savior did not leave me, knowing that in my heart I desired to please Him more than anyone else. It taught me a great lesson; after this I walked with



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, DENVER, COLO.

Jesus alone, regardless of the advice of others. After going to this theater and seeing Hamlet played, I was conscience-smitten, and said, "I will not have a diploma from this college of elocution," and I refused to finish the course.

At this time I was a member of Trinity Methodist Church, and was singing in the choir of nearly one hundred singers. While a new building was being erected, the Trinity people held their services in the Tabor Opera House. It looked like the Opera House would swallow me up. I became alarmed, as I was obtaining no spiritual food from any of the services.

There were musicales, concerts, church entertainments, recitals, University receptions and oratorical contests, all carried on under the name of religion, and highly endorsed by the University of Denver and other Methodist institutions of the city. Notwithstanding the spirit of pride and worldliness that I saw in them, I tried to think that some of the people, at least, had salvation. There were many lectures by the bishops and others, and as my husband was studying for the ministry I knew of no way at that time but to attend them. I had been kept in the barren wastes of Montana, where ofttimes my soul had been refreshed by the hidden manna, but now in the prosperous city of Denver,

among thousands of Methodists, with their great University and magnificent church buildings, my soul could not find a crumb of spiritual bread.

I desired very much to be in my husband's company, but he had so many school companions and friends in the church, that it was not often I could spend an hour with him alone. He had made a reputation in the book business, canvassing through the summer months to secure means with which to pursue his studies in school. Many young men whose means were limited, came to him for assistance, and he often spent hours in drilling them in the art of canvassing. If we walked down the street together we were sure to meet persons who would engage him in conversation and perhaps ask favors of him. In addition to all this he had his college studies, conference course and student's appointment.

A little book, written by W. B. Godbey, called "Victory," providentially fell into my hands. It threw me into a state of unrest in regard to my own experience. I learned by reading it that I needed to be sanctified. At different times I had heard conversations on the subject of holiness, and a number of persons with whom I was acquainted professed to be sanctified, but there was nothing in their

lives that put me under conviction. I knew my experience would compare with theirs; here the enemy had a snare for me. Paul said, "They measuring themselves by themselves and comparing themselves among themselves are not wise" (2 Cor. 10:12). Had I known that to be sanctified means the crucifixion of the "old man," or the destruction of the carnal nature, I might soon have been delivered from my bondage, but my eyes were on a great blessing; I wanted something that would make me feel very happy.

Rev. A. C. Peck, a Methodist, preached one morning on the subject of holiness at a church camp meeting near Palmer Lake, Colorado. He invited people forward to the altar to seek "the blessing." A number of persons responded. He confessed that he was not sanctified himself, and with others knelt at the altar as a seeker. There was no fire or power in the altar service, and when those who had gone forward returned to their seats, they manifested no change in any way. Two persons on the ground, however, I believed had something the rest did not enjoy. Satan tried to make me think the difference between them and others was in their dispositions.

When I first met Mr. White in Montana, there was a light in his face that he lost after coming to Denver to attend the University.

I expected great help from him spiritually, but instead of talking salvation, as he formerly did, books and studies were his theme.

A few weeks after my arrival at Denver, he asked me to go with him and spend an evening with the pastor and his wife of Asbury Church. I had been so long isolated from the fellowship of Christian people, that I was looking for a spiritual treat, but to my disappointment the time was spent in discussing the languages,—Greek, French, Hebrew, etc. I had never studied these languages, and one can imagine how much out of place I felt. There was no conversation on spiritual subjects, and no benefit was derived from my visit to this home.

Mr. White's health was not good when he entered the fall term of the University. He was overworked; he had been trying to do too many things. I did all I could to induce him to give up his studies, and asked his presiding elder to so advise him. He said: "He would better stay in school. A young man who has not finished his education does not stand much show these days." I could scarcely conceal my indignation at the heartlessness of this reply, especially after I had told him the condition of my husband's health; but in spite of the devil's plans, God answered prayer in his behalf and his studies were

dropped. We had been boarding and expected soon to begin housekeeping in a furnished house at 2233 Champa street.

We needed fifty dollars to pay the rent, and knew not from what source it was to come, when my husband was called to his charge (student's



2233 CHAMPA STREET, DENVER, COLO.

appointment), at Hugo, Colorado, to hold a funeral service. A young man of the town had been on a drunken spree, and becoming delirious, wandered away in the cold and

darkness with only his night-clothes on, and perished on the plains. His body, not found for a week, showed how he had staggered and fallen on beds of cacti before he became completely exhausted. This young man had been brought up in a good family, was kind-hearted and well liked. The people were badly broken up over this sad ending of a young life, especially the saloon keepers and rough men of the town, who turned out en-masse to the funeral. Mr. White did not know who was dead until he reached the place. In the opening prayer, power and grace were given, and unprepared as he was, he found the divine promise true, and a mouth and wisdom not his own were given to him. The people were deeply moved; tears trickled down the cheeks of the hard-hearted men as he drew a picture of the deceased in his childhood innocence, with a mother's love and hope for her baby boy, and set over against it his death alone on the plains. Heart-breaking contrast! He spoke on temperance and the righteousness of God's laws, and concluded his sermon with an exhortation to them to turn from their sins and seek the Lord. That evening one of the leading hard characters of the place came to him and said, "I am a bad man! You touched us—you got hold of us!" and he stopped and wept. "I've got a little

present for you from the saloon people and Catholics of the town; no Christians had anything to do with it," and he handed him \$55.50, saying, "You will never lack for a congregation in Hugo." This money was given in answer to prayer. Our extremity was God's opportunity.

CHAPTER VIII

LAMAR—PASTOR'S WIFE—FURNACE OF AFFLICTION

ON MARCH 15th, 1889, Arthur Kent, our first child, was born. No one but God knows the dreadful ordeal through which I passed, or the years of suffering that awaited me from that day. Had I known it before, death would have been preferable. In reading God's word I found He had chosen me in the furnace of affliction. Like the woman spoken of in Mark 5:26, I suffered many things of physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. The babe was six months old, when my husband was appointed pastor of the Methodist church at Lamar, Colorado. He wished me to have the best medical treatment possible, and when he went to his charge he left me at Colorado Springs to be treated by a specialist. Arrangements were made for me to stay several months. After a few weeks, realizing but little benefit from the treatment, I gave it up and went to him at Lamar. He was disappointed, fearing that nothing could be done for me there. I read a number of medical works, searching in vain

for help. After reaching Lamar I contracted a severe cold, and within a few days was in a critical condition and confined to my bed. I could find no comfort anywhere. There were two physicians in the place; one was a moral man, but limited in knowledge and practice; the other, a dissipated man who claimed to be an infidel, and had come there hoping to reform. Though but twenty-eight years old, he had great ability as a physician and surgeon, and was making a specialty of the diseases from which I was suffering. We decided to give him a trial. For two years, without charge, he did everything possible to better my condition, and yet there was only a slight improvement.

The salaries of pastors who preceded us had been largely raised from church festivals that were held at least twice a month; this was appalling. The church people said we would have to pursue the same course. We told them that we would not receive money raised in this way, which caused much comment and criticism. Some of them said we were making a great mistake and would have to come to it. Others were really indignant. We took it to the Lord in prayer, who confirmed us in our course and assured us that our needs would be supplied.

Nearly three months passed, in which we

received only seven dollars from the church, yet we did not suffer, for the Lord provided for us in other ways.

One day when the indifference of the people sorely grieved us, an unsaved man who occasionally attended church, came to our door. He had been out and secured over four hundred dollars in subscriptions. He said, "I am not a Christian; I was once, though, and I know what true religion is. I see that these church suppers have been a curse to the town. I have been watching you very closely, Mr. White, and appreciate the stand you have taken. No other minister that we have had here has been brave enough to do it. This paper you may turn over to your stewards." Without any effort on our part, the money was brought monthly for our support and laid down in the parsonage during the rest of our stay in the place.

There being no church suppers now to occupy the time and minds of the people, they began to think on their pitiful spiritual condition and to pray for a revival, but a deeply rooted trouble was in the way. The suppers and frolics had caused a division among the women of the church and some of them were not on speaking terms. One woman was accused of stealing cake and money. In strife for honor, two members of the church appeared at a so-

cial dressed as Martha Washington, when only one was expected. Husbands and others had taken sides and the outcome was a scandal or two. After much prayer it was decided to gather all the parties involved in a meeting at the church.

It was difficult to get some of the more obstinate ones to come, but they finally yielded and were in their places at the appointed hour. The pastor delivered, in the Spirit, a discourse on the "tongue." Before he had finished the sisters were weeping. He prayed himself and then called on me to pray. Some one sobbed aloud and a general melting up time followed. Confessions were made and barriers removed, and soon a revival broke out in our midst, forty persons uniting with the church at its close.

It was in this meeting, although weak in body, that the Spirit began to move me to exhort. We had tried hard to get an evangelist to come and help us, but failed. One evening, at the close of the sermon, when the speaker did not have his usual liberty, thought after thought flashed through my mind, and I had a conviction that I ought to get up and exhort the people to come to the altar. Hesitating as it were between two mighty forces, I waited too long and the opportunity was gone. That night sleep went from me and most of

the night was spent in prayer and bitter weeping. The enemy tried to ease my conscience by telling me that women had no recognition as preachers in the Methodist Church, and that I would have been out of place. I awakened my husband to talk with him on the subject. He said, "If you want to speak or exhort in the meetings I'll open the way for you at any time." A few evenings later I was again moved by the Spirit to speak. This time I was more strongly impressed than before, but just as I was about to rise the enemy whispered, "You will make a great blunder if you attempt to speak." I hesitated and the opportunity was gone. The revival closed, and the class meeting was the only place where I could unburden my heart. On the following Sunday I made an attempt to break through the powers that held me, but utterly failed. My health had been gradually improving, but after this I lost what I had gained.

During a sleepless night I became impressed that I would not live longer than a year. I wanted to go to my home in Kentucky once more. The doctor said a change of climate would do me good, and advised me to go and stay for at least six months. With our thirteen-months-old child, I started on my journey. He was very restless, and

I was kept constantly watching him. At St. Louis my strength gave way on the train, but it was somewhat regained before I reached Cincinnati. After having been delayed a day at Paris on account of the failure of trains to make connections, I reached my parents' home at Millersburg, Kentucky. The child was exposed to both whooping cough and measles on the road, and nine days after our arrival was taken down with both diseases. His life was almost despaired of several times, and being at his bedside night and day, I had no chance to recuperate.

I believed that God had a special purpose in my going home, and as my health had not improved, I went to the Lord in great earnestness to know what this trip was for. It flashed upon me that He wanted my brother Charles to go to Colorado. He was in the senior class of the Kentucky Wesleyan College, and the school was to be moved during the summer from Millersburg to Winchester. As this would mean additional expenses, we knew the prospects were poor for him to finish the course in this college, unless the Lord undertook for him. His expenses would be much greater, having to live away from home. I knew if he came to Colorado, with my husband's assistance in getting located, he could graduate at the University of Denver.

Six weeks passed before the baby had sufficiently recovered to stand the trip back to Colorado. When nearing Kansas City he took a relapse, and some persons in the car, seeing his condition, asked how far it was to the end of our journey. After telling them, I heard an old lady say in an undertone, "The child will not be alive when she reaches home." A man whom I took to be a German noticed the startling effect of the remark upon me, and did all he could to relieve me of unnecessary fear. He took it upon himself to prepare some food for the baby. His help and sympathy greatly lightened my burden. When he reached his destination, his parting words were, "The child will soon be all right; you need not fear." This was another manifestation of God's goodness in providing a friend in time of need.

After reaching home, in my imagination, I could see my brother's face almost continually. He was not favorably impressed with the thought of going to Colorado. His heart was set on finishing his education in the Kentucky Wesleyan College. I made his coming West a special subject of prayer and held onto God's promises with a determination not to let go until he saw the way was closed against his going to school in Kentucky. After three months mother wrote me that Charles



had changed his mind and wanted to go to Colorado.

My husband had aided several young men and women in securing positions in Denver where they could earn a part, or all of their expenses while attending the University. I did my best to interest him in my brother, but he made no effort to render assistance in any way, and treated the matter with indifference. I wanted him to take at least as much interest in my own brother as he had taken in other young men, for I knew that with but little effort he could open the way for him to attend the school. God permitted his apparent indifference as a test to me and a trial of my faith.

About this time some friends from a former pastorate called to see us. The burden of their hearts was to get their son into the University. My husband had secured a place for their daughter in a Methodist family where she could earn her board while she attended the school, and they were anxious for him to assist their son in securing a position where he could earn a part of his expenses. He assured them that he would do all he could to help the young man. This was just the thing that I had been trying to get him to do for my brother Charles, concerning which he had manifested so much indifference. I

listened to the conversation between these friends and my husband until I could no longer restrain my tears, and slipped out into the church study, where my soul was poured out to God. My husband soon followed me and wanted to know the cause of my grief. When I told him he became thoroughly interested, and three weeks later my brother, with his assistance in securing reduced railroad rates, arrived in Colorado. My brother's membership was transferred from the M. E. Church South to the M. E. Church at Lamar, where he was licensed as a local preacher. Mr. White accompanied him to Denver, and after a few days of fruitless effort, they saw that if a place opened for him it would have to be done through special prayer. After they had reached their extremity and placed the matter in the hands of the Lord, He opened just such a place as they were looking for.

During my husband's absence the baby became seriously ill, and my health was in no condition for me to take care of him. There was no one available whose assistance could be secured, except a little girl who would come in and stay an hour or two each day. The germs of typhoid fever were preying on my system, and though not able to be up I had the care of the sick child.

The premonition of death that I had had some time before, I knew was from God. In my weak nervous condition, and with my bodily powers greatly depleted I became an easy prey to the disease that now took a strong hold upon me. It looked like the end of my earthly existence was near. My husband returned, and for days watched constantly at my bedside, and as I rapidly grew worse we had to have help, which he secured with difficulty. The previous thirteen years of my life were reviewed under the searchlight of the Spirit; there had been many victories over which I rejoiced, but there had also been failures, especially those in the revival meetings of the previous winter, which caused me much humiliation and sorrow. The conflict often during these years had been fierce, and there were times when I became faint-hearted and shrank from the battle. Great clouds would hang over my spiritual horizon and the cross was carried when I almost fainted beneath it, but never since the memorable night when I took it up had I dared to lay it down, knowing that Jesus said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14:27). Many times I was helped on the way by the following hymn:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?"

No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

"The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

From day to day my body was racked with pain; burning fever was followed by hard chills, and as death seemed to be near I felt more and more my unfitness for it. During short intervals of sleep, I dreamed that I was a child again, climbing up to break the icicles from the eaves of the house to quench my thirst. Just as I was ready to grasp them my foot would slip and they were never reached. A literal fire seemed to be consuming me and I was well aware that there was no hope if God did not undertake for me. Through all my suffering my mind was perfectly clear. For this I thanked the Lord, as I wanted to hear His voice speaking to my soul.

We had a skilful nurse who did all in her power to relieve my suffering. She had come to our home at Mr. White's solicitation, contrary to her own wishes and plans, and we knew that God had sent her in that critical hour. The physician was faithful, and seemed to feel a great responsibility upon him. This man was not a believer, but it was clearly shown us that the anxiety he manifested

in my behalf was put upon him by the Lord without his knowing it. In the most critical moments, when there seemed to be no hope, he would say to the nurse, "This woman must not die."

The baby would often stand by my bedside and watch me. He would take my hand and place it to his cheek, then draw my arm around his neck, as much as to say, "You must not leave me." The thought of leaving him motherless was more than I could bear. I had heard of mothers who became resigned just before they died, to leaving their children, but it was not so with me. One of my aunts and my eldest sister were thus resigned, and their last moments were those of greatest triumph. Some of the old saints called such victory "dying grace," and it was evident that I did not have it. I was disappointed; there were thorns in my pillow. I had sung many times:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Instead of my head being on His breast as the end was approaching, He seemed to be very far away. I could not say:

"My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate."

Yet I did not think I would be lost, but I wanted greater victory. Job said, "I will speak in the bitterness of my soul. I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest * * * despise the work of thine hands? * * * Thou knowest that I am not wicked; and there is none that can deliver out of thine hand. * * * If I be wicked, woe unto me; and if I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head. I am full of confusion; therefore see thou mine affliction" (Job 10). Like Job, I was disposed to reason with God and bring my complaint before Him, going back over the thirteen years of my Christian experience, deploring my failures and recounting my victories; but if I tried to justify myself, my own mouth would condemn me. Yet withal there was a consciousness that I had made an heroic effort to please Him in all things, however much I might have come short. My temperature had reached one hundred and six degrees, and had dropped below normal in fifteen minutes. I said, "This is death." Thinking of the child and making one more earnest plea to be spared for his sake, a gentle, chiding voice said, "Is not that a selfish prayer?" I could see it then, and said, "Yes, Lord." He was bending over me. A vision of a greater work

than simply living for the child was flashing in upon my soul. I had thought nothing in that hour of the thousands of motherless children in the world, and the multitudes of men and women who were in the tombs of spiritual death, and needed the resurrection power of Christ. Could it be possible that I had been so selfish? Another instant and my heart was singing:

“Yes, I’ll tell the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His throne in glory
For the cross on Calvary.

“He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He’ll bear me safely over
Where the loved ones I shall meet.”

The assurance came that my life would be spared, not only to sing, but to preach the Gospel. After this I sank still lower. On returning to consciousness I wanted to tell the nurse that she need not be anxious about me, for the Lord had spared my life to preach the Gospel. She was slightly deaf and I was not strong enough to make her hear, and did not tell her until the next day. When I did tell her I found that she, too, was aware that the Lord had undertaken for me.

I was no sooner able to be up than my

husband was taken sick. He did not want to give up, and was unwilling to have a physician called. For a number of days, and until compelled to go to bed, he sat by the fire, suffering intensely. With difficulty he was prevailed upon to take some medicine. Shortly afterwards he happened to think that the teacher of the infant class in the Sunday-school was going to leave town and it would be necessary to procure another to fill the place. The person who he thought would take the place lived on the outskirts of the town. A cold, November wind was blowing, and as he had no one at hand to send, he determined to go himself, and I was unable to persuade him not to run such a risk. I believed it meant his death or the next thing to it. A few hours after his return he took a serious relapse, and at the same time the baby was suddenly taken ill—threatened with membranous croup. We could get no help only as the neighbors would come in and offer their assistance. An elderly lady sat up with the child one night when his case was very critical. Observing the nervous and physical strain upon me, she said, "If you will rest and sleep a while I will watch the baby every moment." With reluctance I took her at her word and dropped asleep, but was suddenly awakened, as though some one had touched me. She was sitting in her chair

with her head thrown back, fast asleep, and the child struggling for breath. This so frightened me that I was unwilling to trust him with her or anyone else after that. While he was slowly recovering, my husband was confined to his bed and growing worse. His suffering was so great that he required nearly all of my time. I had instantly responded to every call, until one night he dropped into a doze, and I took this opportunity to rest a little. I had no sooner fallen asleep than I heard his voice as if from a great distance. After I had made several efforts to move, and failed, the Holy Spirit whispered, "Have you reached your extremity and are you willing to trust him to me now?" An hour passed and I was still unable to move. During the time I seemed to be on the bosom of a great ocean in the arms of the Infinite One. Again I heard my husband's voice; I awakened and found him propped up on his elbow looking into my face. There was a decided change for the better, and for the first time during his illness he was without pain.

As soon as he was able to sit up, some of the Sunday-school teachers came to see him about having a Christmas tree. He thought it would be just the thing to create new interest, and insisted on their having one and making it a success. A committee on program was

appointed and a Mrs. C—— was chosen to take charge of the exercises and see that the children were properly trained. She was a woman of culture, a fine musician, but a skeptic. She proposed that we have a cantata, provided I would take the leading part,—that of a grandmother entertaining her grandchildren on Christmas eve. Grandmother had to appear in old lady's costume, with knitting in hand, in company with grandfather, who was to be impersonated by the Sunday-school superintendent. On the program was a solo which grandmother had to sing in a broken voice, to make merriment for the children. With conscience smiting me during the rehearsals, I begged many times to be excused, but was repeatedly refused. My husband plead with me to take part to please him. It was hard to refuse him when he was sick, but thinking perhaps he would be satisfied if I could get some one to take my place, I went to Mrs. C—— and begged her to let me off, but she said if I refused to carry out the part assigned to me, she would have nothing more to do with the Christmas exercises, and for this reason I supposed I would be compelled to comply with her wishes.

The tree was beautifully decorated and loaded down with presents for the children. Fearing that some one would be missed, my

husband asked me to stay at the church and see that none were overlooked. The excitement from first to last was too much for him and his temperature rose higher than it had for many days. I greatly desired to stay at his bedside, but to this he would not consent, thinking my presence was needed at the church. Several times during the afternoon, when he supposed I was helping with the tree, I was standing on the steps, listening through the slightly open door to his breathing.

Skilful hands had arranged the drapery and decorated the platform, until the church looked more like a theater than a house of prayer. The Sunday-school superintendent, who appeared as grandfather in the first part of the exercises, retired and came out as Santa Claus. Many of the children recognized him by his voice, and appeared to be very much confused over the matter. After every effort possible was put forth to treat all the children alike, some were overlooked, and their parents manifested their displeasure by taking them out of our school. Leaving the church that night, I resolved never to have anything more to do with a Christmas entertainment, and later so expressed myself, to the manifest displeasure of the church officary.

It was the middle of January before my

husband recovered from his illness. Soon after he was able to be up, he secured the help of a preacher from another charge and began revival meetings. The afternoon services were very helpful to Christians, and a number of persons were seeking a better experience, although there was no definite preaching on sanctification. Feeling a great lack in my soul, I began to fast and pray. I had never fasted previous to this and found it hard to do, for I was a slave to coffee, and naturally a headache followed. At 11 o'clock I was really suffering; this troubled me, for the assisting preacher had fasted a whole day, or two, at a time without any inconvenience. Before noon I resorted to coffee for relief. As the Holy Spirit searched my heart, I realized that something was seriously wrong, yet as I wept and prayed I obtained no relief. The evangelist attributed my difficulty to hysteria. While I knew this was untrue his remark was a hindrance to me, and so confused me that I did not pray as diligently as before for the longing of my heart to be satisfied.

CHAPTER IX

A MOUNTAIN CHARGE—HEART-CRY FOR PURITY

AT THE CLOSE of the second year at Lamar, the church asked again for my husband's return. We knew a change should be made, and when the presiding elder heard of the months of suffering through which our family had passed he said he would do all he could to make a change where I could have the advantages of mountain air and pure water, which the physician said was very necessary. We packed our goods before leaving for the Conference at Denver in June (1891). My husband had finished his ministerial course and was ordained elder at this session. After two or three days, our presiding elder said he had no desirable place for us, and it looked like we would have to return to Lamar.

We went to our room to pray, and while on our knees the question came to me clearly: "If it is God's will for you to go back, will you go, even though it costs your life?" I said "Yes." Immediately all anxious concern left us both and we were resigned to His will. Later we met our presiding elder, who greeted

us pleasantly and said, "I have just the place for you, where there is nothing to hinder Sister White from getting well." It was the little town of Morrison, about seventeen miles from Denver, at the foot of the hills, known for its beautiful scenery, pure air and pure mountain water, and was just such a place as the physician had recommended. God saw that we both were resigned to do His will and He did not require us to return to the former charge.

In a few days we were at Morrison in a private boarding house, looking for a suitable house in which to live. The best we could find was a little five-room cottage, which was neither ceiled nor plastered, but boarded inside and out and whitewashed.

The Ladies' Aid Society was making preparations for an elaborate fair and festival, and were busy making cotton dogs, monkeys, rabbits, and various fancy articles. They boasted of a new church organ which they had purchased with money gotten in this way.

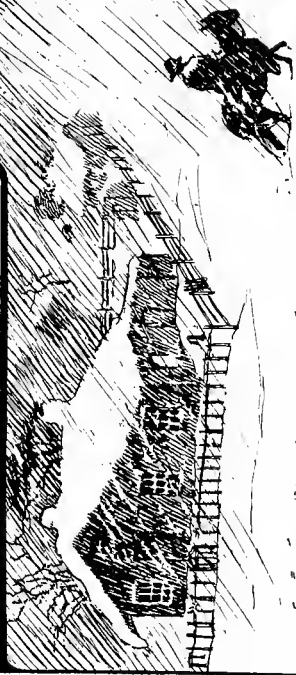
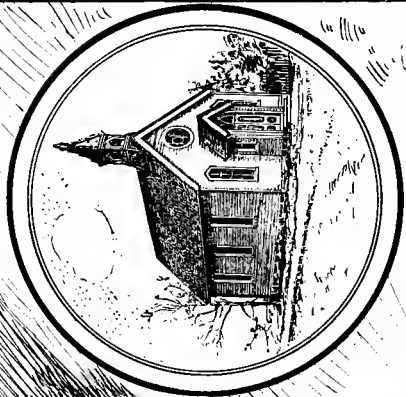
Before we came to the charge the president of the Aid Society had turned a church social into a dance. She was not a member of the church and strongly advocated card and dancing parties. She had a flattering tongue and greeted us with a smooth speech and a deceitful look. It was plain to

be seen that unstable souls would be easily beguiled by her. The church people had allowed her to handle all the money, and some said there had been much more paid in at the church festivals than she had accounted for. As we were opposed to church fairs, suppers, or socials of any kind, we took a stand against them. She then gathered a company including a number of school children, at the house of a friend, who she thought would vote with others for the festivals. I was advised not to attend this meeting on account of my nervous condition, but as the time approached I felt I must go with my husband, and did. She called the meeting to order, and set forth the advantages of church festivals, to which there were many assenting voices. Unable to remain quiet longer, I said, "I have understood that this woman has run the Ladies' Aid Society into a dance and to the devil, and it looks very much like it is true." Her friends were very indignant at this remark and it was some time before quiet was restored. She said our support would be a "slim affair" after that and that she did not believe we would receive five dollars between that time and spring.

When I found some of our best people questioning whether wisdom had been used in my manner of speech and procedure, I was almost persuaded that they were right, and

somewhat troubled over the matter, asked a sister to go home with us and pray about it. I dreaded to have the presiding elder hear of it, although I believed him to be the most spiritual elder we had ever had. After kneeling in prayer and uttering only a few sentences the glory of God began to fill my soul. I arose, saying that whomsoever I had displeased, I was sure I had pleased God.

The trustees gave their consent for the festival to be held in the church, regardless of the protests of both my husband and myself. It was a veritable "Vanity Fair," and would have disgraced a common hall, much less a church, and all was done under the name of Christianity. The plan was to apply the money on the pastor's salary, but as he would not accept it, it was laid aside for his successor. There were no more church festivals while we remained on the charge. Instead of our support being cut off, money came to us from the most unexpected sources to supply our every need. The leading merchant and business man of the town, although he made no profession of Christianity, after hearing of the stand we had taken against the church socials, placed a twenty dollar gold piece in my husband's hand, and told him that as long as he had a store we need not want for anything. After this he gave freely to our support.



THERE WAS A GREAT SNOWSTORM; ONLY A FEW PERSONS OUT—SOME OF THEM WERE ON HORSEBACK. P. 129.

The gambling devil was in possession of one of the church trustees and helped him to carry a fair outward appearance in business life, and to manifest a real devotion to his wife, and her two boys by a former husband. But the empty shell of his profession collapsed and with it came the loss of one of the best properties in the place—a house belonging to his wife—which he gambled away. In the sudden downfall he left without saying good-bye, and deftly covered his track.

As the holiday season was approaching, the people began to plan for a Christmas tree entertainment, and were very anxious for the pastor to co-operate with them. He had no definite convictions against Christmas trees and gave his consent to their having it.

I knew it was wrong from my experience of the previous winter, and believed that it would not be a success. On the night of the 23d there was a great snow storm, which lasted all the next day; only a few persons were seen on the streets and some of them were on horseback. It was plain to me that light was being given us to walk in and that the entertainment was providentially a failure, though others were loath to believe it.

For years I had been habituated to the use of coffee. Although the physicians said it was injuring me I used it as a stimulant in my

nervous condition. My husband begged me to quit the use of it altogether, but when he saw my weakness, and that his words did not avail, he proposed to get me a piano if I would no longer use this harmful beverage. True to his word, a few weeks later, he brought a beautiful Weber piano into our home; it was paid for and all my own. He had had some money in a building and loan association, with which he bought the piano. I was delighted with it, of course.

Dinner was called. I was pained when asked about the coffee. At a time previous to this I had done without coffee for six long months, and the struggle to make the sacrifice ended in defeat. I wanted to keep my word, and fully intended to do so when the promise was made, but my courage failed me, and bursting into tears, I said, "I can't give it up!" I can never forget the painful look on my husband's face when he saw that I was wavering about the coffee. I told him that I could give the instrument up, but could not go through what I had in the past. He saw nothing else to do but to submit to my weakness.

Many times I had promised the Lord to sing for Him, and a number of hours each day were spent in practice. I knew there were persons who did not preach, but simply sang

the Gospel, and I hoped that the Lord would let me off as easily. My voice was strong, and compassed over three octaves, and a specialist in voice culture had given me great encouragement, all of which tended to divert my attention from the real work that God had for me to do.

On the 24th of August, 1892, Ray, our second son, was born. Being now the mother of two children, and having a broken-down constitution, I could see no way to fulfill my promise to God. The tempter tried to make me believe that I had had no call from God to preach the Gospel; yet from time to time I dreamed that I was standing before large congregations, and as the burning words went forth from my lips, the people were held as though by a supernatural power. On awakening I would say, "O, if this could only be a reality, and the messages would come as they do in my dreams, how wonderful it would be!" I knew not at that time what it would mean to have the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. I had no conception of what it means to deliver a message under the inspiration of the Spirit, which God was trying to show me in my dreams.

I was ignorant as to my true standing in spiritual things. When our presiding elder came, I listened to every word he said in

hopes that I might catch something that would give me light, but my hope was in vain; he had no food for my soul. As the Holy Spirit searched my heart from day to day, I knew that I needed to be sanctified, but whether it was God's plan that I should have such an experience in this life or not, I did not know. As time went on I was more and more impressed with the fact that it was His will to sanctify me at once. It frightened me to think of going to the Judgment and finding out when too late that the great plan of salvation had been fulfilled only in part in my life.

John the Baptist said, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire" (Matt. 3:11). Was it not this baptism that I needed? The Holy Spirit was presenting something to my heart that was necessary to complete my salvation and establish me in grace. Some of the old-time saints called this experience "dying grace." I believed that a common-sense view of it was to have *living* grace, and in this I knew I was deficient. I supposed when one had received the blessing of sanctification it could not be lost, therefore I did not understand my husband. Comparing my experience with his contrary to 2 Cor. 10:12,

I concluded that if he were sanctified so was I. He had talked and written to me on the subject, and once knelt with me and prayed that I might receive the blessing; but after we were married he ceased to talk or pray about it except in a general way, as ministers without the experience often do.

He took me to Denver to hear two evangelists who were reported as having great revivals. In this visit I hoped to find out the secret of their success, but I found nothing out of the ordinary in their services, and I left the meetings disappointed. The feeling which they had worked up was excitement; their so-called conversions was all a surface work. Later I went to hear "Mother" Van Cott preach, but received no help from her. The train on her skirt and her fashionably-dressed hair revealed the pride of her heart, and I did not wish to see nor hear her again. I knew that D. L. Moody was an uneducated man, and I read his books seeking for help, but failed to find any clear teaching on the subject of sanctification. He preached some theory on the second work of grace, but that was about all; yet I believe he had the Holy Spirit in his early ministry.

My soul thirsted for the waters of life, only to be mocked by broken cisterns and turned away.

“I longed for inward strife to cease,
And prayed to have His perfect peace.”

One day, after my husband returned from Denver, he said that we both were living beneath our privilege, and that he intended to renew his covenant with God. There was nothing encouraging to me in the thought of renewing covenants, for I had renewed my covenant a great many times only to be met by the same difficulties and overcome. Birthdays and holidays were special days of covenant-making. It was my custom to watch the old year out and the new one in, on my knees. I would review the old year and shed tears on account of broken promises, then determine to give more time to the study of God's word, to be more faithful and earnest in prayer, and to try to be long-suffering and kind under all circumstances.

The enemy tried hard to make me believe that my impatience was due to my nervous condition, and I often excused myself in this way. I was very fond of music and art, and the physicians advised the study of them as diversions of the mind to benefit my nerves, but this failed to bring about the desired results.

Again the holiday season rolled around, and preparations were being made for another Christmas tree entertainment. Strong pres-

sure by my husband and others was brought to bear upon me to induce me to take some part in the exercises, and notwithstanding my past experience, I yielded. A physician in the town was asked to take part in the exercises; this was regardless of the fact that he was given to drunkenness and profligacy, which resulted in the breaking up of his family.

Everything was being put in readiness at the church, when a message came for my husband to call and see a woman who was dying. He went, and on returning rehearsed the sad story of a mother's awful suffering and death. Her husband and children stood by the bedside, and no one else was present but himself. She had been sick for several days, but the church, so occupied with festive preparations, had left her unvisited, uncared for and unprayed with, except in her last moments. When I heard the facts related as they were, I thought of the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me" (Matt. 25:45).

The last rehearsal at the church was in progress, but the physician failed to appear, which gave the committee on program much concern. Hearing of the woman's death, I had fears for our baby, who had taken a heavy cold, and I left for home immediately. My niece met me at the door and said, "I am

glad you have come, for the baby is worse." He was in a feverish stupor. The doctor was sent for, and after some search was found half intoxicated in a saloon, which accounted for his absence from rehearsal. After an examination he said the baby had all the symptoms of pneumonia, and ordered a hot bath for him. The water had already been heated for the purpose and was brought in at once. He tried to take the child from my arms and put him into the hot water before it was reduced to the right temperature. My husband came in after the bath, and thinking I had become unnecessarily concerned, he proceeded to tell us that everything was in readiness at the church. The doctor had forgotten the entertainment, but after listening to Mr. White he was anxious to go and sing in a duet, for which he had practiced. He advised that the baby be wrapped up in a shawl or blanket and left on the bed, and said it would be all right when we returned. When about to leave he said he would see my husband and myself at the church, but we did not go.

The day was past and the night gathered her shadows in the canon about our home, and my soul brooded in heaviness. I believed that God had permitted affliction to chasten us, and begged him to stay the hand of death that was reaching out for our child.

Two hours later I felt that I was looking into an open grave. The stillness of the room was broken by some persons who came from the church to tell us that the Christmas entertainment was a failure, and that the people had gone away disappointed. The latter part of the night I was left to watch by the baby alone. I took this opportunity to pour out my soul in prayer to God, but received no assurance that the baby would recover. After a fearful struggle I gave him up and became resigned to the will of God.

There was not much change in him until about noon the next day, when he rapidly grew worse. The doctor was somewhere trying to sober up after his drunken debauch, and another physician was called, who was a stranger in the town. After seeing the child he expressed but little hope for his recovery. This was no surprise to me, but was a great shock to my husband, whom I had not been able to convince of the baby's true condition. Could he have realized it before it would have been a great relief to me, and made it much easier for me to become reconciled.

At 3 o'clock the following morning the baby was sinking fast. His head was drawn back and his eyes were setting in death. As a final remedy the doctor was applying a mustard plaster to the back of his neck. They

called me to see him breathe his last. My husband in great sorrow said, "He will never look on our faces again," then turned and went quickly into his study. The child, to him, was strangely wrapped up in a covenant made with God in a day of fasting and prayer on the mountain-side, before his birth. He promised to press forward with all his soul and walk the pathway of absolute faith and trust, in the fullest abandonment to God. He had failed to keep his covenant, and as he entered the study he fell upon his knees and cried out to God in great soul travail. Receiving assurance, he came out and said to me, "I believe God is going to spare the baby's life." The critical hour of this night soon passed and the child was better.

The doctor was present, and heard my husband's prayer in the adjoining room, and the surprising statement that he believed that God would spare the child's life. The child was completely restored in a short time, but the doctor took the credit to himself, and built up a reputation on the strength of it; in the meantime his own little girl and two other children whom he was attending, died, and he lost favor with the people, and the reputation he had gained. God says in His word that He will not give His glory to another.

After this experience, we more than ever

desired to see the salvation of the lost, and held a revival meeting with the assistance of two pastors, but there was very little accomplished. Sorely grieved over the results of the meeting, I determined to fast and pray to ascertain if possible what was in the way. I prayed for the church members and outsiders, calling them by name, when the Spirit whispered to me, "Pray for yourself." As the searchlight was turned on my heart, discoveries were made that astonished me, and I cried out for deliverance. Longing for purity, the self-life became more and more intolerable, and no one but God understood the cry of my soul.

CHAPTER X

CONSECRATION AND SANCTIFICATION

ON A SUNDAY EVENING the church organist was absent and I took her place. The pastor did not have his usual liberty, and the Spirit moved me to give an exhortation. There was an intense burning in my breast, and a pressure upon me greater than I had ever felt before. I thought of past failures and the suffering that they had brought, and believed that the Holy Spirit for the last time was trying to press me out, and felt that I must seize the opportunity or lose my experience.

Thoughts of Naaman the Syrian, and the awful leprosy of sin, of which his disease is a type, were going through my mind. There was a book lying near me with a song entitled "Naaman the Leper," and the enemy suggested that I sing this song instead of trying to speak. I knew I could readily find it, for it was the last piece in the book. I had sung only part of the first verse when my eyes and voice failed me, and the result was a complete break-down. There were two persons in the congregation who contributed largely to our

support, who did not believe in women preaching. Satan reminded me of this and suggested that if I were to displease them it would probably cut off our support, and help ful-



LEPERS OUTSIDE THE GATE

fill the predictions of those who had opposed us in the stand we took against church suppers and entertainments. For a moment the conflict was fearful. Throwing the song book aside I stood trembling before the congregation; instantly my lips were touched with a

live coal and a fiery stream of words went forth. All fear had entirely left me. For the first time in my life I had discovered the secret of preaching—it is not in carefully prepared sermons, but by His Spirit. The message came straight from heaven and struck the audience with such power that they sat spellbound. A young man said afterward that he felt the bottomless pit was opening to receive him. I had a premonition that this anointing would not abide with me, and after leaving the church, my soul apparently was plunged into greater darkness than ever. Like Job, the thing that I feared came upon me. The Holy Spirit taught me one of the greatest lessons of my life by momentarily resting upon me in the enduement of power. Conditions had not been met by which the temple could be made clean, hence He could not abide. In anguish I cried:

“Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sin that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.”

In this dreadful darkness I was left without human help or sympathy, to weep over my desolation. I asked my husband to pray with me, and after offering a few words he expressed himself as not being able to under-

stand me, and retired leaving me alone.

Jeremiah says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately sick" (17:9 R. V.). There was no help for me, except through the blood of Christ, which could be made effectual only through consecration and faith. Had there been some one to instruct me, I would no doubt have been saved from the two weeks' struggle which followed; however the Holy Spirit enabled me to take the definite steps of consecration and all was laid upon the altar for time and eternity.

I had a great desire to have my voice cultivated, and had spent much time and money on it, but now I turned it over to the Lord, willing to have it a success or a failure as He saw best. Among the last things surrendered was coffee, and from this time I had no more desire for it. All my efforts to give it up before had failed. Now with the help of Jesus, and for His sake, it was made easy for me. To Him be all the glory. Feeling that all was on the altar, I wondered that the fire did not fall. My husband noticed the change that had come over me and saw that I needed help in both soul and body, and immediately made preparations to take me to see a physician living in Denver who claimed to be sanctified.

On the 15th of March, nine days after I

had made my consecration, he took me to see the physician. He received us very cordially, and after asking a few questions about our work, he said, "I understand you have been preaching." He saw this somewhat embarrassed me, and changed the subject, avoiding questions concerning my health. He no doubt knew that I needed help for my soul more than for the body. He told how he fasted for many hours and waited before God for heart cleansing, and how wonderfully God came and sanctified him. The number of hours that he fasted was a longer period than I had ever abstained from food, and I wondered if I could hold out until "the blessing" came, as he had done. He said he believed that I was consecrated and asked me to take "the blessing" by faith. While waiting on our knees in prayer I agreed to do so on the authority of God's word. Patients were waiting, and feeling it would not be right to take any more of his time, we left his office and started for home. We had not gone more than a block when the enemy accused me of being a hypocrite for claiming something I did not have. Frightened at the thought, I let go my hold on the promises, and my soul was soon in greater distress than before. After reaching home I fasted, prayed and searched the Bible more diligently than ever. At almost every

place that it opened my eyes rested on some passage relating to holiness or the enduement of power. The following scriptures were read and re-read in my search for the pearl of great price: "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14); "Be ye holy, for I am holy" (Lev. 19:2; 1 Peter 1:16); "Put on the new man created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4:24); "That we should be holy before him" (Eph. 1:4); "This is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4:3). There was no going back; I must go forward at any cost, for it was now holiness or hell.

On the 16th I went to my husband's study and asked him if he had any books on the subject of holiness. He pointed to a bookshelf where there were a number of books by different authors, among them, Steele's "Love Enthroned," Bishop Foster's "Christian Purity," J. A. Wood's "Perfect Love," Wesley's "Christian Perfection," and M. W. Knapp's "Out of Egypt into Canaan." I was impressed to take the latter on account of its title. I knew what the bondage of sin was before I crossed the Red Sea of conversion, and that I had been a number of years in the wilderness experience. I read about the Canaan of rest, but to this I was a stranger,

although my feet were at the Jordan's edge, where I had been waiting many days for the waters to part. For years I had eaten of the manna that had fallen from heaven, and the waters that flowed from the smitten rock often quenched my burning thirst, and now the promised land, with its luscious fruits was lying out before me. There was milk and honey, old corn and new wine, but between me and this wonderful land rolled a river overflowing its banks. God gave me a glimpse of something better than the manna of a justified experience which had sustained me through the years. All fear of the giants of the land had left me, and the only question was how to enter in. Almost prostrated physically, I cried, "Lord, I must have help, and it must come quickly!" I knew that another moment of vital importance was at hand, and that the matter must be settled at once. I dared not sleep, and spent the night in prayer. The morning dawned and apparently no progress had been made, unless it was in an increased desire to possess the land.

In the after part of the second night I dropped off to sleep, hoping that I might wake up in Canaan. I opened my eyes just as the clock was striking seven, disappointed to find the Jordan was still between me and the promised land.

It was not God's plan to take me over in my sleep; the event was of too much importance. It was now the 18th of March (1893), fifteen years after my conversion. Two sleepless nights had been spent during this time of fasting and prayer; I had been searching books and the Scriptures on the subject of holiness, but no relief was obtained. The darkness was growing more and more intense and I seemed to be on the verge of despair.

My husband had a slight attack of asthma and had been sleeping a few nights in an adjoining room, where he could have the benefit of better ventilation, and knew nothing of the ordeal through which I was passing, until I went to his room a few minutes after seven o'clock and told him all about it. On hearing my story he was greatly surprised. I told him I could never help him again in his church work, for I had utterly failed to receive the blessing which I so much desired and for which I had been seeking for many days. I felt if deliverance did not come soon there was nothing awaiting me but death. With the help of the Spirit, he said all he could to encourage me; when at a loss for something more to say, he waited, then added, "Jesus loves you more than I do, more than any earthly friend." I felt myself sinking, when he said, "The everlasting arms are beneath you."

This seemed almost too wonderful to be true. At that moment I saw Jesus on the cross looking at me with great pity and compassion. His head was crowned with thorns and the blood was dripping from his brow. Never had I seen such a picture. Only a moment were my eyes fixed upon Him when I was enabled to say, "His blood cleanses me from all sin, and underneath are the everlasting arms." In the twinkling of an eye my feet were placed on holy ground. There was no particular manifestation of God's power, but great soul rest. Halleluiah! Halleluiah! The enemy suggested that the blessing was not great enough and that I must have something more before I could claim sanctification. I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan; my heart is cleansed and is henceforth to be the abiding place of the Holy Spirit." There was a deep realization of purity in the depths of my soul such as I had never known before. My heart, which had been like a whitened sepulcher, was now transparent, the temple of God, and I would have been willing for the whole world to have looked through it. There were no fears of the Comforter leaving the house of which He had taken possession. I knew that He would stay in such a heart. Years have passed and there has never been a time that I have not been conscious of His abiding pres-



MRS. ALMA WHITE—A LATE PICTURE

ence. When severely tested, I have stood by faith alone and claimed the victory through the atoning blood. I have said, "The blood cleanseth, the blood cleanseth just now." In the trying hour I have held fast the profession of my faith without wavering, and God has given me the reward of faith.

Having been robed in the garments of purity, my soul had at last awakened as if in obedience to the command of the prophet, who said, 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments—shake thyself from the dust—loose the bands from off thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion' (Isa. 52:1-2).

My bands were broken, I had arisen from the dust and was robed in white. "Therefore my people shall know my name; therefore they shall know that I am he that doth speak; behold it is I" (Isa. 52:6). He had spoken to my soul, I had proved the truth of His word: "His name shall be called Jesus for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1:21). "Therefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate" (Heb. 13:12). Years before, He had saved me from my actual transgressions, now He had cleansed me from inbred defilement. The Lord Jehovah made bare

His holy arm and I knew His great salvation.
 For me the wilderness and the solitary place
 were made glad, and the desert (my soul)
 blossomed as the rose. The problem of years
 was solved; I had found the great salvation
 that is destined to fill the whole earth.

The joys of salvation are flowing,
 I'm living in Canaan's fair land;
 I came to the great swelling Jordan,
 And crossed o'er with Joshua's band;
 My heart is now filled with His rapture,
 My days are so happy and blest,
 I'm singing and shouting His praises,
 Oh, how could there be sweeter rest?

CHO.—In Canaan there's fruit in abundance,
 In gardens were olive trees grow;
 I drink the new wine of the kingdom,
 Where rivers of life ever flow.

The shadows that once gathered round me,
 No longer my pathway pursue,
 I'm walking through vales of His promise,
 Near hills that are sparkling with dew.
 Oh, how can I tell of such rapture!
 Oh, who can the myst'ry unfold!
 The mountains are dripping with honey,—
 The glory of God I behold.

The days of my mourning are over,
 And heaven is coming in sight,
 The glory of God is appearing,
 O'er hills that are glowing with light;
 The angelic chorus is swelling,

The saved of all ages are there,
For all who have suffered with Jesus,
His riches in glory will share.

My experience was similar to that of Kepler, who, after seventeen years of unflagging toil, was rewarded by the discovery of the three great laws which made his name famous. In rapture over his glorious triumph, he exclaimed, "Nothing holds me! The die is cast! The book is written, to be read now or by posterity, I care not which! It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer!" Kepler knew that the truth of his discovery must be accepted sooner or later. They were God's laws which had been in operation since before the morning stars sang together, and were co-existent with Himself, and so with the law of holiness; God is holy, and all who expect to live in harmony with Him and escape the penalty of sin must be made holy. "Be ye holy as I am holy," is provided for, Peter says, by "the precious blood of Christ, who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world" (1 Peter 1:16-20), and was typified by the bloody sacrifice which Abel brought as an offering for sin. God's eternal foreknowledge of Christ's redeeming sacrifice, and purpose to have us sanctified through it, adds to the meaning and

obligation of our receiving and maintaining a holy life before Him.

I had been a member of the Methodist church for many years and had heard pastors, presiding elders and bishops preach, but did not remember of ever having heard a definite sermon preached on the second work of grace, notwithstanding the fact that the doctrine of holiness has been called "the brightest star in the constellation of Methodism." Unsanctified preachers will not have it preached in their churches for fear of losing their carnal members. They cannot stand Bible truth. We once heard a faithful minister say, "If one wants to get along easily in the popular churches of to-day, he must not tinker with religion."

The cry everywhere is that holiness splits the churches, and this is true. If it were not so there would be no one who would escape the judgments of God, for the old denominations will become the storm centers of His wrath during the great tribulation.

"No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse" (Matt. 9:16). The new cloth shows the old, filthy rags of depravity to disadvantage, and when the exposure is made there naturally arises division. The people

in the apostate churches are spending their lives in the old bottle and rag business; they have become so accustomed to handling these goods that it is almost impossible to induce them to deal with any other. Nevertheless, the new bottles and garments can be had when conditions are met and the price is paid. A new garment is always better than one that is patched, and a person is very foolish to hold onto the old when he can have the new.

A popular evangelist related an incident of a revival meeting in the South where a holiness preacher was in charge. There was a cry from some of the people that the church was in danger of being split. The preacher told them that if this were true that there was hope, for in that case a part of it would be saved, but, that he very much feared that the church was like an old gum log and could not be split. A noted author says, "No legitimate efforts to promote holiness tend to *division among Christians*." This is true; sin *alienates* and *divides*; holiness *unites* and *binds* together, and constitutes the strongest bond of union in the church of God.

CHAPTER XI

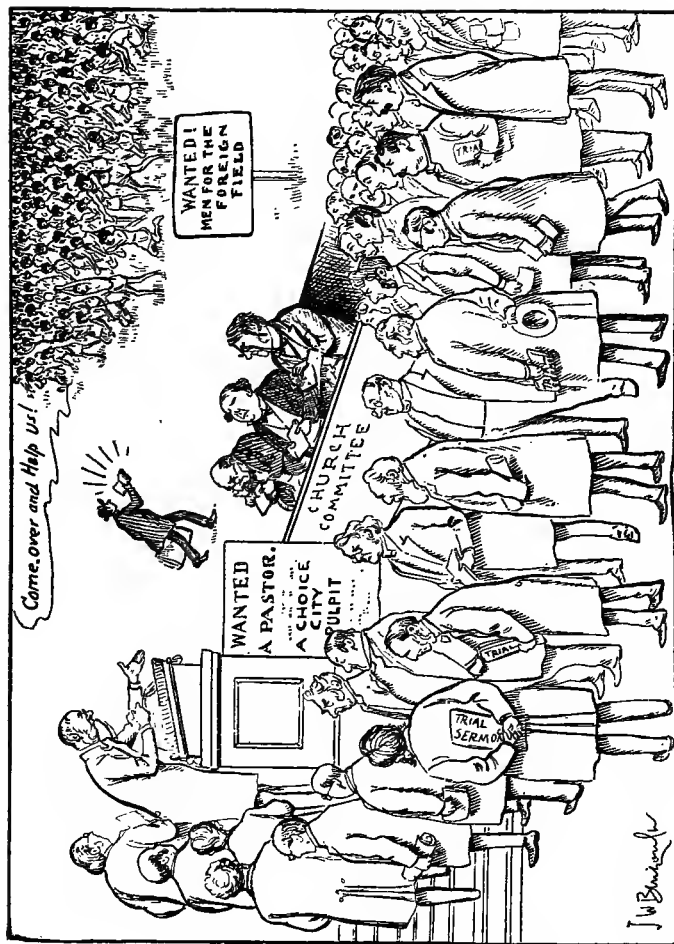
THE BIBLE A NEW BOOK

AFTER receiving the blessing of sanctification the Bible became a new book to me. I found that the Old Testament abounded in holiness typology, and as I studied these types under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, my soul was thrilled from day to day. In the New Testament great gold mines of truth opened to me. I had riches untold, and as my heart was in ecstasy over the newly-found treasures, I could not help but exclaim, "Ah, thou subtle, lurking foe, thou arch-fiend of the pit! Thou enemy of all righteousness! Thou didst cheat me out of mine inheritance and hast kept me in the mists and shadows of a twilight experience!"

When the blind man received the first touch he saw men as trees walking. After having received the second touch his vision was clear and objects no longer appeared to him in undue proportions. Bishops, presiding elders, pastors and evangelists, especially those of great learning, appeared as trees in my sight. But Jesus, the great Healer, touched my spiritual eyes the second time

and gave me perfect sight. I no longer saw them as trees walking; they were just men, and occupied the place of such beings in my estimation. Some of them appeared to be very small and insignificant. I saw that the things that are highly esteemed among men are an abomination in God's sight. All the self-seeking, money-loving, conference wire-pulling, that is so characteristic of the popular ministers of to-day, savors of death, and is of the world, the flesh and the devil. Satan is the prince of this world; he is given the right of way at the annual conferences and assemblies of the old denominations, where preachers are weighed in the balances of worldly honor and given their appointments. At these annual gatherings there are always some persons who are looked upon as giants; they assume great dignity and authority, and those who have imperfect spiritual vision look upon them as trees walking. After a person has received the baptism of the Holy Ghost he can see clearly; his vision is no longer imperfect. He sees that the conference giants are weaklings and dwarfs. The fact is, God is not with them; they are counterfeits, manipulating ecclesiastical machinery for selfish purposes.

One of my first impressions after receiving "the blessing" was to let my light shine.



THE SELF-SEEKING PROPHETS OF THE MODERN MINISTRY

I had been so long in the wilderness under incompetent leaders who failed to declare the whole counsel of God, that I felt now my light must be put on a candlestick, that those who were in the shadows as I had been might be benefited thereby. He says, "Ye are my witnesses," and I knew that to retain sanctification I must take a stand for the truth and give forth no uncertain sound. Jesus said, "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels" (Luke 9:26). He committed a treasure to my care of which He requires me to be a faithful steward. He sanctified me wholly, beyond the possibility of doubt, and put my feet on the rock to stand. There are not enough men, demons nor creeds to shake me from this foundation while walking with an eye single to His glory and living in obedience to His commands.

For years I had made the mistake of trying to get sanctified by good works, but of course failed. Now at last, through simple faith in the blood, my heart was instantly cleansed from all spiritual defilement and flooded with light.

Two hours after having received "the blessing," my husband left to hold a meeting

in another church on his charge. Before the day was gone, I was impressed to write to him and tell him that there was not a shadow of doubt in my mind that the Lord had sanctified me wholly. As soon as I had written this testimony on paper, my heart began to overflow with joy. As there was no meeting close enough where I could go and tell what the Lord had done for me, He had me write my testimony and send it.

Before a week had passed there seemed to be a thousand demons clutching at my pearl, but when the enemy came in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him (Isa. 59:19). I learned that the outward attacks of the enemy had nothing to do with the condition of the soul life within. The blood cleansed from all sin and Jesus was enthroned in my heart. I could truly say, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

In the seventh chapter of second Kings we have an account of the awful famine that raged in Samaria when the Syrians besieged the city. Mothers had been brought to the extremity of slaying and eating their own children. There were four lepers on the outside of the walls of the city, who said, "Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit

still here, we shall die also. Now therefore come and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: If they save us alive, we shall live, and if they kill us, we shall but die." I was in a condition similar to these lepers, before I was sanctified, and after receiving "the blessing," knew, like they did, that if I did not tell it to the King's household some mischief would befall me. They said, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."

They plundered the first tent, ate and drank, and carried away from thence silver and gold and hid it, but not until they reached the *second* tent did they reason among themselves and propose to go and tell the news to the famishing multitudes inside the walls of the city. I found riches in the tent of regeneration, but did not get much more than a supply for myself until I reached the second tent (sanctification). In it I found an abundance for all. I knew then that I must be a faithful steward of the same, or suffer consequences too awful to be told.

God had prophets at hand in the old dispensation who would obey Him and were equal to any occasion. At this time of

Israel's awful extremity and apostasy Elisha appeared on the scene. He said, "To-morrow, about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria." On the day that Elisha spoke, food could not be bought at any price, and mothers were even eating their own children. The astonishingly low price for which the prophet said food would be sold, to doubters looked like an impossibility. A lord on whose hand the king leaned, doubted the prophet of God, and said, "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be? The prophet said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof." At the stated time the next day this lord, whom the king appointed to have charge of the gate, was trodden upon and died. He saw, but ate not thereof.

This dead man in the gate is a good illustration of the preachers in the modern churches. If people find the bread of life they will have to walk through the gates of fallen ecclesiasticisms and over dead preachers, and go without the camp to get it. When such persons as this lord, having charge of the gates (churches), fail to swing them open and let the people get the bread of life, their doom is sealed. The modern pulpits in the land

are occupied by preachers who refuse to preach the truth themselves or let others preach it. The pastors and official boards of these churches would no more let fire-baptized ministers of the Gospel preach to their congregations than the Pharisees and masters in Israel would have allowed John the Baptist to preach in their synagogues in his day. The fact is, he lost his head without ever entering one of their so-called places of worship. He did not even venture to go among them, knowing of course, that it was no use; but when they came to his meetings on the banks of the Jordan, he called them a generation of vipers and said, "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is nothing more unpopular in all the world than true religion; it takes as much of the martyr spirit to go through now as it did in the days of old.

Jesus said, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. * * * Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." Jesus compared the Pharisees to "whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full

of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness" (Matt. 23:13, 26, 27).

A person who is sanctified wholly has a discerning spirit and will expose iniquity in high places. Caleb and Joshua commanded the people to go forward and possess the land (Num. 14), but the preachers of to-day act the part of the ten spies who feared and trembled before the giants and declared the land of Canaan (the experience of sanctification) could not be possessed. There are perhaps more doubters in hell than any other class of people. It is a fearful thing to doubt the living God. The report of the spies caused the Hebrew children to go back into the wilderness where they wandered for forty years, enduring awful privations and sufferings, and even then they were cut off from seeing the land; only the younger generation was permitted to enter it. May God have mercy upon those who doubt! Taking the Israelites as an example, the Apostle, in Hebrews, exhorts Christians to fear lest they should fail to enter into their inheritance through unbelief. Canaan not only stands for heaven, but for the sanctified life. "We which have believed do enter into rest" (Heb. 4:3).

"I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,

By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring
To the land I hold to-day."

"Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

"I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away."

"And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined * * And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation" (Isaiah 25:6-9).

OUT OF AND INTO

The following beautiful poem contrasts the Egypt of sin with the Canaan of a holy life:

*"He brought us out * * that He might bring us in" (Deut. 6:25).*

"Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
 Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
 Out of the region and shadow of death,
 Out of its foul and pestilent breath,
 Out of the bondage and wearying chains,
 Out of companionship ever with stains—
 Into the light and glory of God,
 Into the holiest made clean by the blood,
 Into the arms, the embrace and the kiss,
 Into the scene of ineffable bliss,
 Into the quiet of infinite calm,
 Into the place of the song and the psalm.
 Wonderful love that has wrought all for me;
 Wonderful love that has thus set me free,
 Wonderful ground upon which I have come,
 Wonderful tenderness welcoming home.

"Out of the horror of being alone,
 Out and forever of being my own;
 Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
 Out of the longings which nothing could fill,
 Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
 Out of myself and all I call life:—
 Into communion with Father and Son,
 Into the sharing of all that Christ won,
 Into ecstasies full to the brim,
 Into the having of all things with Him,
 Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
 Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.
 Wonderful lowliness draining my cup!
 Wonderful purpose that ne'er can give up!
 Wonderful patience that waited so long,
 Wonderful story to which I belong.

'Out of my poverty into His wealth,
Out of my sickness into pure health,
Out of the old into the new,
Out of the false into the true,
Out of what measures the full depth of "Lost."
Out of it all—but at infinite cost!

Into what must with the cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,
Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what fills every want of the heart,
Into the deepest of joys ever had—
Into the gladness of making God glad.

Wonderful Person whose face I behold!

Wonderful story then all to be told!

Wonderful all the dread way that He trod,

Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!"

—UNKNOWN.

BEULAH

Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. And as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.—Isa. 62:4-5.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—Cant. 2:10-12.

Now I saw in my dream, that the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering in the country of Beulah (Isa. 62:4; Cant. 2:10-12), whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride so did their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, "Behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, His reward is with Him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "The holy people, and redeemed of the Lord," "sought out," etc.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

I HAVE THE VICTORY.

MRS. K. W.

MRS. KENT WHITE.

1. { The blood of Je-sus cleanseth me, I have the vic-to-ry, }
 { From ev-ry trace of sin I'm free, I have the vic-to-ry; }
 2. { Tho' in the fier-y furnace tried, I have the vic-to-ry, }
 { With Je-sus now I'm cru-ci-fied, I have the vic-to-ry; }

{ On wings of love my soul mounts high, I have the vic-to-ry, }
 { I've found in him my heart's desire, I (mit. }
 { Tri-umphant in my heart I sing, I have the vic-to-ry, }
 { My troph-ies all to him I bring, I (mit }

2. chorus.

have the victory. Oh! hallelujah, sing with me, I have the vic-to-ry. The

blood of Je-sus cleanseth me, I have the vic-to-ry. The blood, the blood, my only plea, I

have the vic-to-ry; The blood, the blood, it cleanseth me, I have the victory.

3 With freedom now from inbred sin, I have the victory,
 While Jesus reigns supreme within, I have the victory;
 Though unseen powers of hell awake, I have the victory,
 No foe can e'er my courage shake, I have the victory.

4 He's taken all my doubts away, I have the victory,
 And keeps me by his power each day, I have the victory;
 Tho' thousands fall at my right hand, I have the victory,
 I've found the grace wherein we stand, I have the victory.

CHAPTER XII

THE BIBLE A NEW BOOK (CONTINUED)

"**T**HERE REMAINETH a rest for the people of God," or, as the margin says, "A keeping of the Sabbath." The R. V. gives it, "A Sabbath rest." If the Seventh Day Adventists would but rightly interpret the Sabbath, they would see its inner meaning with joy and leave the Saturday Sabbath alone, which they have signally failed to establish. Have they not lost the substance and grasped the shadow? We read, "Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep; for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know I am the Lord that doth sanctify you. Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you. Every one that defileth it shall be put to death. It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever" (Read Exodus 31:13-17). We emphasize: "*That ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.*" This meaning is fully carried forward into the New Testament.

Many are the proselytes of blind guides, who unwittingly put their heads into the noose and are led like animals to the slaughter, un-

aware of what awaits them. O for the light to reveal the cloven hoof of sin! The twilight of the regenerated experience is not always sufficient. The noon-day sun must flood the soul and give clear spiritual vision.

When Alexander, the world's conqueror, asked Diogenes what favor he might bestow upon him, the humble philosopher replied, "Get out of my sunshine." The man of sin, though subjected by grace, eclipses our vision of the true Christ. Paul says the body of sin must be destroyed. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to put him to death, and this He cannot do until there is a complete consecration on the part of the individual, who must consent to his death, and this is no easy thing for some people to do. When the man of sin is crucified, all worldly ambitions and aspirations die with him, and the person in whose heart he has lived, no longer conforms to the world. A pilgrim and a stranger here, his citizenship is in heaven.

I knew nothing of what is known as the holiness movement; I had never associated with holiness people. My husband and brother were both preaching in the Methodist Church without the experience of sanctification, and of course I had learned nothing of the reproach that follows the experience of holiness. I supposed that Methodists were

true to the principles on which their church was founded, and did not know that bishops and presiding elders were fighting the doctrine of sanctification. A new world was opening to me.

One day while in a doctor's office in Denver, "*The Way of Faith*," a holiness paper, was handed to me. After looking it over I found it to be entirely different from the "*Christian Advocate*," a Methodist paper that had been coming to our home for years. I read and re-read the holiness paper; it was food for my soul. A few days later another publication of the same character was sent to me from the doctor's office. I found in it liberal terms to subscribers, and immediately began to take subscriptions for it. Within a few weeks it was coming to at least thirty homes on my husband's charge. Some money was given to me as a Christmas present which I used to send the paper to relatives and friends. There is no better way to preach the Gospel than by spreading true holiness literature.

While doing all I could to preach and spread holiness, my soul was grieved at the thought of spending our lives in a church where the ministry and almost the entire membership are ignorant of the experience of sanctification and look upon it as a delusion or

fanaticism. The fact is, the powers of the ministry and laity have combined to fight true holiness. It is impossible for anyone to stay in the old churches and keep the experience. He will be compelled to get out or cease to testify to it, and no one can keep sanctified who does not let his light shine. He must tell what God has done for him or forfeit all that he has received. There are persons who testify to holiness who have not the experience. Against such persons and testimonies there is no opposition. They can testify to holiness anywhere and there will not be a dissenting voice. The same is true in the preaching of holiness; a person may preach the theory who has not the experience, and there will be but little opposition to it.

My husband and I had willingly sacrificed everything in order to devote our entire time to the church that we believed was nearest right, and that had been owned and blest of God. I earned nearly a thousand dollars teaching school the year before we were married, and he had good business prospects before him, but we gave up all hope of worldly gain and comfort to enter a life of service for the Lord in the Methodist Church. He was born and reared in one of the great branches of Methodism and I in the other. I had been a member of the M. E. Church South,

but when I went to Montana I had my membership transferred to the M. E. Church.

I had labored faithfully to help educate my brother Charles, whom my mother had consecrated to the Lord for the ministry when a child. When he was not two years of age, I remember the anxious look on her face as she tossed in pain on her bed praying to God to spare her life to hear him preach the Gospel. He was led into the experience of holiness by one of the students while attending school at Millersburg, Kentucky. He kept the experience for several months, and then, like many others, lost it before he became established.

After Samson laid his head in the lap of Delilah he went out and shook himself, but did not know that the Lord had departed from him (Judges 16:20). Delilah represents the fallen church, which everywhere is supporting a shorn ministry. Millions of dollars are being poured into her coffers to pay college professors, bishops and presiding elders to carry on the business of shearing the prophets.

Many Christian young men with bright prospects, entering some of the church institutions, lose their experiences and are shaken in their orthodoxy by coming under the influence of theological professors. It is almost impossible for a young man, under present

conditions, to run the gauntlet in the church college or seminary and keep salvation. He must submit to the worldliness in these institutions or be looked upon as peculiar and fanatical.

Samson, in the glory of his strength, rent a lion like a kid. At another time he caught three hundred foxes and tied firebrands between their tails and destroyed the fields of the Philistines. He knew no defeat; he was a terror to his enemies. When a person receives the Holy Ghost he will spread the fire throughout the country and strike terror to the hearts of the ungodly.

He also slew a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass. God still furnishes his servants jaw-bones enough to kill Philistines if His orders are only obeyed. He has weapons of warfare always at hand and is in search of people who will handle them without fear. The men of Israel said, as a rebuke to Samson, "Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us? What is this thou hast done unto us?" These backslidden Israelites are examples of the weaklings in the pulpits to-day, who have lowered the Gospel standard, and sold out to carnal rulers and powers.

The next we hear of Samson he is down at Gaza; here the lords of the Philistines compassed him about and lay in wait all night

at the gate of the city, intending to kill him the next morning. But God knew what



SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF GAZA

these wicked men intended to do and put it in the heart of Samson to arise at midnight; he

did so and took the doors of the gate of the city and carried them away, bar and all.

The lords of the Philistines were sorely vexed and each of them offered Delilah 1100 pieces of silver if she would find out where his strength lay, and furnished the material with which to bind him, but the green withes were broken as tow when it touches the fire. They then bound him with two new cords, but the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and they were broken as flax that is burned with fire. After the upper-room-believers received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire they could no longer be bound with the bands of Judaism, neither will the bands of dead ecclesiasticisms hold a man who is filled with the Spirit. He must have liberty and will take it at any cost.

The seven locks of Samson's head were woven into a web and fastened to the beam with a pin, but he awakened out of his sleep and walked away with the beam. Had he kept his head out of the lap of Delilah he would have retained his locks and escaped the hands of the Philistines. If the preachers only knew enough to keep their heads out of the old church halters, great victories would be achieved; whereas they become mere pulpiteers and figure-heads, unable to help any-

one else or to escape the wrath of God themselves. Those who, like Samson, once had power, have lost their eyes and now go round, like a blind horse in the beaten path of a mill;



SAMSON GRINDING IN THE MILLS OF THE PHILISTINES

they never get anywhere. Samson was hitched into the Philistine mills and made to grind for them. In the meantime his enemies were sacrificing to Dagon, their god, because he had been delivered into their hands, and

the same conditions are apparent to-day; the devil is having a jubilee over his victories. He has captured the preachers and put out their spiritual eyes, and they are now grinding in his mills.

My father was a tanner, and used a blind horse in the mill. Horses that had eyes would not always work in the mill; that kind of work was too monotonous for them. And so it is with the preachers who have lost their spiritual eye-sight; if they could see the old beaten paths over which they travel, they would throw up their hands and cry for mercy. An animal that was used in our mill had once been a race horse; she worked well in the mill after she lost her sight, but when she was turned out into the pasture, instead of grazing, we would find her going around in a path the same circumference as that in which she traveled when she was in the mill. She would keep this up for hours if the spell was not broken. I often pitied her and drove her away.

The experience of sanctification will start a person on a straight track for glory; there will be no more circuitous routes or beaten paths. Nothing less than the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire will break up the old forms and ruts in the modern church. Poor old blind Samson, once the terror of the heathen nations

and backslidden Israel, was a pitiful sight, bound with fetters of brass, grinding in the prison-house of the Philistines, after having been a mighty victor, single-handed, over their armies. As we see him in his humiliation at the mill, we think of the triumphant spirit in which he walked away with the gates of the city, to the top of the mountain, carrying post, bar and all.

The lords of the Philistines gathered themselves together to sacrifice to Dagon, their god, for they said, "Our god hath delivered Samson, our enemy, into our hand." No wonder they had a jubilee, since they had in their power the destroyer of their country who had multiplied their slain. When their hearts were merry they called for Samson out of the prison-house that he might make them sport. The shorn prophets are the laughing-stock of demons. There is a jubilee in hell over one who has had great strength, but who, alas, is fallen into the hands of the shearers. If these poor victims would awaken to the fact that their strength is gone, and let their locks grow again (get reclaimed) they could accomplish something. Samson accomplished more by his death than by his life. The popular preachers are a long way from the experience of sanctification, of which Samson's death is a type. The fact is the preach-

ers do not stay converted long enough to feel the need of a second work of grace. If they were to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire they would break their ecclesiastical fetters and go to work for God where they would not be under the dictation of carnal rulers. They would then be terrors to the workers of iniquity. Jesus said to His disciples, when He sent them forth, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." In order to live we must die to sin, "For he that is dead is free from sin." "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life" (Rom. 6:7, 22). - It is one thing to be a servant of human organizations, and another to be the servant of God. In the modern churches men have taken the reins out of God's hands and are driving themselves. King Saul was foolish enough to do this. Sorrow and calamity attended his unwise and selfish course which at last ended in self-destruction. No minister can be true to God and remain in the old denominations of to-day. If he should try to keep salvation he would lose favor with the church officials and consequently have to suffer. These human structures have no real foundation under them. The only hope of any one's getting to heaven

is to build on the Rock against which Christ said the gates of hell cannot prevail. While he is building there will be scoffs and jeers from the spectators, but he need not mind this; when the structure is completed the storms of this world will not be able to overthrow it.

CHAPTER XIII

HEALING FOR THE BODY—REVIVAL FIRES ON THE ERIE CHARGE

WHEN the Lord sanctified me, I had been almost an invalid for three years and a half. Three weeks after having received perfect soul health I had faith for the healing of my body. The treatments received from the best physicians with their many and varied prescriptions, of medicine, change of climate and scenery, and the study of music, painting, etc., were carried out with but little profit. I believed it was God's will to heal me, and I promised to use all my strength in His service. I had no instructor—I took healing by faith as I had sanctification, but felt no immediate change in body. I was conscious, however, that God had undertaken for me. Several days of severe testing followed, during which time I stood on the promises and resisted the devil. The Lord rewarded my faith by giving me the desire of my heart. Every one who knew me could see that a great change had taken place. To God be all the glory! Many times since I have had my faith severely tested, but in every instance

He has enabled me to triumph. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Ps. 34:19). Following this, in 1898, I took a heavy cold in a tent meeting at Leadville, Colorado. For three months I suffered with severe pains in my chest, coughing almost continually. While holding Gospel meetings at Cripple Creek, I stepped into the office of a physician with a sister who was taking treatment for her throat. Before leaving, at her request, the doctor examined my lungs and told me I had all the symptoms of quick consumption. In our missionary work I nearly always led the open-air meetings. I was advised not to speak any more in the open air. The physician handed me a prescription calling for cod-liver oil and urged me to have it filled immediately, but I had no intention of doing so.

On returning home I found the mission work had suffered in my absence. I went to our hall the following Sunday night, feeling oppressed in both soul and body. My mother came in a few minutes before time for the meeting to begin. She looked at me and said, "You might just as well close this work up now, for you will have to do it sooner or later." I thought that she meant it would have to close on account of my health, but asked her no questions. At that moment about fifteen

men came into the room and looked up at me with sad and pitiful expressions on their faces—some were the pictures of despair. I had never had a greater desire to live than at that moment—not for myself, but that I might preach the Gospel to just such persons as were before me. I knelt down and began to pray aloud. I do not know what I asked for, but I do know the Spirit of God had possession of me and I prayed until I was completely exhausted. A quickening came into my body, and I arose to my feet and said, "Mother, He has touched me," and without further preliminaries in the service, I began to preach under a mighty anointing of the Spirit. I knew that I had entered upon a new epoch in my life, and that the mission would not close, and that others would open up in new fields. The pain left my chest and the coughing ceased. This was Dec. 4th, 1898.

In August 1901 I had consumption of the bowels. A physician was consulted. I told him my case was in the hands of the Lord; that I did not want treatment; I only wanted to know the nature of my trouble. He said he was not a Christian, but gave an instance, when he was in distress, of a remarkable answer to prayer. He told me that even if I desired treatment he could do nothing for me, and that as I believed in prayer I would bet-

ter look to God. I was face to face with the grave, and fully realized that my help must come from above. Before seeing the physician, through hours of severe testings, my case was so fully in the hands of the Lord that I was not at all anxious as to the outcome, and I rejoiced in the fact that I was His for life or death. The Lord had raised me up before, and I was sure that He would do so again if my work was not done. At this time my husband was away from home in a revival meeting. I suffered much pain for several days and fainted and fell in the night, wedging myself in behind a bath tub, where I might have perished had not a sister heard my groans and come to my assistance. The crisis came later, when after a few hours of suffering, Jesus, the Great Physician, came to my relief, and healed me instantly. To Him be all the glory. For years I have taken no medicine, and my faith and trust have been in Jesus alone as my Physician.

In June, 1893, the Methodist conference sent us to a charge at Erie, Colorado. We were delayed in moving nearly three weeks because the former pastor remained to hold a church supper to raise some of his unpaid salary. The house he lived in was not a parsonage, but it was the only one in the town available for that purpose. On our arrival we

found his family still occupying the house, but ready to move out the next day. The preacher's wife said she felt it her duty to enlighten us in regard to some things about the affairs of the church. She told us of a certain local Methodist preacher in that place who called himself the "daddy of the town." He was the leading member of the official board, popular as a town politician and the organizer of all the lodges in the place and many throughout the state. She said he would expect to be allowed the privilege of holding the funeral services and performing all the marriage ceremonies. She advised us to let him have his way in order to avoid trouble, however unreasonable his demands might be.

Our baby was just recovering from the whooping cough and we were feeding him on prepared foods. The change of water did not agree with him, and in a week after our arrival he was at death's door. On July 19th he rallied sufficiently to be taken to Glen Park, a summer resort in the mountains. After we had been there a week we again despaired of his life. The physician left us one night about half past two o'clock without any hope of the child's recovery. No one but God knew our hearts as we watched him slowly sinking in the embrace of death. He had been so miraculously raised up before, I

could not help but feel that he would be spared now.

I believed the Lord was trying to show me something and asked Him to let me learn quickly any lesson He had for me. The turmoil in my soul was hushed by the voice of the Spirit saying, "Will you preach the Gospel if his life is spared?" I said, "Yes, Lord." I felt sure He would not require me to be away from my children unless I felt satisfied that they would have the proper care in my absence. Something definite was settled between my soul and God, and the baby began to improve at once. The next morning he was much better, to the surprise of those who knew what his condition was the night before.

Following this experience the messages of salvation for the people began to burn in my soul. I longed to deliver them, but as yet there was no opportunity. My husband had to return to his charge, and for nearly four weeks I was left alone with the two children. Under no consideration would I have stayed alone and taken the responsibility of caring for a child so sick before the Lord sanctified my soul. There were several critical times passed and some severe tests before I returned home with the children, but through them all I had complete victory, and my soul was kept in perfect rest.

At my first prayer meeting after returning home, the local preacher before mentioned was present and took a prominent part. When the opportunity was given for testimony I could think of nothing to say, but to repeat Luke 6:26: "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets." I had no thought of the preacher when I quoted this passage, but it was an arrow directed by the Holy Spirit, and he took it all to himself. The Lord kept His hand upon me, and every service I attended, without wishing to antagonize him, I always did so, and it seemed it could not be avoided. The situation became more and more serious, until he openly rebelled.

The services of a South Carolina evangelist and his singer were secured to hold special meetings for us. These evangelists actually had salvation and preached and sang in the Spirit, and the church and town were stirred as they never had been before in their history. They preached sanctification and called people to the altar to seek the experience. I had heard of the success of these brethren before their arrival, and was anticipating a spiritual feast myself, but two days after they came, our baby, Ray, took another relapse and was given up by the physicians, who left the house and reported him to be dying. My

husband went out to the barn to pour out his soul to God, and I was left alone by his side. I knew the Lord wanted to talk to me, and I cried, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." Then came the words clear and unmistakable: "If his life is spared will you go and preach the Gospel?" It was the same question that was asked me two months before in the mountains when the physician gave the baby up to die; but after his recovery I doubted whether the question was from the Lord or not. I said, "Surely he did not give me these children to leave in the care of others." I was willing to do all that I could in the services at home, but was not sure that it was the Lord asking me to go where it would take me from the children. The second test was sufficient to remove all doubt, and I said, "Yes," once more to God. At this moment my husband came in, and for the first time during all the baby's illness he appeared to be resigned to his death. It was Sunday morning, and the evangelist told the people that in all probability the child would not be living at the close of the service. Many persons came to the house during the afternoon and were surprised to find the baby still alive and gradually gaining strength.

A few weeks later special services were begun at Pleasant View, a country church on

my husband's charge, five miles from town.

The baby was still very delicate and required constant care. I was seeking every opportunity to study God's word, which was opening to me with more wonderful light. I found the doctrine of holiness everywhere on its pages, and longed to preach it to the people. I believed it was God's will for me to help in the meetings just started, but did not know how to leave the child. One day it occurred to me that he could be left with my niece, if he would only sleep while we were away. That evening he went to sleep at half past six o'clock and did not awaken until eleven. The next evening he again went to sleep at the same hour, and I saw that God's hand was in it and ventured to go. For four weeks he slept through the hours of our absence. My husband preached the first few evenings, but there were no seekers. The burden of my heart was to see believers sanctified. After he had preached rather lengthily one night, I was unable to sit still longer, and asked the privilege of speaking a few minutes. The power of God fell and eighteen persons came forward to the altar; thirteen came to seek holiness and five came for pardon. God's power was wonderfully manifested in the deliverance of souls from their bondage. After the service, my hus-

band, the pastor of the church, was very much depressed. He said he was afraid the scripture I had used was wrongly applied. This was an unexpected trial to me. A young Salvation Army brother who was riding with us, to my surprise agreed with him. This made it much harder for me, as I had confidence in this brother's experience. He claimed to be sanctified and I thought he was. It all worked out for my good in the end, as I learned not to look to man for approval after the Holy Spirit had given me the message. Having been in the experience only a short time, I had yet to learn that at times of this kind, silence was my greatest weapon, and that the Spirit was being grieved by my trying to defend myself and the Word.

Arriving at the church the next evening, I was met by a holiness professor who was waiting to give me some advice. He had been visiting during the day and found nearly the whole neighborhood stirred over the services of the night before. Like all other hypocritical professors he said he believed in holiness and had the experience, but he was in doubts as to its being the proper time to preach it in that neighborhood. The words had no sooner fallen from his lips than I detected the cloven hoof of the devil. He had come as an angel of light to defeat the preach-

ing of a full Gospel. I saw it clearly, and it only made me more determined to declare the whole counsel of God, regardless of consequences.

The revival swept on with power. A man converted on a Saturday evening shouted until he was so hoarse that he could not speak above a whisper on the following Tuesday. His whole family was brought to Christ, following his conversion. This man's father had been converted under Peter Cartwright's preaching. We notice that people who have good religious ancestry back of them usually make good shouters and prayers.

Conviction was so great that it was almost impossible to get the people to leave the church at night after the service closed. The news of the revival spread all over the state, and people who were not able to attend the meetings were convicted and converted in their homes. Restitutions were made and family altars established, and for several years this community was the center of the holiness movement in Colorado.

The following testimony was given by a brother who was sanctified in this meeting:

"When twenty years old I joined the church at Marshall, Wisconsin, and without any change of heart the preacher told me I was all right. Soon after I moved to Kansas.

Wishing to unite with God's people there, I received a very flattering letter from my former pastor.

"Subsequently I moved to Colorado, and finding no church near enough with which to unite, I carried my letter in my pocket and trunk until it was worn out. I married after coming West, and my wife and others supposed I was a backslider. A revival meeting was held a number of years ago at this place, at which my wife was converted. One day on returning home she came out and embraced me, telling me it had been the happiest day of her life. This so convicted me that I awakened to the fact that I had never been converted myself, although I had been a respectable church member for sixteen years. I believe now that one can be a member in good standing of any denomination, meet the obligations placed on him, and go straight to hell. I had willingly carried the financial burdens of the church, and often prayed and testified in class meeting, the substance of my remarks being that I did not have as much of the love of God in my heart as I wanted, but I hoped 'to meet them all in heaven.'

"A few days after my wife's conversion I, too, received the witness of the Spirit to the pardon of my sins. I lived in an up and down experience for several years, oftentimes

feeling under condemnation and then repenting and praying until peace was restored. I knew there was something lacking, but did not understand the second work of grace, and therefore remained in the twilight experience. The meetings held by Brother and Sister White at Pleasant View found me in an unsettled condition, praying for a better experience. Night after night I went to the altar, not for pardon, but to be sanctified. As the Holy Spirit revealed inherited depravity I sickened at the sight of my own heart. On the eighth night I had the hardest struggle of my life. When the altar call was made the people were singing, "Standing on the promises of God." The enemy said, "Are you going to make a fool of yourself by going up there again?" At that moment the burden rolled away and wave after wave of glory deluged my soul. It was not long until my friends miles away heard of the wonderful change that had come over me. Some of them had thought I had all the salvation there was for anyone."

R. C.

This brother's face glowed as his heart burst forth from day to day in holy laughter. At times it seemed that the earthen vessel would break if the hand of God was not stayed.

I had been sustained for weeks by supernatural strength, attending to our sick baby

and household duties and driving with my husband five miles to the church and back at night, often continuing the services until ten and eleven o'clock. The latter part of the night's rest was continually broken by the care of the baby, but almost invariably the Holy Spirit would awaken me at five o'clock with a burden for souls. I would then pray until six, or until I received the evidence of victory for the next service. I suffered from the continual exposure of being out at night, and when the revival closed I had a severe cold on my lungs. I had no pain, but was greatly in need of rest and consented to take the doctor's advice and go to bed; I stayed there for ten days. During the time the Lord was wonderfully precious to my soul. The baby improved rapidly in the care of a young woman who had been converted in our meetings.

During the ten days I had a vision of hell. It was terrible beyond words to express. I could see miles and miles into its awful depths. It was like a pit without a bottom, with a narrow passage-way through which demons were pressing their way out and in. Those just entering had victims in their embrace screaming with terror. I saw a black imp with my mother; another fierce demon was carrying my eldest brother, who was then in Montana, unsaved. Weeks previous

to this I had been concerned about my mother's spiritual condition and had written letters to her trying to arouse her from her stupor. These letters were used of God for their intended purpose, and before many months the Lord brought her to Colorado, where she was reclaimed in our first holiness camp meeting. Three months later, the brother in Montana, for whom I had been so greatly burdened, was converted.

On a Saturday morning, while reading the story of Achan and the stolen wedge and Babylonish garment, a great burden came upon me for the Sunday services at the Erie church. I saw Achan, who caused the defeat of Israel's army, as a type of the "old man of sin." The Lord burned a message into my soul and prepared the way for me to deliver it. I thought of no particular person in the church as the Achan in the camp, but knew I would have to preach on the subject and show people that they must get rid of the man of sin in their hearts or lose their souls, and that as a church we could have no victory until carnality was destroyed. I said nothing to my husband about my leadings until after he called me to his study to tell me that he had no message for the Sunday morning congregation. I told him I knew why, and he understood. On the way to the church my body

trembled under the pressure of the Spirit. I knew that something out of the ordinary would happen before that meeting closed; there was Gospel dynamite on hands and that it would explode. My husband asked me to tell him the subject I had in mind, but the Lord made me withhold it from him, as he would have thought of the local preacher, and the results that might follow, and no doubt would have hindered me in delivering the message.

As I stepped out on the floor to speak my knees fairly smote together, so great was the power of the Spirit upon me. The battle was ordered of the Lord, and for about thirty minutes shot and shell fell thick and fast in the ranks of carnal professors. Some were weeping; on the countenances of others there were clouds of wrath. Especially did the local preacher show his disapproval of the message. He arose and began to justify himself, and antagonized me and also my husband who had followed me with an exhortation. The message was for him and he knew it. After making his defense he sat down. He no doubt thought one or the other of us would make a reply, but instead of doing so we called the people to the altar for prayer, and a number responded, among them a miner who had been under conviction for several days.

The Lord picked out this man to administer a rebuke to the local preacher. As he came to the front he stopped at the head of the aisle where the preacher sat in a chair facing the congregation. He put his hand on his shoulder, and gently pushing him back, said, with tears and trembling: "Man, do you know what you are doing? You are fighting against God. He is with these people. I am a sinner." Then in a few words he gave this man an epitome of his life in the town, and in it said: "Instead of helping people to Christ you have blackened their lives," making mention especially of a young man then lying in a graveyard on the hill. "You have been given to storytelling, too low for houses of shame." It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. His rebukes are sometimes terrible, making man's beauty to consume away. The audience sat motionless and speechless while the sword of truth uncovered this man's hypocrisy.

I made some references to lodges which stirred things generally. The people of this town and church, like Ephraim, were joined to their idols and wished to be let alone. The cry that went up in behalf of secret organizations doubtless had a striking similarity to the uproar at Ephesus when the idolatry of that city was made manifest under the preaching of

Paul. Twelve disciples having received the Holy Ghost shook the foundations of the heathen city, and in much confusion the idolaters cried out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Their wrath was only appeased by the town clerk's making a plea to them on the ground that they would be called to account by the authorities for the uproar. All the well-known secret orders were represented in this place, and it was claimed that our local preacher had organized them all.

Special services were begun and unusual interest was shown by the unsaved and non-church-going people, while the attendance of the membership was very small. The women as well as the men were more interested in their lodges than in salvation, and often excused their absence from the services by saying they had to attend their lodges. It kept the local preacher and these lodge devotees busy attending funerals. They came out on dress parade when one of their number was to be buried and made a great display, especially at the grave, where they reminded me of Indians that I had seen in Montana in their orgies over the dead.

The local preacher stirred up so much bitterness against us among the church members and townspeople that soon a request was made of the presiding elder for our removal.

Later this elder came and severely reproved me for saying anything against lodges; he gave us to understand that he was a Free Mason himself and that we dared not cast reflections on his Christianity. I told him that my father was once a Free Mason, but when he was converted he saw plainly that he could no longer hold to his lodges. The presiding elder displayed his carnality and informed us that he was a Christian and had not dropped his lodge either. He then made the statement that no person could be a Free Mason who was not a believer. We knew this to be untrue and were quite sure that he knew it too, but he wanted to maintain his position.

Philip Zang, the great Colorado brewer, was a Free Mason and an Odd Fellow, yet his beer has cursed the lives of thousands and taken the bread from the mouths of poor women and innocent children. The Denver dailies said this man had the greatest funeral ever witnessed in the history of the city. They claimed that he was buried in an aluminum casket costing a thousand dollars. There were three thousand dollars' worth of flowers, some of which were woven into magnificent designs—such as Crosses, Gates Ajar, Anchors, etc. The bands played the delicate strains of a funeral march at the head of a cortege of double carriages over a mile long.

To Rev. — was extended the courtesy of a few remarks, in which he said: "The deeds of Mr. Zang are a sufficient monument to his memory." The men who were set up as the principal actors on the occasion, performing the funeral rites, etc., were Free Masons and Odd Fellows. With great pomp and display they laid away the man whose name is on a sign at the door of almost every hell of infamy and debauchery in the West. Imagine the Free Masons burying such a character as Zang, the brewer, and then laying the corner stone of some church edifice, which is not an uncommon occurrence. The writer has seen the Free Masons lay the corner stone of a Methodist church. Methodists who endorse Free Masonry should be consistent; and to be so they would have to endorse the life of Philip Zang, and also his saloons and his beer. We wonder how these modern sons of John Wesley would have felt officiating at the funeral of their deceased brother whose hands were stained with the blood of thousands! Yet Methodist preachers will tell you that a person must be a believer before he can be a Free Mason. James says, "The devils also *believe* and tremble."

The spiritual warfare was growing fiercer each day, and persecutions were coming thick and fast, but the Lord gave me strength suffi-

cient for every conflict. I felt if my husband would only stand by me I could face a regiment of demons, but he was not in the full light and could not see things as I did. From day to day I thought the burden would almost crush me as I prayed for him and my brother Charles, who were both preaching without being sanctified. The fact is, I had to stand alone with God and make the fight whether they stood by me or not. I knew this was the price and that I would have to be true to God or lose my soul.

The meetings continued with good results, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way. I knew if my husband would seek and actually obtain "the blessing" there would be a new epoch in his life. But he held back, which made it much harder for me. I could not help but weep when I thought of what might be accomplished if he were sanctified. He often became troubled and asked me why I wept. I shrank from telling him, knowing he would be ready for an argument, and I had learned by experience that there is no good resulting from controversy. One Sunday morning when I could not restrain my tears, he stood in the door with his Bible under his arm just ready to start to the church. I unburdened my heart to him and told him that it was for him that I wept. To my surprise he made no

reply and walked away. I saw at once that God had taken hold of him.

The church members had great confidence in him and thought he had a far better experience than I had. On entering the pulpit that morning he confessed publicly, for the first time, that he was not sanctified. The Lord used his confession to stir up the people. For days I waited upon God, fasting and praying for his complete deliverance from the carnal mind; I received the assurance that something would soon be done in his behalf. He writes of the experience that came shortly after this:

"I arose one Sunday morning with such a sense of unworthiness that I cried out in prayer, wishing that I might be hidden away in the Rock of Ages. I went to church at eleven o'clock. Brother H. C—— was holding special evangelistic meetings for us. After the opening exercises I took a seat in the congregation with a feeling of unworthiness that would have hidden me in the lowliest vale or place accessible. At the close of the sermon when the evangelist called people to the altar I went up and kneeled behind the pulpit where I could be hidden from view. Suddenly the Spirit of God came in power upon me and a shout arose from the depth of my

being, and I knew when it reached my vocal cords, that if God had His way with me, I would shout at the top of my voice. I had told my wife that I would never shout, that it was not my disposition, etc. Satan said, 'If you shout now you will make a fool of yourself, and you will displease that man and woman in the back part of the church whose friendship you prize.' I said, 'I have conferred with flesh and blood long enough'—these thoughts were quicker than a flash,—then yielding myself up to God, I broke out, 'Glory to God, glory to God!' This was at the top of my voice. Then a quiet, sweet peace settled down upon my soul and the Spirit said, 'Stand up.' I arose and looked over the congregation and found the people were weeping under the mighty presence of God, and the man and woman over whom I was tempted, were coming to the altar. Again the Spirit distinctly spoke to me saying, 'May I not with a shout save some one when everything else has failed?' I said, 'Yes, Lord.' Years before when seeking sanctification I was similarly tested and yielded to the tempter. Later, I received the experience, but let it be absorbed by the world. God wonderfully bore with me in my infirmities and unworthiness, and often gave me gracious anointings in the pulpit. When we came to

Denver I murmured and complained over the life of faith and the apparent hardness and uncertainty of the work. I soon learned better, and God forgave me and marvelously provided for us. He has taken me through some severe refinings and taught me lessons on the crucifixion of self." K. W.

I had been almost as much burdened for my brother Charles as I had been for my husband. He came to visit us, and the Spirit came mightily upon me in prayer one night at the family altar. Hastening from the room he called to me from the head of the stairway to tell me he was afraid I was beside myself. I had joy in knowing that the Holy Spirit had directed an arrow that he was unable to remove from his heart. After he returned to his charge he wrote me that peace had come to his soul. Experience has taught me that persons who are really justified will not fight sanctification. We have known some persons at the beginning of a revival meeting, whom we believed to be truly justified, who afterwards refused to walk in the light and make the consecration necessary to get sanctified, and therefore became entirely backslidden.

Three months later my brother claimed to get sanctified in our first holiness camp meeting. He of course made but little prog-

ress while he remained in the old church.

More than one hundred and fifty souls professed conversion during the last months of the conference year on the Erie charge. The blessing of God was upon the work from the beginning of the year and streams of living water flowed out to the people. The most of these converts were left to the mercy of false prophets and the district presiding elder whom we knew to be utterly barren of spiritual life; and from subsequent reports this presiding elder was not even an honest man in his business dealings, much less a person who was able to help the people spiritually.

The revival meetings spread to the adjoining towns and a number of country school districts. People drove their teams for miles to attend the services. They often came to the altar, as many as twenty at a time and prayed until the resurrection power was felt in their souls. But my heart ached as I thought of these young converts who were destined to fall into the hands of false shepherds who were after the fleece of their flocks, without any real interest for the sheep.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BOULDER CONFERENCE—IN EVANGELISTIC WORK—BIBLE SUBJECTS AND COMMENTS

A COMMITTEE was sent to the Conference, from the Erie charge, to make sure of our removal. I had awakened to the fact that the Methodists are a fallen people, yet I did not fully comprehend the situation until the powers of evil that dominated the Conference as a body were made manifest. The bishop, the presiding elders, and the pastors of the various churches showed their disapproval of our work and the revival that was so far-reaching, by the most unjust criticisms and accusations that could possibly have been made. At the request of the presiding elder, the local preacher and the committee, the Conference cabinet voted to have us removed.

Regardless of their opposition to holiness, I determined to avail myself of any opportunity to testify to the experience, and did so in their love feast Sunday morning. Bishop Merrill presided, and it would not be hard for anyone who ever saw or heard him, to tell how the testimony was received. With a look of displeasure on his face during the testi-

mony, he bent over and asked a preacher who sat near him, some questions in regard to myself. By their looks and actions I knew the die was cast, and that he would use his influence against us and the work we were doing, but my heart rejoiced inasmuch as I had delivered my soul, and that in the presence of more than a hundred Methodist preachers, many of whom I had known for years. God was pleased with the stand that I took before this Conference, and has since blest me a thousand-fold for it. And as my experience widens and deepens, the subject of holiness becomes more and more precious to me. Hundreds of hungry people were present that morning when my testimony was given, many of whom followed me up during the day and lamented their spiritual poverty and the fact that their pastors did not preach holiness. A sister, then a member of a Methodist church in Colorado, said she had heard the doctrine preached years before in the East and knew that she needed the experience, but did not know how to obtain it. A preacher became especially interested after having heard my testimony, and sought every opportunity to talk with me on the subject. He had been sanctified years before, but through disobedience lost the experience. Strange to say, this was the man whom God was preparing to fol-

low us and preach holiness on the Erie charge.

When the preachers' appointments were read, my husband's name was down for Broomfield circuit, a charge consisting of two country school houses, with no parsonage. Previous to this it had been supplied by students from the University of Denver. This was perhaps my greatest test since the Lord had sanctified my soul. I did not know that it was possible for men who claimed to be the representatives of Jesus Christ and His Gospel to have so much prejudice and ill will in their hearts. I saw in these church officials the spirit of the inquisition, and awakened fully to the fact that God is no longer in the machinery of the Methodist Church. Ours was the only charge in the Conference where there had been a revival during the year. To send my husband to the Broomfield circuit after having reported two hundred conversions would show their inconsistency; therefore they schemed to keep him from giving his report. God had warned me that all this was coming, but even then the blow was almost greater than I could bear. My husband said from the start that if I preached definitely on the subject of holiness it would be the cause of his losing his standing in the Conference, but I knew that if the Lord intended us to stay in the Methodist Church He could man-

age backslidden bishops and presiding elders and vindicate His own servants if He chose to do so.

If we left the church there was nothing else to join. I knew there was a class of come-outers in the country who were barren of any spiritual fruit and I did not wish to be classed with them. One can easily imagine my perplexity in being placed where there was seemingly no possibility of souls being saved, knowing as I did how God had stood by us during the work of the year. We could see no way of getting a living on this charge, but I was not afraid of coming to want. I had proved God's promises before and had faith for temporal supplies wherever our lot might be cast. Our enemies were exultant over their victory, but I had died to the opinions of men and was not particularly concerned about what they thought or said. The fact that my work seemed to be cut off gave me the greatest concern. There were lessons that an overruling Providence had to teach me which could not have been learned in any other way. This experience with Conference officials was the means of severing the last cord that bound me to fallen Methodism, and God had this in mind when He permitted our enemies to seemingly triumph over us.

I saw that the church that was raised

up to spread scriptural holiness had become like a cage of unclean birds. My eyes were opened to many things after the Lord sanctified my soul, but this experience was necessary to reveal the apostate condition of Methodism in all of its fullness. During the severe tests in this conflict with the enemy my husband tried to encourage me, but of course his efforts availed but little; the Holy Spirit alone could comfort me. I was dying to Methodism and there was no power to relieve me from suffering until all had been accomplished that God was trying to work out. The end of this experience was reached one day about noon, and my soul was flooded with unspeakable joy. I was suddenly lifted to a mountain peak of victory in Beulah, higher than I had ever been before. The cords that bound me to the dead mother (church) were severed and I was free. It was liberty beyond words to express.

“My soul mounted higher in a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.”

I knew not what the future would be, but knew there would be a great change in my life from that hour. I saw that the great church organizations with their millions of dollars, were in the embrace of the most awful apostasy that has been known in the Gospel

dispensation, and that God's servants could only use them as mission fields. And in doing this, if they failed to declare the whole counsel of God they were in most awful danger. A person who has the Pentecostal baptism will not be received in the old churches. This is a thing of the past and has been for years.

There is a sort of worldly insanity developed in them that reminds me of an insane mother I once knew, who undressed her two-weeks-old baby and put it in a hat box on a cold winter day and left it to freeze to death. It was taken out of the box and warmed and placed to the mother's breast for nourishment, but she repeatedly pushed it away. There was a strange unnaturalness in her lack of affection for the child, which is a good illustration of the old church mother in whose arms new-born babes are unsafe. A spiritual babe cannot survive the treatment it will receive at the hands of these apostate denominations, and the devil does all in his power to cause new converts to fall into the hands of these spiritually insane mothers. It is required of every child of God to do all in his power to keep young converts or anyone with spiritual life away from them. It was some time before I knew what kind of advice to give them, but I walked in the light as it came and did all that I could to save our spiritual children from

the hand of the slayer and kept the holy fires burning in missions and cottage meetings where they could go and receive spiritual warmth and nourishment.

Our attention was called one day to a beautiful grove near Pleasant View, in the neighborhood of the little church where I was first used in revival work. The owner, in taking my husband and myself through the grove, remarked that one person had said it would be a good place for a beer garden, and others said it would be just the place for a camp meeting. I had never heard of a holiness camp meeting, but for days I could not get rid of the thought of having one in this grove. I believed the Lord would open the way for it and kept it continually before Him for a number of weeks. During this time I did not mention it to anyone for fear there would be objections to calling it a holiness camp meeting. Knowing this would be a device of the enemy to defeat my purpose, I prayed earnestly for the Lord to put it on the hearts of my husband and Brother R. C——, a man who was sanctified in our meetings, to co-operate with me, and my prayer was answered. Yet my husband made a strong plea against calling it a holiness meeting; he thought the people would not come, and especially the preachers.

I wrote to W. B. Godbey to come and hold services in a church on my husband's charge. In his reply he stated that his business, chiefly, was to conduct holiness camp meetings. This was the first time I had ever heard of such meetings. He consented to come to Colorado and preach for us at our camp meeting, which was advertised as a holiness camp meeting and was the first one ever held in the state.

Many remarkable answers to prayer were seen at this meeting. In the very first service the flood-gates of heaven were opened and we shouted for joy. There was truly a stream from the heavenly ocean, flowing from the first day of the meeting to its close. My mother, for whom I had been praying for many months, came to Colorado at this time. I had the evidence that she was coming, yet it seemed too good to be true when her arrival on the ground, with one of my nephews, was announced. The next day mother was at the altar and the Lord blest her soul. The shouts of my husband stirred me to the depths, and the groans of my brother awakened in me a keen sympathy, but the sight of her upturned face as she cried, "This is what I have been wanting all these years," gave me almost more joy than I could bear. She remained with us for two years and

kept the children while I went forth responsive to the call of the Lord, in evangelistic work.

Not being able to get a house on the new circuit, we found it convenient to remain at Erie, from which place the appointments could be easily reached. My husband often provided some one to preach for him and went with me in revival work. God gave us many victories. We remained in the town nearly two years, to the humiliation of those who sought to get rid of us. Our presence among them, and their being unable to dictate as to whether we should stay or go, was a great punishment to them. When they heard they were to have a new pastor, of course they were delighted, but imagine their displeasure when he sought and obtained the blessing of sanctification at our camp meeting. They began the conference year with a worse problem to solve than they had before. From time to time the red-hot Gospel shot was poured upon them. Several interesting scenes were witnessed at the church where our presence added to their discomfort. One Sunday morning when the pastor was about half way through his discourse two men rose and publicly denounced some of his statements. They were like ravenous beasts hunting for prey. I called the whole church to prayer,

quiet was restored and the sermon was finished.

In July, the Lord clearly led my brother Charles and myself to go on an evangelistic trip to Montana. We had a number of relatives at Dillon, all of whom were unsaved. It was here that I had lived true to the light in a justified experience for a number of years, and God led me back to preach a full Gospel to the people I had once known and fellow-shipped.

My brother, who was preaching in an altitude four thousand feet above Denver, needed a change of climate for a time, and after some hesitation consented to go with me. On our arrival at Dillon the members of the Methodist Church gave us a unanimous invitation to hold meetings for them.

Their pastor had gone to the mountains for an outing, but they thought he would not object, inasmuch as they had the consent of the official board. He returned in a few days and took a decided stand against our meetings being held in the church. The Baptist minister was in favor of union services if the co-operation of the M. E. pastor could be secured, but the latter did not favor them, and the stand he took caused all the church doors in the city to be closed against us. The ministers of the other denominations wondered how this came about, knowing that we

were Methodists, and had supposed that the Methodist preacher would stand by us. We decided to send to Denver for our Gospel tent, and put it up in the center of the town. The people of Dillon had never seen anything like it at that place before, and naturally it attracted a great deal of attention.

The attendance was good from the very first service, and at one time there were seventeen seekers at the altar, the most of whom were Methodists, the pastor's mother-in-law being among them. I had a sister in the town who was reclaimed in this meeting. My eldest brother, who had been a backslider for a number of years, was reclaimed. This was the brother whom I saw in the vision of hell that the Lord gave me a few months before. I prayed for him then until the Lord gave me the assurance that he would be saved.

Most of the seekers were converted or reclaimed, and a few, we believe, were sanctified. After the revival services closed in the tabernacle the converts started meetings in private homes. Their numbers increased until it was hard to find a room large enough to accommodate all who wished to attend. They kept the revival fires burning for more than two years, or at least until another preacher was sent to the Methodist Church for the express purpose of stopping these cottage meet-

ings. This preacher made the statement at the annual Conference that if he were sent to the charge he would put an end to "that fanatical movement." True to his word, he came, and as an angel of light, succeeded in closing the cottage meetings. His promise was that he would make all the meetings in the church holiness meetings, and it would not be necessary to hold any others. The false prophets have ensnared many people in this way. Too late they find out it is one of the devil's devices to crush out holiness.

It is astonishing how the multitudes are caught by church wolves in sheep's clothing. Peter says, "Spots they are and blemishes, sporting themselves with their own deceivings while they feast with you; having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls; an heart they have exercised with covetous practices; which have forsaken the right way, and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam. * * * While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption" (2 Peter 2:13-19). "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal. The Lord knoweth them that are his" (2 Tim. 2:19). "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world" (1 John 4:1).

In this time of awful apostasy, it behooves us to heed the above warning. Satan has kept his prophets busy all through the centuries, and he has more of them to-day than at any other time since the world began. They are to be feared more when they come as angels of light and pretend to be the representatives of the true Gospel than when they come some other way. The time may have been when some of them had real spiritual light and a desire to see souls saved, but they compromised and forfeited all the rights and claims to the Christian ministry, and are now tools in the hand of the devil. We find them in Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavor Societies, Sunday-schools, conventions, conferences, assemblies and synods; at receptions, in the social circles of the rich, in theological chairs, on the lecture platform, and in banqueting halls. They go to the General Conferences, are secretaries of the benevolent societies, and are at the head of the book concerns. Perhaps you would not have thought of looking in these places for the class of people that John tells us about. You will be blind to this until the Holy Ghost gives you clear spiritual vision. 'Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not.
* * * For among my people are found wicked

men; they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. * * * They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: they judge not the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper. * * * Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? the prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?" (Jer. 5:21-31). Paul says they are traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;" and says, "From such turn away" (2 Tim. 3:4-5).

A Methodist preacher in a western city, living near us, attended a prize fight; another took some of his people and went to the famous Gentry dog show, within a block of our holiness tent meeting. The Ringling Brothers, with their great circus, paraded the streets with a piece of canvas thrown over an elephant's back advertising the beer of a famous brewer, and a Methodist preacher with his family was seen going to the circus. The degenerate Catholic priests of Mexico attend the cock and bull fights, and what is the difference? The fact is there is no kind of sin that is not indorsed directly or indirectly by Meth-

odist preachers, and it is high time that the people whom they are deceiving were getting their eyes open.

A picture comes before me of false prophets skulking away behind the charred walls of perdition to avoid meeting lost souls whom they succeeded in deceiving. Ever and anon they are greeted with fiery denunciations from those who have been the victims of their hypocrisy and crime. The door of mercy is forever closed, while the gulf widens and hell's eternal night continues to blacken, and its inmates sink deeper and deeper into its awful depths.

Many persons who are deceived by false prophets will never realize it until they have lost the last opportunity for escape. Sin causes stupidity and blindness, and people who are unwilling to forsake all and follow Jesus, readily become the dupes of false prophets and every form of heresy. Jesus says, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14:33). The multitudes are clinging to the things of the world and vainly imagine there will be a way of escape for them. John 2:15 says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the father is not in him."

The rich man we read of in the 12th chapter of Luke loved the world. He made plans to pull down his old barns and build greater, so that he might have a place to bestow his fruits and grains. "He thought within himself saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." The average professor of religion would see nothing wrong in such plans; in fact this fool would be commended for enlarging his storehouses. Any of the preachers in the modern pulpits would gladly pass him as being all right if he would only join their church and be baptized and give a small per cent of the one tenth of his income. You can readily see that perilous times are upon us and many are following the pernicious ways of these false prophets, who through covetousness, with feigned words make merchandise of those, whose judgment lingereth not and whose damnation slumbereth not. God knew the rich man's thoughts and put them down for all succeeding generations to read and profit by and said, "THOU FOOL, THIS NIGHT THY SOUL

SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE: then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided? **SO IS HE THAT LAYETH UP TREASURES FOR HIMSELF,** and is not rich toward God." We see here the utter impossibility of laying up earthly treasures and being rich toward God. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Here is an emphatic statement, it is one of God's unchangeable laws, that where the treasure is the heart will be also.

Romans 13:14 says, "Make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof," and again we read, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier" (2 Tim. 2:4). When a person is endued with the power of the Holy Ghost he must be absolutely free from every worldly entanglement. Like Elijah, it may fall to his lot more than once to flee for his life, pursued by false prophets or by some bloodthirsty Jezebel determined to slay him. If a person's heart is set on the things of the world and he tarries to carry on a business, or otherwise engage in secular employment, he is not free to do the will of God. The devil has every advantage over him while he is thus engaged. God knows that no one can make his escape with weights tied to him, therefore the com-

mand is to lay aside every weight and sin so that the race may be run with patience, with nothing in the way to hinder faith. It means much to contend for the faith that was once delivered to the saints.

God says the silver and gold are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He also said, "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 50:12). God's only plan for His people is for them to live by faith. His word cannot be made void and He says, "The just shall live by faith."

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment. Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" He has made even the fowls an example of the faith life; they have neither storehouses nor barns, and are worthless in comparison to a human soul, yet He cares for them; He clothes the lilies and the grass of the field, that exist to-day and to-morrow are cast into the oven, and says, "How much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What a stinging rebuke this is to people who are selfish

enough to spend all of their time and strength in seeking temporal supplies when they ought to be working in the vineyard of the Lord!

Methodists teach their people to be loyal to the church. The general belief is that the world is growing better, and yet we are in the most awful spiritual darkness that has ever been known. People are mistaking intellectuality for spiritual life. They forget that the Scripture says that the world by wisdom knew not God. If they will not believe God's word they must be punished with awful judgments. The doctrine of no-hell, and many other heresies are permeating every avenue of the old church, and the cup of God's indignation is about full. When the Christ of Calvary walked the earth, He said that men must forsake all to follow Him. He left no one in uncertainty; He marked the path out so plainly that all can see it. There is no respect of persons with God; there is one common salvation for all. In every way He has warned this generation; they have had "precept upon precept and line upon line," yet they continue to listen to false prophets and to ignore the plain teachings of God's word. When will people come to a knowledge of the truth; when will they learn that it is a righteous thing for God to recompense tribulation upon the ungodly!

Soon we will be under the white lights of the Judgment Bar, and the Judge of all the earth will open the book. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be made known." A true prophet will cry aloud and spare not, he will lift up his voice and show men their transgressions. The preacher who spares carnality is destined to suffer awful retributions. When he fails to declare the whole counsel of God he is like the unfaithful watchman (Ezekiel 33). People are looking to him instead of reading their Bibles and seeking light from God, hence the greater is his responsibility; but they will be judged for following him when his spiritual apostasy was apparent to all. The time has come, when, as Paul said, "They will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears." John Wesley says of this class of preachers, "They say much of the promises and little of the commands; they corrupt their hearers, vitiate their appetites so that they cannot endure sound doctrine or receive true nourishment. They feed them with sweetmeats until the bread and meat of the kingdom becomes unpalatable, and it is extremely difficult to recover them from their enfeebled state and get strength and vigor into their souls. Preachers of this kind,

though it may appear otherwise, spread death rather than life among the people." Then such persons are harder to deal with than those who make no profession at all, and yet they imagine they are doing a great work, and that God's machinery would stop if they ceased to lend their assistance. The preachers of to-day need some one like John the Baptist to hew down their corrupt trees and give them to understand that God could get along much better without than with them, and that He is able of the stones to raise up children unto Abraham. The publicans and harlots stand a better chance of going into the kingdom than the modern ministry.

There is not one person in ten thousand who will take a stand for God and be true to Him when being denounced by the Pharisees of this age. At the time of Christ they said, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" If so, then they could have afforded to put themselves on record as believers, too; and the same spirit is manifested everywhere to-day. Like the chameleon, hypocritical professors change their color to correspond to their surroundings.

When my brother Charles and I were on our way to Montana we stopped at Pocatello, Idaho, and stayed from Saturday till Monday. On Sunday morning we went to the Methodist

church, and after making ourselves known to the pastor he asked us to hold a meeting for him before we returned to Colorado.

We found the church as lifeless as a graveyard. It took two weeks of hard praying and preaching before there were any signs of spiritual life manifested. The pastor would make long prayers and pray to be filled with the Spirit, but he was unwilling to meet the conditions. If he had only confessed his backslidings and stepped out of the way of his people, the barrier in the meeting would have been removed, but he persisted in making a bold profession of sanctification when everyone knew he did not have it. As the ostrich, fleeing from his pursuer, sticks his head into the sand and imagines he is not seen, so do people like this preacher cover up their sins and imagine their spiritual standing is not discerned, but in this they are mistaken. Paul says, "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." The Lord has a few people who have no difficulty in locating false professors.

The last Sunday evening in this place my brother preached, and I followed with an exhortation which did not please the pastor. On reaching the parsonage after the service, he turned on me like a mad beast. The tiger in his heart was turned loose and he, white with rage, poured his bitter vitupera-

tion upon me. We often wonder at the mercy and patience of God in not cutting such persons off sooner than He does. Some reference was made to politics in the exhortation, which did not suit him. He was a politician and had to endorse the liquor traffic. Whenever I attempted to hold a meeting in any of the churches, with few exceptions, the results were similar to the above, and God permitted me to have such experiences with them to show me the real path He had marked out for the future for our work. It is impossible to conserve holiness in any of the old line denominations.

Isaiah (56:10-11), speaking of false prophets, says: "His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant; they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter."

Isaiah was prophesying to the Jews who had become a reproach on account of their sins; and other nations were preying upon them. These nations he compared to wild beasts, which are typical of the beast of depravity in human hearts, which everywhere preys upon God's heritage. One can imagine

what condition the people were in when the prophets were compared to dogs that are blind, ignorant and dumb, sleeping, lying down and loving to slumber. In this condition they could neither see nor hear the approach of the enemy and took their ease in the time of greatest danger. Why are people so foolish as to keep watchmen of this kind on guard? The truth is, only those who are blind, ignorant and dumb themselves will do so. Spiritual blindness and ignorance lead to all kinds of blunders, and departures from the path of righteousness. For this reason people submit themselves to the dictation of carnal pastors. We have heard them say, "Our pastor is not very spiritual, but he is a good man." A woman said to us, "Our pastor delivers nice sermons, but why is it that we grow so cold under his preaching?" When Aeschines, the ancient Greek orator, spoke, the people said, "That is beautiful;" but when Demosthenes, his opponent, delivered an oration, they would say, "Let us go fight Philip." Preachers may be brilliant and attractive in their manners and speech and not have an iota of salvation. Their pleasing personalities and oratorical discourses may captivate and hold the people, but will never uncover their sins and bring them to repentance and a knowledge of spiritual things.

People everywhere are making great mistakes in supporting preachers whom they know to be void of spiritual power. To give their money to a man simply because they feel he deserves a living, is a crime in the sight of high heaven; it is an endorsement of his hypocrisy. They want to do good, yet they will support a preacher who is doing more harm than a saloon-keeper. If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch. The old argument that we must pay our preacher, keep sweet and try to get him into a better experience, is of the devil. The preacher's soul is of no more value in the sight of God than that of a member of his congregation whom he is deceiving. Yet the devil appears as an angel of light and has his soul weighed and valued above his whole congregation. There is no excuse for such ignorance on the part of anyone who is in possession of his mental faculties. If he wants light he can get it from God on his knees, and read from the pages of His word what the penalty will be for supporting and endorsing false prophets. God's plan is to expose hypocrisy, not to cover it up. It is our business, as the servants of God, to uncover sin and to call things by their right names, whatever the consequences may be. These preachers cry "Peace, peace,"

when there is no peace. They remind me of the fox in the accompanying picture with his foot on a duck's neck. With a grin of satisfaction he asked, "Whose 'ittle ducky are 'ou?" The little duck was soon devoured by its deceitful foe and there were only a few bones and feathers left. A word to the wise is sufficient.



CHAPTER XV

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES IN THE WORK

WE REACHED HOME after an absence of eleven weeks, and found little Ray playing near the gate. He had so improved in health that I did not recognize him at first. Arthur, who had accompanied us, seeing my confusion, said, "Mamma, don't you know him? It is Ray, sure it is." He was no longer the delicate little one that for months I had constantly watched and wept over. It had taken much grace to stay away from him until my work was done, yet from time to time Mother had written favorably regarding his condition. Truly the Lord had done wonderful things for him.

Never had there been greater results from my labors in the same length of time, and within the six months seven of my nearest relatives had received salvation. I thought of Paul's words to the Philippian jailer, "Thou shalt be saved, and thy house." I realized the truth of 1 Cor. 1:27: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the

things that are mighty," and had done this that no flesh should glory in His presence. One thing I knew, that I was consecrated to His service for either life or death, and that I had ceased to lean on human understanding, or to try to mark out a path for myself.

"Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." If Enoch of old could know that he pleased God, how much more reasonable that we should know it now in this Holy Ghost dispensation. It is our privilege to have constant victory since an uttermost salvation has been provided for us.

Two weeks after our arrival home, I went to help a Methodist preacher hold special services on his pastorate. There were two churches in which he wanted meetings held. At one of the churches a great work was done. The whole neighborhood was stirred and many souls prayed through at the altar with shouts of victory. At one service the whole congregation, including both saints and sinners, were on their knees. A moment of silent prayer followed, after which the power of God struck the people like lightning bolts from the skies. A young man who had come

to the altar for pardon became so frightened he ran from the church and did not stop until he reached his brother's house two miles away. When asked why he left the church in this manner, he said that he felt so much worse after going forward that he thought it best to get out of there in a hurry. He was very miserable, but could not be induced to return. Many persons on the very threshold of the kingdom were driven back because of their ignorance as to how salvation is obtained. The Holy Spirit brings people to see their frightful condition and they imagine when they attempt to seek salvation that they are growing worse, and stop seeking altogether.

A stingy old man and his wife living near were induced to attend the services. They came with a tight grip on their pocket-book, determined to see what was going on, and not to give a penny. The subject the first evening they were there was, "Zacchæus." When he heard how the publican in making restitution was willing to restore four-fold and to give the half of his goods to feed the poor, he said, "You haven't got anything out of my pocket yet." His neighbors said that he would not come again, but early the next evening he called at the home where I was being entertained and handed me a ten-dollar gold piece. He was on his way to the church,

and at the first invitation, to the surprise of all, he and his wife came forward and began to seek the Lord. With her it proved to be the eleventh hour; she was soon called to meet her God.

A Presbyterian, who showed no signs of spiritual life, excused himself from testifying by saying that he confessed Jesus in his daily walk. Romans 10:10 was quoted to him: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." This and other similar passages convicted him and he went to the altar as a seeker, and was converted. After this he was ready to tell what the Lord had done for him. His timidity had been a great humiliation to him, but now he rejoiced in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free.

The next meeting was held at L——. Here the people were trying to get to heaven by good works. Their ministers, of course, had been using untempered mortar, and when the sledge hammer of God's word began to shake their old walls, they rebelled.

One evening there were twenty-two seekers at the altar, the most of whom were church members that had never been converted. Some of the official members complained about my preaching to Christians, as they called them, when they had called me

there to preach to sinners. I knew that I had not missed my calling, whatever profession they made. The pastor professed holiness; I was aware of the fact that he was doing this to dodge the issue when the unsanctified and others were called forward to the altar. One evening while trying to speak from a familiar text the Holy Ghost forbade me and the special services closed. Later the pastor confessed that he knew the reason the meeting had closed so suddenly. The truth is he had played the coward and failed to stand by the preaching in the presence of his ungodly church officials, and he knew that God would not work under these conditions and had caused the meetings to close on account of it.

A few hours after reaching home, Ray, who had been so well during my absence, was taken very ill. The Lord had encouraged me by keeping him well when I was away from home and I could not understand why he should be taken down sick when I came home. The truth is, the Lord permitted this several times to keep me in the work, and to break up any tendency I had to stay at home when I should be out preaching the Gospel. With the Psalmist, my heart cries, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. His soul shall dwell at ease and his seed shall inherit the earth" (Ps. 25:13). "I will abide

in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those who fear thy name" (Ps. 61:4-5).

Our next meeting was at Bald Mountain, on my brother's pastorate. Here Mr. White preceded me a week and called at the homes and preached and prayed with the people and had had several conversions.

Sunday morning I attended the class meeting. The principal members were present, and by their testimonies it was evident that the old man of sin was becoming very offensive to some of them; they told of their struggles, failures, ups and downs, etc., and of their desire for complete deliverance. The Spirit came upon me in great power in preaching, and the people wept. When the invitation was given, the altar and the front seats were filled with seekers. The power continued to fall and men, with their faces wet with tears, called on God for deliverance. The Sunday-school superintendent, at one end of the altar, was in great agony, while at the other side the class leader was in distress. The latter was the first to pray through, then another brother leaped to his feet shouting. Some were making confessions and asking forgiveness.

In the afternoon the Sunday-school was

turned over to us and closed with fifty pupils and their teachers at the altar, seeking the Lord. In the evening the church was packed to its utmost capacity. The pressure of the Spirit was so great when I started to the platform to speak that I could scarcely stand. I did not know a word I was going to say, but the message came. The class leader who had "prayed through" in the morning got hold of God in prayer, during which the Lord gave me my subject, and for about forty minutes I seemed to be almost out of the body. It is needless to say the people trembled. This was one of the old revival battle grounds in Colorado where the devil had previously made great fights to hold his possessions. There were many powerful conversions during this meeting, the following being among them:

Two brothers in the prime of life were employed in a mine. Both were worldly and drifting away from the influences of an early Christian home. Their father had died in the triumph of a living faith; their mother, still alive, was praying for them across the sea.

In the dismal recesses of a gold mine, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, and thousands of miles from their boyhood home, these brothers worked, unmindful of that sainted father and praying mother.

An awful but merciful God startled them from their sinful sleep. A large rock from its place in the wall fell upon one of them, crushing the lower part of his body and breaking his back. The uninjured brother stood for a moment transfixed with horror, powerless to remove the three-ton rock that had pinned him to the earth. He cried out, "Call on God!" and fled for help. Help came, the rock was broken in pieces by sledges, and the man liberated alive, to the amazement of all.

For some time he was kept under the influence of a powerful opiate, which produced its ghastly effects. There he lay unconscious, his breathing labored and heavy, unprepared to meet his God. Providence spoke to people in terrible tones as they looked upon the scene. Those who were under conviction feared and trembled. Even the unsaved prayed for his salvation. After the influence of the narcotic had worn off, my husband and I went to see him, but he gave us no encouragement. He sorely tried us by his indifference. "Too late; no use to pray," he would say. He finally consented to our offering a short prayer. We felt the forces of darkness opposing us, and trying to drive us from the room, but the Spirit held us. One of us bowed in prayer while the other besought him to look to Jesus and pray. He delayed, but

at last he said, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

Instantly mighty ejaculations of prayer burst forth from his lips so earnestly as to be startling. What a revelation God immediately gave this man of his heart! What an uplift from indifference to earnestness! Only for a brief period did the Savior withhold himself, then as He showed His face in the power of His salvation, the poor penitent cried, "Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! I am saved! I am saved! I am saved!"

Powerless to move his body, he turned his eyes to his brother and cried, "Lord, save my brother," and for him and his unsaved landlady he prayed most fervently. He shouted for joy, 'Mother's prayers are answered—my father's face, with tears in his eyes, has been before me in this room, as he said, 'Son, look to Jesus.' "

For fifteen days he preached, prayed and sung, lying on his back, not expecting to live from one day to another. At the end of this time, life, that had apparently left his body from the waist down, returned, which gave promise of an extension of his days, but in a most pitiable condition.

The burden that was upon us gave us the assurance that the Spirit had not left the dying man. A mother's and father's prayers

were answered in his being spared from sudden death, and in our being held at his bedside until the benighted, reluctant soul yielded to Christ. This experience made us weep for joy. Surely the salvation of Jesus is wonderful, yea glorious! Let angels rejoice and let us never despair of a soul.

Three and a half years later the pastor of this church informed us that James Letcher, the subject of this sketch, had died in triumph. After his conversion he grew in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, manifesting a spirit of submission in his suffering, to the end of his life.

The people on my husband's charge were anxious to have me assist him in a revival meeting. Three times I attempted to do so, but bad weather, or sickness in the homes would prevent us from holding the meeting. The Lord had so wonderfully blest our labors at other places, they supposed we would have a revival here, which they hoped would result in a new church building, but it was not the Lord's plan for us to build up the Methodist Church or to take root in it again. He had pulled us up to plant us in another field. We thank Him for doing this, even though He had used ungodly men in bringing it about. Surely He had made the wrath of man to praise Him (Ps. 76:10).

We were depending upon God for our temporal supplies, and He sent them to us from different sources, so that we lacked nothing.

As to our future, we were left in the dark, until three weeks before the Conference, when my husband consented to give up the pastorate so that he might give his entire time to evangelistic and missionary work.

One morning about ten o'clock, while going about my household duties, the Holy Spirit clearly spoke to me, telling me to get my Bible and open it; as I did this with my eyes closed I found my finger on Jeremiah 1:9. Before reading it or knowing what it was, I said, "Lord put forth thy hand." Then I opened my eyes and read, "THEN THE LORD PUT FORTH HIS HAND, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." I felt strength coming into my soul that lifted me as it were almost out of the body into the very presence of the invisible God. I saw clearly that to doubt God or fear the face of man would be perilous, since He had promised to be with me and supply all my needs according to His

riches in glory. As I meditated on the tenth verse and thought of my own weaknesses and the frailty of humanity I could not fully comprehend the meaning of this wonderful message to my own soul. I now see what it all meant. As I have stood before the people from time to time in the power of the Spirit, the veil that separates me from the unseen world has appeared to be very thin. There have been times when I have touched God and knew the heavenly hosts were bending over me, because of His words which He had put in my mouth. Isaiah 55:11 says, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

My husband and I both attended the Annual Conference that followed this experience. He had already decided not to take a pastorate, but go with me into evangelistic work, and God wonderfully blest him in this decision. He spoke to me as plainly as He did to Abraham when He called him out of Ur of the Chaldees to go into a country that he knew not. He promised to bless them that blest him and curse them that cursed him.

Our ministerial brethren thought it the height of folly for my husband to take such a step, as there was no visible means of support.

We remained at Erie nearly a year, going from there into the evangelistic field. Our greatest results were from meetings held in school houses in the country districts where the people's hearts were not so hardened as they were in towns and cities.

The battle against holiness was still being waged at Erie. They sent the pastor away who followed us, and now had a pastor who was a Free Mason, and were exultant over their apparent victory. He took charge of the work in June, and on the 9th of July dropped dead at the home of a man living in the country who had been converted in our meetings. The preacher's name was White. Up until the time of his death I was ignorant of his being a Free Mason and first learned this fact when I saw the Free Masons in charge of his body. Ten days preceding his death I attended a prayer meeting at the church. An unconverted professor, in a boastful spirit, told of a certain meeting where their new pastor was present. He claimed that God was with them. I supposed it was a cottage prayer meeting, and it was not until after their pastor was dead that I learned it was a lodge meeting and that the remarks of this man were made especially for my benefit. He wanted me to know that their new pastor endorsed lodges. God sent his judgments on

the church by suddenly taking this man out of the world. There was a much better spirit shown at the country church on this charge, where we had held a four weeks' meeting. The brethren at this place made a request that a certain brother should supply the charge who believed and preached the doctrine of holiness. As the presiding elder had no one else to send, he granted their request. When the preacher arrived he said, "Sister White, the holiness fighters on this charge will keep me about a month." He prophesied truly, for at the end of the month they dismissed him.

The next man to come to Erie was Rev. S——, who had once been a presiding elder in another state. In talking with him we could tell that he at one time had enjoyed the experience of sanctification. We feared for him lest he should compromise when brought face to face with the opposition to holiness on this charge. There was only one of two things for him to do, suffer and be sacrificed, or compromise and sell out the cause of holiness. All eyes were upon him. Would he lift the banner of holiness and preach a full Gospel regardless of the consequences, or would he compromise? He was a middle-aged man with a bright intellect and keen discernment. In conversation with him we saw that he had

a full comprehension of the situation, over which we wept and prayed together.

After attending one of our holiness conventions he confessed to us that he had never found persons who were straighter in doctrine or who had suffered greater misrepresentation. His having had great spiritual light made it more perilous for his soul if he should compromise. Two sisters, one of whom had a special burden for him, went to his home, and in a spirit of love gave him a solemn warning. At first he appeared to treat their visit lightly, but afterward in conversation with them, grew serious and trembled. Immediately following their visit he secured a young preacher who made no profession of holiness, to assist him in a revival. In this meeting Satan came to him with the argument that it would be detrimental to young converts to preach holiness to them. He and the assisting preacher concluded that to preach sanctification would be giving them strong meat when they were not ready for it, so they confined their preaching to the justified experience. This grieved the Spirit, and the meeting soon closed with no one converted.

At the end of the conference year the pastor was removed from the charge at his own request. He was so afflicted in body

that he died a few weeks later. Before his death, however, he wrote a letter to my husband and myself, requesting our prayers, and asked if it were possible, for one or both of us to come to see him. He also stated that if we could not come to send one of the sisters who came to him with the message of warning a few months before. His sad ending was the awful result of compromise. He died without any of us being able to see him.

The Lord opened the way for me to hold a meeting at Longmont, a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, eight miles from Erie. The churches were all closed against the true Gospel, and the only possible opening for a meeting was to secure the city hall or use a Gospel tent. In the latter part of July (1895) we opened the meeting in a tent.

With the assistance of several workers we held open air meetings every evening preceding the services, and many of the farmers who came into the town on business hitched their teams and waited until the services were over before returning to their homes at night. Many remarkable incidents could be related in connection with this meeting. One in particular we might mention. On a Sabbath evening the presence of the Spirit was powerfully felt in our midst; we plead with a number of young men to yield to God at once. They were

under great conviction but did not yield. The next day six of these young men were badly scalded by the explosion of a boiler in a canning factory, one of them fatally. He never spoke intelligently after the accident, and died in a few hours. This put fear on the whole city and souls continued to get saved. Hundreds of people heard the Gospel preached who had never heard it before, and many came for miles to attend the services.

Sunday evenings the tent was always full and overflowing. It was a time of seed-sowing as well as ingathering of souls. There were many persons who were convicted in this meeting who afterward yielded their hearts to God and were converted in other places.

The sainted Rebecca Grant, a colored sister, camped on the ground, and with her prayers, songs and testimonies, did a work for God that eternity alone will reveal. She afterward worked in our missions in various places where there were pressing calls for her. This sister was known for her faith and humility. She was a servant of servants and never complained in any suffering, but gladly and silently endured hardships for the good of others and for the cause of the Christ she loved. She was given to much fasting and

prayer. In meetings her dark face would light up with a smile and she would speak with great unction of the Spirit. Some of her characteristic remarks were, "Well, children, de blessed Lawd is right in my soul dis mornin'! He has heard my prayers. He pitied dis poah ole colored woman and had mercy on her. Glory to God! Glory to God! Oh, children, but I love Him! O, glory! O, glory! He will never get rid of me! I am all dressed up in Jesus. I am the King's daughter; my clothing is of wrought gold; my raiment of needle work." With great delight she would call Jesus her Ishi. When the people were testifying in the services, she would shout out, "Talk about Him, children! Talk about Him!" No matter how indifferent an audience might be to some speakers, unusual interest was always manifested when she spoke.

Many persons in trouble sought "Aunt Rebecca's" little home on the outskirts of Denver, and would resort to her tent on camp grounds where God's comforting, saving and sanctifying power came down. She was called to Boulder to assist in a revival meeting. While there she took sick, and after several days of great suffering God called her home. She was fully resigned to go, and often said, "I am ready, please Jesus, take me." Hundreds

of people attended her funeral, where the Spirit of God was manifested in shouts of victory from the saints; sinners trembled and turned to the Savior.

Our camp meeting followed at Fort Collins. There were perhaps thirty-five hundred people on the grounds the last Sabbath, who heard a sermon preached on the "Torments of Hell." We are sure they had never heard anything like it before. Holiness was truly being preached on new territory and the people often asked if it were a new doctrine. Yet there was no lack of churches and preachers of the modern class. It is strange that Methodists will oppose the very doctrine that Wesley said they were raised up to preach. The encampment was on an old fair-ground about one and one-half miles from town. Large numbers of people attended merely through curiosity, some of whom were convicted and converted and left the place rejoicing. A farmer living near by was present several evenings, and a number of preachers and missionaries talked to him about his soul. The last service he attended, four different persons plead with him to yield to God, but he stoutly resisted, telling them he did not believe in hell, claiming to be an honest man, treating his neighbors right, and so forth. He declared he would stand his chances with

those who were talking to him. The next morning he was found a few hundred yards from the camp ground in an unconscious condition. He died a most horrible death a few days later. When found, his face was bruised, but no one was able to ascertain the cause. I visited his sick room in company with a sister who had spoken to him about his soul the night before the accident. We tried to pray, but our mouths were closed. We knew that demons from the pit were in possession of his soul, and so strong was their power we left him to his fate. It was too late.

CHAPTER XVI

BOX ELDER, BLACK HOLLOW AND OTHER REVIVALS

FROM FT. COLLINS we went to Box Elder, a rich farming community, to hold a meeting in a school house. One of the leading men of the neighborhood brought his carriage to the railroad station for us and entertained us for a time in his home. He told us he had attended the camp meeting for the purpose of finding out whether people who professed holiness had anything more than he had, and after investigation, he said that he had decided that they had not; and he did not profess a second work of grace either. We saw at once this man was numbered with thousands of others who were deceived and that he would be a hindrance to the meeting, and to his own family of grown-up sons and daughters.

A few days before our arrival in the neighborhood, a worldly young man, engaged to be married to one of his daughters, was brought to his home from the harvest field sick, and was then in a secluded room where in accordance with his own wishes, we were

not permitted to see him. He said he did not want to be talked to about his soul. Finally our host, who was somewhat embarrassed over the situation, asked us to come into the young man's room for prayers. We went and found him morose and non-committal. When about to leave the room I was impressed to go back to his bedside and tell him not to be afraid of us, that we would not force him to accept salvation, that Jesus himself would not do this. We promised also not to intrude again unless he made a request to see us. I believed the Lord would work with him as well as with the young woman to whom he was to be married, who appeared as indifferent as himself.

After about ten days the break came in the meetings and fully thirty persons responded to the altar call. The messages had been given, not in word only, but in the power of the Spirit. Three days later, when the smoke of the battle had somewhat cleared away, the thrilling testimonies and shining faces gave evidence that a genuine work had been done in the hearts of the people. Some persons testified to sanctification, when our host arose and began to talk against the doctrine and the experience. It was like throwing a wet blanket over a flame. This was the last meeting he attended for some time; the

young man in his home was gradually growing worse and his services were required at his bedside and we were glad to be relieved of his presence.

On the last Sunday afternoon there were thirty-five seekers at the altar, some of whom had never been there before; others were new converts seeking holiness. The meeting lasted nearly all the afternoon. During the three weeks we spent there, about seventy persons were converted. A number of whole families sought the Lord, and found Him.

A short time previous to this one of these families lost three children in a lake near their home. The children were dressed for Sunday-school, when their uncle, with another young man, a friend of his, drove up to the gate. These young men insisted that the children and their father go with them for a boat ride. As the children were ready for Sunday-school the father hesitated, but finally consented to go. When the boat was about ten feet from the shore it capsized and all were thrown into the water. After a desperate struggle the father escaped with the youngest child in his arms. Three children and the two young men were drowned. It was supposed that the young men's feet caught in some barb-wire at the bottom of the lake. When the father gave his testimony,

he said, that before this occurrence, when he was a Christian, and while living close to God, he had always prayed that if he should ever backslide that the Lord would be merciful enough to bring him back at any cost. With great emotion, he said, "My prayers have been answered, but at an awful cost." His wife, grieving for her children, fell away to a mere skeleton. Some of her relatives, especially a sister, severely censured her husband for not rescuing the other children. This woman, who was so bold as to charge him with their death, had a child of her own that was in the habit of playing about the door. One day it was missing, and, almost frantic, she began to search for it and found it drowned in a ditch near by. In her failure to recognize the hand of God in His dealings with this family a like punishment fell upon herself.

As the young man was growing worse, we relieved the family of our entertainment, and when we left I knew that if he ever recovered it would be a narrow escape, and I also knew that he would send for us before any crisis came. A few days later he sent for us to come back to pray for him. As he extended his hand he said, "Everything is against me; I might as well give up. Please pray for me." We prayed earnestly to God in his behalf and in less than three-quar-

ters of an hour he was gloriously converted, after which he begged his betrothed to give her heart to God also. On this day, several hundred miles away, there was a shout of victory in his old home, where his mother and friends were wrestling with God for his salvation. He lived only a few days after his conversion, and just before he passed away he asked those at his bedside to sing, "Jesus Lover of my Soul."

This young man had great influence over the young people of the community, and we have no doubt that if he had not been on a sick bed he would have kept many of them from yielding their hearts to God. Soon after his death, the mother and two daughters in this home, were stricken down with the same disease with which he died. The mother lived for six weeks after the close of our meeting. Later we visited the neighborhood and held a few services, and found the young women had not yet fully recovered. The one to whom the young man had been engaged had lost her hair and was a pitiful looking object; through her long siege of sickness she was so weak she staggered as she walked across the room.

The man with the Zinzendorffian idea of "getting it all at conversion" made up his mind from the start to fight holiness and God broke his arm of strength and made him the

example of His wrath for those who were guilty of this sin. He knows how to deal with those who lift their puny arms of rebellion against Him. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

The following is a copy of the letter written by the mother of the young man who died:

"MY DARLING BOY:—I was glad to hear from you, but sorry to hear of your sickness. Hope you are better. We greatly rejoiced to learn that you had enlisted as a soldier for Jesus. It may sound strange to you, but I was not very much surprised.

"The 8th, the same day you were converted, Bro. and Sister S—— were here when we were having worship. Sister S—— prayed for you, and of course I was praying, for I was feeling very bad. I stayed on my knees quite a while after the rest got up, and the Lord wonderfully blest me; I could hardly tell just what it was for, but I knew that you would be saved and the angels were rejoicing over a sinner's coming to God, and my heart was filled with joy and gratitude.

"Last night, after hearing of your conversion, I rejoiced, and praised God nearly all night. Bless His name! Now Charlie, be true. It is so hard to have you sick away

from home, and mother sometimes thinks she can't stay away from her boy. With many kisses to my darling. Good-bye."

YOUR MOTHER.

Then the father enclosed a letter expressing his gratitude because his son had been converted, and exhorted him to be faithful.

To-day the peaks of the Rocky Mountains stand on the west above his grave, as white-robed sentinels, and will guard the resting place of the sleeper until the Christ of the resurrection comes in the East and releases them of their vigil.

One evening in meeting, at this place, as I prayed, the Spirit came upon me in mighty power. A man came and asked us to visit him at his home several miles away, and said he could not understand why we should be working as we were and making such sacrifices if there was nothing in religion. He claimed to be an infidel, and we found he was living in a nest of them in his part of the community. He told us his father was a preacher, that he had belonged to the Presbyterian church himself, but found nothing in religion and withdrew from the church. We went to see him the next day. We told him we did not come to go over the ground of infidelity with him, as he desired us to, but

would say to him that if he would seek God with all his heart, He would be found of him (Jer. 29:13). He said he had no faith, that he could not believe, etc. He was told just to seek God, to be honest about it, not to be ashamed to make a public effort, and to begin to pray. He was held to this, and that night, after being talked to personally, he went forward to the altar. He showed no signs of feeling or conviction, and was cold and apparently indifferent, but he said he would go forward on our word as an honest man desiring the truth. After he had knelt a few minutes at the altar, he rose, turned to the audience and said: "I have ten times the faith I had when I came here," and business-like he knelt and continued to pray. We found him the next day under such great conviction that he had quit work. We knelt and prayed with him in his home. In his effort to pray aloud he threw up his hands and began to laugh. The Spirit of God had touched him and he was a new creature. This was about the middle of the week. The next Sunday he rose in the "Amen corner" of the building, weeping, and said, "I did not know that God Almighty had such a blessing for a human being as I received the past week." Then he told about his conversion. This brother soon began to preach the Gospel.

After returning home to rest a few days, we went back to commence a meeting in an adjoining neighborhood. It was in one corner of the famous potato district. On nearly every farm men and women were working early and late. There were only a few persons present at the first two services. My husband became discouraged over the outlook and said we would better close the meeting and come at another time. I had evidence of great victory for the meeting before leaving home, and was positive that God had led us thus far. Believing the Spirit would be grieved by giving up without further trial, I wanted to stay until it was clear that the Lord was through with us; and my husband consented to stay.

One afternoon, after school hours, we were driving past the school house and went in where we could be alone to pray. We had been driving in the cold winds and sleeping in cold rooms, and I had taken a severe cold. While on my knees I had a hard chill which was followed by a fever, and I was unable to attend service that night. By the next morning all the symptoms of pneumonia were developed. My husband and the family where we were being entertained said that a physician must be called, to which my consent was not given.

Our hostess had become so interested in the subject of sanctification that she persisted in asking me questions about it, even when I was suffering the most. She and her husband had been Christians for years, but had never heard this doctrine preached before. The pain in my body became so great that I cried aloud. My husband told the family in an adjoining room that I had been healed several times before in answer to prayer, and asked them to come in and unite in prayer for me. He poured out his soul to God for my healing, but our hostess, instead of praying for me cried to the Lord to sanctify her. At the close of her prayer the Holy Spirit came mightily upon me, and lifting my head from the pillow I prayed, not only for her sanctification, but for the salvation of the whole community. The pain all left me and the perspiration stood on my forehead. No one could doubt that I had been healed. Some time during the following night the sister received the witness to her sanctification, and the next morning her face fairly shone as she prayed earnestly for her family and others. Her daughters began to pray, "O God, give me what mother's got; give me what mother's got!" The eldest daughter soon received "the blessing."

The news went forth the next day that I

was healed and would be at the meeting that night. The house was full to overflowing. The power of the Spirit was in the word spoken. When the altar call was made, a son-in-law of the family with whom we were stopping, sitting in a back seat, cried out, "I can't stand it any longer," and started for the altar. He had gone only a few steps when his soul was liberated and he shouted for joy. The people had never seen anything like this, and through curiosity the potato diggers left their fields to come to the services. The revival swept on until the card parties and dancing circles were broken up.

While bowing at the family altar one morning, we were trying to lead another of the daughters of the above-named family into the experience of holiness by telling her to "reckon herself dead indeed unto sin" (Rom. 6:11). The father apparently had been doing a great deal of thinking, but was very quiet until this time. As the steps of consecration were being taken, not a word was said to him, when he cried out, "I see it, I see it!" He sprang into the air with a shout that startled all from their knees; he caught the babe in his arms and tossed it to the ceiling, saying, "I never loved you as I do now," then hugged and kissed the whole family. Since then his shouts and testimonies have often been heard

and enjoyed at the annual camp meetings.

An elderly man who had been in a back-slidden state for many years, lived near. He avoided any conversation about his soul, but was very talkative on other subjects. We had never seen a greater slave to tobacco than he was. He was hedged in until there was apparently no way to get to him, and I became so burdened for his soul one night that I could not sleep. His white head and face were continually before me. We went to his house the second time and succeeded in getting him on his knees. At first he would not pray, but after much solicitation he called on God to have mercy upon him. The Spirit interceded with groanings that could not be uttered, and presently his prayer was turned to praise. He sang,

“ 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine.”

The work went on in this community after the revival closed. A week or two later, a man, who was considered one of the hardest sinners in the neighborhood, was converted while riding along the road. True to our word we remained at this place just three weeks, and closed after seeing many old-time conversions and a few people clearly sanctified. It is a notable fact that work done in

country school houses and out-of-the-way places always stands better than where there are old church-wolves to devour the lambs.

After this meeting closed my husband held revival meetings at Windsor, and I went to assist my brother in special services at Holyoke, Colorado, where he was then pastor. The following is a brief report he gave of the meeting:

“The Lord has been pouring out His Spirit on our people in great measure. The entire community has been stirred as never before in its history. Sinners have been converted, believers sanctified and the church lifted out of the ruts. Special services began Nov. 16th and concluded after three weeks of hard labor. Mrs. White preached under the power of the Spirit, and the altar was crowded with seekers from night to night. It afforded us much joy when all classes were seen coming forward with one accord and calling upon God for salvation. The church was filled every evening with eager listeners. Some of the principal business and professional men were reached and saved. Prodigals who had been away from their father’s house for many years came back and received the kiss of reconciliation. It was wonderful to see the shining faces and hear the thrilling testimo-

nies. Envy and strife have given place to divine love in the hearts of certain individuals. Family altars have been erected.

"A few months ago there was much opposition to the doctrine of holiness, but constant teaching under the guidance of the Spirit has swept away much of it, and now living testimonies form an argument which opposers can neither gainsay nor resist. The people are hungry for holiness literature. One young man who came home from college on his vacation was convicted of sin and has since dedicated his life to the ministry." C. W. B.

I reached home for Christmas. Within three months there had been four meetings held resulting in over two hundred conversions.

CHAPTER XVII

THE OPENING OF THE PENTECOSTAL MISSION

TWO MEETINGS had been held in school houses, after which the Lord led me to Denver for a short stay. As was my custom, I attended the Hay Market Mission, where the doctrine of sanctification for a time was honored and preached. But there had come a marvelous change; those who once had liberty in preaching holiness and testifying to the experience were now held back by Rev. A. C. Peck, the superintendent of the mission. Mr. Peck noticed me in the congregation and invited me to return and preach the next evening. On the following morning I awoke with Acts 19:2 on my lips: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" I was so burdened that day I was unfit for any other business. The doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace, and the importance of definite testimony to the experience burned like a fire in my breast. I knew something was coming for I fairly trembled all day. My soul was suffering the real birth-pangs of a new work, or movement.

I reached the mission hall a little early

and walked back to Sixteenth street and around a block. I could see the steepled churches in every direction, which reminded me of broken cisterns that could hold no water. I asked the Lord to open up a well of salvation in the heart of the city where famishing multitudes might quench their thirst. On returning to the mission I found the people had gathered. The superintendent beckoned me to the platform. After reading the scripture lesson from which I took my text, I had a slight struggle for liberty, then my soul broke through and the people shouted and said amen. The sword of truth was unsheathed, and forty minutes quickly passed. When an altar call was made there was a rush in two directions—some to the front and others to the door. The assistant pastor stood near the door to try to comfort those whose idols had been struck and who were chafing under the truth. The leader of the mission looked like a pouting child.

Soon there were shouts of deliverance from penitents at the altar. A Presbyterian minister in the congregation shook hands with me and said, "God bless you; preach on; it is the truth, if we are slow to receive it."

The leader said he did not wish to criticize me, but he did not think it necessary to use the word sanctification, as it aroused so

much opposition. He said there were other terms that could be used which would not cause offence; that some of the holiness people in New York had learned this, and he had been among them and found it was more profitable to talk about the "infilling of the Holy Spirit," than to use the term sanctification. It did not take much spiritual discernment to see the cloven hoof of the devil in this argument, and I knew that God would bring this man to time speedily or open up another place in the city where the Gospel would be preached fearless of men and devils.

I did not know until several weeks later that I was on trial in this service and that the superintendent had invited me to preach with the express purpose of finding out whether he could tone me down or not and use me as a tool to carry out his plans of compromise. He was intending to employ my husband and myself as assistants in his work. But when he found out he could not induce me to lower the standard and sell out the cause of holiness, he did not care to have us, and God wrote "Ichabod" on the escutcheon of his door, and from that time he was no longer a factor in true Gospel work. Two years before, Psalm 121:8 was given me: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forever more." We

were at this time without any visible means of support, and to move into the city where the cost of living would be increased, would be quite an additional step of faith. It meant to more than double our general expenses. I had the clear light that God wanted us to go, and this was evidence that He would take care of us and supply our every need. My husband drew back, from the fact that he was unable to see his way through, but finally consented, when he saw I was settled in my convictions, and began to make preparations to move. He thought it would take two or three days or a week to find a suitable house. When he spoke of this, I asked the Lord to direct us to the very spot, that the first house shown us might be the place. He gave me the assurance that He would grant my request. I went to the city two days before my husband, and starting twice to the rental offices I was consciously stopped by the Spirit and given to understand that I must wait until our goods had arrived. Later, accompanied by Mr. White, I started out one morning to find a house, and found one that was suitable which had a large yard, with the rear gate opening into Lincoln Park. My husband had remarked several times that he dreaded to be cooped up between houses without room enough, and now we had found a place with

plenty of room, with large double parlors,—just the place for a weekly holiness meeting. When I thought of the meeting the blessing of God came upon my soul and I said, "*This is the place.*" At first we thought of nothing but the rent, which was a third more than we expected to pay, and how to manage this, with the extra expense of living, we did not know. Making a final test, we asked the Lord that the rent might be reduced if it was His will that we take this house. It was secured for one dollar less, and in a few hours our household goods were transferred by a brother free of charge. The railroad company made a mistake in weighing the car in which our goods were shipped, and the freight bill was small. When their attention was called to the mistake they said it was too late to correct it, and said, good humoredly, that it was our gain and their loss. God's hand was in all of these little things—in the moving, and in the first house shown us with its arrangements and surroundings. The knowledge of this gave us courage and strength for the work ahead of us.

Two weeks after we were settled, Thursday afternoon holiness meetings were started in our home, which was like an oasis in a desert. From time to time there were conversions, sanctifications, and many remarkable cases of healing in these meetings. Some of

the regular attendants have passed away with triumphant faith. Meetings held on holidays were special seasons of refreshing.

A place was opened for Sunday afternoon holiness meetings near the center of the city, in a side room of the building in which the Hay Market Mission was conducted. We had met there only a few times, however, when the superintendent of the mission sent us word to find another place. His excuse was that he wanted his people to rest on Sunday afternoons in order to be ready for the night services. At the last service we held in this room a large new Gospel tent was offered for our work. The next thing was to find a suitable location for it near the center of the city where services could be preceded by open air meetings. We were led definitely to the house we occupied, and I believed the Holy Spirit would direct to the spot where the tabernacle was to be erected. While waiting upon God I asked my husband to go to Twentieth and Arapahoe streets to see if there were not some vacant lots in that vicinity. Here they were found less than half a block from the street car line. This ground was secured free of charge and soon the tent was in readiness for the first meeting, which was held June 16th, 1896.

From night to night the attendance increased and the altars were filled with seekers.

Hard-hearted men and women wept and prayed for deliverance from sin, and when it came they would shout uproariously. We soon had help enough to conduct two meetings. The business men of the city were often put under conviction for their own wrong business transactions by persons from our services calling upon them to make restitution. In every case those who were trying to get right with God were received kindly and forgiven by those whom they had wronged.

At Lincoln Park great multitudes gathered on Sunday. We could see them from our back door. We very much desired to preach to the people in this park if the way could be opened. With a real burden I asked my husband to see the park commissioners and find out if permission could be obtained to hold religious services there. The hand of God was upon me as I urged him to go at once to see these men, but he said he knew a city ordinance had been passed prohibiting religious services from being held in the parks, and knew it was useless to make an effort of the kind. I went away alone to pray, and returned with a much greater burden. Seeing my tears he consented to go and see the commissioners, even though he felt satisfied nothing could be accomplished. I went with him and it proved just as he had said,—



KENT WHITE



ARTHUR WHITE, AGE 8, RAY WHITE, AGE 5.

nothing could be done. As we walked along the street he said, "Where next?" I told him I would go up to our Gospel tent and further wait upon the Lord. I had gone only a few steps when a person spoke to me. I was wondering what this peculiar burden meant and could scarcely collect my thoughts long enough to see where the voice came from. At this instant a brother whom I had met two years before at our camp meeting, approached me. He made some inquiries about the success of our meetings and said he had just rented a building near Seventeenth and Market streets for his business, and that he did not need the second floor and would be glad if we would open up a mission there. Still absorbed, I did not catch his words until he repeated them. I told him that when cold weather came on, and we could not use our tabernacle, we would need such a place. He said, "It is only a few weeks until the cold weather will be here, and why not take this now?" I told him we could not pay the rent. "Never mind about that," he said, "I will take the Lord for it." Then it flashed upon me that this was the explanation of my burden.

The place was taken and seated with benches made of plain lumber. Sister Vorn Holtz, a lady seventy-four years old, whom God had greatly used and blest in revival

work, assisted by some of our workers from the tent, was put in charge at this hall. Previous to this, this place was known as the old "Buckeye Gambling Hall," now it became a "Peniel" of prevailing prayer, and in seven weeks time there were two hundred and twenty-five persons who professed salvation at the altar. The services at both the tent and this place were preceded by street meetings. Thousands of people heard the Gospel in the open air; all classes, as they rushed to and fro, stopped to listen. Many who followed the workers to the hall and to the tent would fall on their knees at the altars before any preaching was done more than they had heard on the street.

Afternoon prayer meetings were held daily, and especially were the open air meetings blest of the Lord. The workers fairly trembled under the pressure of the Spirit, as they stood before the people with burning messages. The holy anointing would come upon me until I felt like running through a troop and leaping over a wall. Opposition only made me stronger; the Son had made me free and I had liberty beyond words to express. This freedom had cost me everything—my church, my reputation, my all.

One evening when I left home with two or three persons to hold an open-air meeting

on the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer streets, I was told that we needed five dollars' worth of groceries. My husband was away from home and I had less than fifty cents. A large crowd gathered and the message was given with power. Tears were in the eyes of many, while others were indignant. Two or three drunken men, staggering through the crowd made a disturbance. A conflict with the powers of darkness was on, but as the Word went forth, the audience quieted down. A man on whose face sin had left its traces, placed a five-dollar bill in my hand and said, "Pray for me." Another handed me a dollar; and still others, smaller sums. We never take collections on the street and had said nothing about money. Before closing, eleven men raised their hands for prayer. At this time we were without a hall, and this meeting ran for two hours.

Again, when holding a meeting on the same corner, it was sprinkling rain and less than a dozen persons stopped. While different workers were speaking, the enemy mocked. We were on the point of giving up the meeting and returning to the mission hall, when I was impressed by the Spirit to speak a few words. The first sentence was scarcely uttered when the Holy Ghost fell upon me in unusual power; it was like a shock from the

heavenly battery. The people came from every direction, some of them running, and soon a multitude was enmassed about us. After preaching forty minutes a song was sung and a part of the audience moved on, giving place to others. The Holy Spirit then gave me another message, half an hour long. More than a thousand people heard the Gospel on the street that evening after we had been on the point of giving up the meeting as a failure.

At another time, after our congregation had gathered, an old man who held spite against me, took a stand a few feet from us and began to talk. Confusion of course followed, and the people kept running back and forth to hear what was said. No officer was in sight and ere long the street was blocked with people—they were pressing against us from every side. The old man held out against two of our speakers. We were approaching a crisis and knew something must be done quickly or the enemy would gain the victory. It was against the city ordinance to stand on the sidewalk and preach, but as there was no standing room left in the street, I saw nothing else to do and stepped upon the sidewalk and faced the crowd. My Gospel gun was filled with spiritual dynamite, and there was no hesitancy in using it. As I poured the message on this immense throng,

our intruder's voice began to fail and he tried to get away. He was within a few steps of the sidewalk opposite us when a burly fellow took hold of him and brought him back. He said, "You commenced this fight and you will have to see it through." "My voice is giving out," he replied. "That don't make any difference, you will have to talk as long as she does," was the answer. A number of persons gathered around him to prevent his escape. He made another effort to speak, but could scarcely speak above a whisper. A policeman then appeared and told him if he ever disturbed another meeting he would be arrested. We had prayed many times that the work of the enemy through this man might be stopped, as he had often disturbed our meetings before.

On another evening a cold wind was blowing and it seemed almost useless to try to hold the people; but we remembered the scripture -says, "He that observeth the winds shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." As the sword of truth was unsheathed, a man standing in front of us became very restless, and suddenly taking a bill from his pocket and shaking it in my face, he said with a loud voice, "I'll give you this if you will stop." No attention being paid to him he became furious, repeating his

first statement over and over and shaking the money at me. He drew a large audience—the people coming from all directions. “And this is condemnation, that light has come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.” We told the people this scripture described the condition of the man who was trying to hire us to quit—he loved darkness rather than light. He suddenly disappeared, but not, however, until an immense crowd of people had gathered around us who otherwise would not have stopped.

Near the close of an open-air meeting at Eighteenth and Larimer streets, a young man stepped forward and said, “I came to make light of this service, but God has laid his hand on me while standing here, and I feel the weight of my sins. I have been wayward and rebellious. Lately my mother sent for me to come to Kentucky and see her before she died. I went to her bedside and hardened my heart against God and her dying pleas. I am the grandson of Bishop —, of Kentucky. God has laid his hand upon me on this street corner to-night. I surrender all to him and feel that He saves me now.”

A sister was preaching on the street with great unction, when a man who looked like a tramp began to scoff. My mother, who was present, touched his arm and requested him

not to disturb the meeting. He asked abruptly, "Who are you, anyhow?" She made no reply. Then he said, "I am from Kentucky." "I am from Kentucky, too," she said, "and I am more ashamed of you than ever." He said, "I am from Millersburg." This is the town in which we had lived for many years. When he learned this he was more amazed than before and said, "Then I suppose you must have known my people there." He proved to be the prodigal son of our family physician, who had also been a banker in the town. Long since he had seen his parents, my mother had stood at their bedsides and helped to close their eyes in death. When she told him this he wept bitterly and lamented his fallen condition. I remembered his brother as an intelligent young man; his two sisters were the handsomest girls in the female college. Alas! to what a low state this wanderer had fallen, clad in filthy rags, with vermin on his body, begging for a dime with which to get a cheap bed or buy a glass of rum. Mother wrote to his brother in Kentucky, who was living in luxury, telling him that she had found his long-lost brother. His reply was that he did not claim relationship to him and would rather not hear anything more about him. We could not help but think how much his spirit was like that manifested by the elder

brother in the parable of the prodigal son.

The interesting incidents and experiences in the work are links in a seemingly endless chain, wrought out in the flaming forge of Pentecostal fire.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LEADVILLE CONFERENCE AND MISSION WORK

NEAR THE END of the summer (1896) I attended the Methodist Conference at Leadville. A friend handed me ten dollars to pay my railroad fare and two sisters offered to take care of the house and children in my absence. All this was done without my expressing a desire to go. I did not know what the Lord had for me to do, but I went expecting to walk in the light as it was given.

On hearing the presiding bishop at this Conference and seeing his awful apostasy it started the blood to coursing through my veins afresh, and I would gladly have laid my life down to lift up the standard of a full Gospel. He talked against revival meetings, altar services, pastoral calls, women preachers, Gospel songs, and many of the old Methodist hymns. He trampled all the God-honored customs and practices of old-time Methodism under his feet. His fierce attacks on vital Christian experience made the demons of night rejoice. It was wonderful that God had given me an experience that founded me on the Rock, and kept me among one hundred and fifty

preachers at this Conference who were weighed in the balances and found wanting.

While the wing of Satan was brooding over the place, the fire was burning in my soul and I never felt more like setting the battle in array than I did at that time. I had an experience that heaven was backing me up in and knew that God took me to the Conference to lift up the standard where the ministry was bowing to the gods of this world. Praise His name! Never was Ephesians 6:12 more forcibly brought to my mind: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

The bishop reminded me of Ahab, king of Israel, who did more to provoke the God of Israel to wrath than all the rulers that preceded him (1 Kings 16:33). The spirit of Jezebel was present. A preacher was tried behind closed doors and his credentials taken from him, simply because he was fearless in his denunciation of sin.

The Conference was held during the great strike at Leadville among the miners, when thousands of people were wandering idly up and down the streets. No better opportunity was ever afforded to preach the Gospel to unsaved men. An audience of a thousand

or more could easily have been reached any evening within two blocks of the church. With one hundred and fifty preachers in the city, no efforts were made by the Conference to preach the Gospel to the unsaved multitudes. With the assistance of two or three persons I held an open-air meeting nearly every evening a short distance from the church. God gave me great liberty in talking to the miners, while many shorn prophets were standing around the edges of the crowd, listening. There were some of the young preachers who would gladly have been with us had they not been afraid. In the providence of God the Congregational church was offered me in which to hold services. Several ministers slipped away from the Conference and came to attend them, a number of whom came to the altar as seekers of sanctification. The bishop found out, however, that they were coming and put a stop to it. There were in all about thirty professions. The people of the town asked many questions about our work at Denver, and expressed their desire for a mission to be opened at Leadville. I left them with the promise that I would return if the Lord should so direct.

Our annual camp meeting followed at Fort Collins. A train went out from Denver carrying more than one hundred campers, in-

cluding evangelists and missionaries. There were large crowds in attendance at all the services, especially on Sundays, and God's blessing was upon the people in convicting, converting and sanctifying power. At the close of this meeting Sister Vorn Holtz returned East, and all of our efforts were centered at the mission hall, where meetings were held every evening. Saturday afternoon meetings were held for the children; we also had a Sunday-school for them. These children, when they came to us were almost destitute of clothing, and nearly a thousand garments were sent in, which were given out to them during the winter months. Scarcely a night passed that souls were not saved.

During a carnival held in the city, workers went into the slums and held a midnight meeting. Here God manifested himself in power. Soon there came a shower of eggs from rough men, incited by inflamed rum-sellers, whose prosperous carnival trade for the time had been stopped. A Methodist preacher declared he would not have missed this meeting for a thousand dollars, for in it he received a new manifestation of what God was to the Wesleys who were stoned for His sake. Nothing daunted, our workers continued to preach until many broke down and wept. They were followed into mission halls

by penitent souls, who with bitter tears confessed their sins and surrendered to God.

In February (1897) we were impressed that Leadville would be our next field of labor, and soon a letter came from a person who had opened a mission there and wanted us to take it off her hands. I supposed this woman was a person whom I had met at the Conference, whose name I had forgotten, but on reaching Leadville I was very much disappointed to find a woman of an entirely different character. I saw that nothing could be done with her mission and also found that she was unwilling to turn it over as she had promised to do. After ten days of suffering, privation and much prayer, the Lord opened the way for another mission to be started, entirely independent of this woman and her people.

I returned home after nearly a month's absence, and sent others to take charge of the work. The Lord allowed a sifting time to come to our work through the opening of another mission in Denver; at the same time He raised up a band of faithful missionaries to stand by us.

In the early part of the year 1898 we were called to two country districts near Greeley, Colorado, to hold meetings in school houses. At these two places about eighty persons were converted.

A mission was also opened in Colorado City and some sheaves were gathered for the Master.

On the Fourth of July our Annual Holiness Convention was held at Pleasant View, Colorado. Here \$43.25 was given to be used in opening a mission in Cheyenne, Wyoming. I told the people how the Lord was burdening me for that place and that two or three persons were ready to go there and help in the work. God put the Spirit on this service and the message that was given, after which we had a lively altar service. A Methodist preacher who attended this meeting was stricken down by the power of God and is one of our faithful preachers at the present time.

A mission was opened at Cheyenne a few days later, July 20th. For more than a month we preached in a tent, pitched half a block from the Congregational church. Large numbers of people attended the street meetings. At first the spirit of indifference and unbelief, created in the very atmosphere a hardness that required courage to face, and that took time to break down. Soon, however, the power of conviction took hold upon people and many came to the altar. Most of those who were converted or helped have gone to other parts of the country. Some of them

we have met in our travels; others we hear from by letters written to our missionaries. Later the mission was moved to a hall. We have learned to pray and hope, while working for God, no matter what comes, remembering that He has promised that our labors shall be rewarded.

Our fifth annual camp meeting was held in 1898 at Greeley, Colorado. The camp meetings heretofore spoken of were supposed to be carried on under the auspices of the Colorado Holiness Association, the organization of which was effected at the Haymarket Mission, Denver, October 4th and 5th, 1893. Mr. White was made secretary of this association; all the other officers were mere figure-heads. While the work was under reproach, they were willing for their names to be used in the advertisements of camp meetings and conventions, but took no active part in the work. But after we had hundreds converted in the school houses, churches and other places who had joined the Association, they wanted to assume the management of affairs.

The work previously done in our revival meetings in the country school houses near by caused many hungry souls and curiosity seekers to attend this camp meeting. The altars were filled with a goodly number of seekers, and many prayed through to victory. It was

at this time the devil put forth efforts, through some of the officers of the association, to sidetrack the work and bring about a division in the camp. J. A. DaFoe was his principal agent to bias and prejudice the minds of the people against the real work of the Holy Ghost. He had an ambition to be a leader, and was slick and wily enough to deceive even those who had salvation. From day to day I groaned under a burden that only God could lift from my soul. I saw that this man was more to be feared than an open foe, and knew that it was only a question of time until he would succeed in destroying most of the good we had accomplished through incessant labors. The Lord came to me and comforted my heart by showing me that He was going to separate us from the hypocritical professors in this association by launching our work out as a new organization and under a new name where there would be no opportunities for these wolves in sheep's clothing to get in. This has been literally carried out and the outgrowth is the Pillar of Fire movement to-day.

After the summer's work was over the Lord kept me waiting before Him for several weeks, during which time He showed me the need of a Home and Training School for our missionaries. We knew of a number of young people who were willing to give up their positions



PENTECOSTAL UNION HOME AND BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL, 2318 CHAMPA ST., DENVER, COLO.

and devote all their time to the work, who were hindered in the Lord's service by having to work for wages to meet their expenses of board, lodging, clothing, etc. Some of them had only a slight acquaintance with the Scriptures, and but a limited knowledge of the English language. Others did not have the advantage of orthodox training in their early lives and therefore knew but little of the doctrine to which Paul told Timothy to take heed; and we knew that unless they were enlightened their work for the Lord would be greatly hindered, and in all probability they would lose their experiences. If young Christians can have the proper training they will not be easily caught in the traps of the enemy. The Methodist Hymnal did much to establish me in right doctrines. It ought to be studied and used by all Christians. The burden for a Home and Training School was increased from day to day, and God removed obstacles out of the way and made the opening of such an institution possible. The financial question, of course, was the great problem, but I had faith in God and knew he had plans for the School and would give us the means to carry it on.

One night I dreamed that instead of asking people for money we should call the Christians, who were interested, together for prayer. We wrote letters to those living in the country

and city asking them to meet with us to pray on the first Thursday afternoon in November (1898), at our home at 1226 West 13th avenue. There were forty-five persons present at this meeting. After the matter of opening a Home and Training School was discussed, the burden was also put on them; some of them shouted, others wept, and said, "It is of God." Different ways of securing funds were suggested, but it was shown me that I must ask no one for anything myself or in any way lean on the arm of flesh, and that in trusting the Lord fully He would move upon the hearts of people to bring or send in the money and other things that were needed for the opening of this institution.

Within a few weeks money was on hands to pay the first month's rent, also to buy furniture and provisions with which to open the School. On the first day of February (1899), we held the opening services in a building secured on Twenty-second street. Three months later we moved to 2348 Champa street, a much better and more commodious place. We provided for sixteen to forty persons in the School after it was opened, and truly He, who is the head of the work, supplied all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. On the first of each month our rents were always met. We had no resources of our own, and board

and tuition were furnished the students free of charge. The work was established on a faith basis in order to give young men and women who had no means of support the opportunity to prepare themselves to preach the Gospel. Our Institution is still conducted on the same plan.

On the 27th of June (1899), my husband, our two sons and myself left for Butte City, Montana to open a mission. We did not have money to make the trip, yet the Spirit clearly bade us go. Mr. White preached at Greeley on the Sunday preceding our going, and instead of receiving five or six dollars as was customary, he was given thirty, the amount needed in addition to what we had. The Lord was very precious to us all the way on this thousand-mile journey, and gave us tokens of His favor which meant much to us.

The train was due at Dillon at midnight, where we had many relatives and acquaintances. For certain reasons we did not want to reach this place in the night, and I asked the Lord to kindly delay the train for us, and do it in such a way so that no one would be hurt or greatly inconvenienced by it. I received the assurance at once that the Lord would grant my request. An hour later the jolly, good-natured conductor came through our car and said, "This train will be delayed five

hours; there has been no wreck, but a wash-out a few miles ahead of us." He passed a few words of conversation with the boys and went on. The boys laughed to see mamma get her "prayer through." I saw the train would reach Dillon at five o'clock; this was too early, and I asked the Lord to please delay it two and one half hours longer. In less than an hour the conductor came through again and said, "This train will be seven and one half hours late instead of five." I shall never forget the expression on the boys' faces, who knew that after the conductor had announced the train to be five hours late I had asked the Lord to delay it two and one half hours longer. They laughed for joy and then looked serious and said, "Mamma, the Lord gives you everything you ask Him for."

We remained at Dillon a few days and then went on to Butte. We found living expenses were high and that it was almost impossible to rent rooms at any reasonable price. It was harder still to find a centrally located hall suitable for our work. In our extremity we thought of renting a store room at a high rental which was poorly located. When about to close the deal we learned that scarlet fever had broken out next door to it, and this stopped us. We now had only a few dollars left and had to change our rooming place the

next day. On Sunday afternoon we felt that something would have to be done quickly. We decided to wait before the Lord until we had prayed through the difficulty. While doing so the evidence came that a place would soon be found. The next morning, just as I awakened, I saw, in the Spirit, my husband's gold watch before me. Quick as a flash the thought came, sell the gold and put the works in a silver case. I had known for some time that the Lord was not pleased to have Mr. White use this gold watch, especially when the Scriptures forbid the wearing of gold. He had tried in Denver to sell the case and failed to receive a satisfactory offer, and continued to wear the watch. The gold in the case was sold for thirty-three dollars, and the works put in a silver case costing five.

On walking out in the residence portion of the city to look for rooms I met a woman who called herself a "Latter Day Saint." She said that she and her people had hunted the city over to find a suitable place in which to hold their meetings. They had found a room, but not suitable for their work. "It is centrally located and will suit your purpose exactly, and can be had for a reasonable price," she said. It was the dining room of a large rooming house, just a few feet down from the sidewalk. The room was secured and the

first two weeks' rent paid with money received from the sale of the watch.

The Methodists were building a new church and gave us their old seats. Our difficulties were not ended, however; the chief of police forbade us holding open air meetings. He was unreasonable and insolent and said if we attempted to do so he would have us arrested. The mayor gave us no encouragement and told us that whatever the chief said would have to stand. There was no way to get the people into our hall without open air meetings, and this meant we were to go no further or face the jail. We made up our minds to do the latter rather than to back down after the Lord had led us up to this crisis.

I was somewhat nervous as we sang our first song on the street corner, not knowing what moment an officer would lay his hand upon us. The God of battles undertook for us and we went on unmolested. Praise His name! He can shut the lions' mouths and open prison doors. From night to night we fearlessly proclaimed the Gospel in this modern Sodom. Never had we seen the bulwarks of the enemy so impregnable and sin so bold-faced. As we sang, preached, and wrestled in prayer, God gave us the assurance that His word should break in pieces the rock.

Until help arrived, nearly four months

later, neither my husband nor myself missed a meeting on the street or in the hall, yet we were wondrously sustained by the Lord through this long siege. There was much involved in the establishment of this work. It was the key to our future success. We labored for six weeks before we had a real convert, but a break came at last and there were seekers almost every evening. A home for missionaries was fitted up, most of the furniture and supplies being donated.

After an absence of six months I returned to Denver, my husband remaining three months longer. During the first year of the existence of this mission, the workers held three hundred and forty open air meetings, and three hundred and thirty-five services were conducted in the hall. There were eighty-four persons who professed conversion, and twenty-two sanctification. Besides visiting and praying with the sick and distributing tracts and other religious literature, much house to house calling was done. The mission had no other resources than the voluntary contributions of the people.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME FAITH EXPERIENCES

AFTER RETURNING HOME I found that the expenses of the work had greatly increased, and I was burdened on account of the financial outlook. There were some bills that had to be met, and the winter being exceedingly cold, our expenses for fuel were high. A number of people had prophesied that our Home and School could not run through the winter, and I arrived just at the time they supposed their prophecy was about to be fulfilled. In an afternoon meeting in the mission hall quite a number of the so-called holiness people were present, all of whom were members of the Colorado Holiness Association, and among them a number of ministers, some of whom were pastors of churches. They were not expecting me to be present and deliver a message at this time, but after listening to their fireless exhortations the Holy Spirit gave me a burning message, the results of which can be imagined better than told. The last cord that bound us in any way to the old holiness movement was severed. Persons who were present, from that time became

our open enemies, especially the official members of the C. H. A., most of whom were present. They declared a great mistake had been made to come to our hall at all and never again asked for the use of it in which to hold one of their meetings. God was greatly pleased when the truth was fearlessly declared in their presence, and He gave me the assurance at once that he was going to undertake for us in financial affairs. A person present whom I had never seen before, wept all the time the message was being given, and at the close of the meeting introduced himself and handed me five dollars. He said, "There is more to follow." A few days later he gave me a check for twenty-five dollars and later another for forty; he kept this up at regular intervals for months and the Lord sent us money from other and unexpected sources so that all our bills and expenses were met. On a certain day we needed twenty-five dollars; I could see no source from which it could come, but the Lord gave me the assurance early in the morning that it was coming. That afternoon a person came to the Home and handed me just that amount. While asking the Lord for the twenty-five dollars I opened the Bible to the first verse of the second chapter of Ruth: "And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of

Elimelech; and his name was Boaz." I knew that Boaz is a type of Christ and Ruth a type of His bride, and the Lord had told me that I was a member of His bride, and this being true, the wealth of Boaz was mine as my faith reached out and claimed it. It was a day of great rejoicing for me; the Lord gave me a better idea of what it means to be His bride than ever before. I took a special interest in studying the book of Ruth and found in it a mine of wealth, worth more to me than the gold and silver that perishes.

Soon after reaching home there was quite a sifting time in our work. Some wolves in sheep's clothing had been admitted to our Missionary Home in our absence, and those whom we had left in charge were not experienced enough to know how to deal with them. One incident might be related: I had been home but little more than a week when one night I was awakened suddenly out of sleep by the voice of the Holy Spirit, saying, "There is a thief in the house." This was repeated the second or third time. I was soon wide awake and asked the Lord to show me who the thief was. The face of a person came before me who had come to the mission and professed conversion, and had been admitted to the Home. The next morning I told my experience to the matron and others

who had charge of affairs in my absence. The matron declared she did not believe the man was a thief and could not get the consent of her conscience to say that he should be put out of the Home. I begged her to co-operate with me in his speedy removal, but this she was unwilling to do. I saw that I would have to take the matter in hand myself, and I told him to go. A number of the inmates of the Home plead to have him stay. They said, "Let him go to the mission hall and room with the janitor until he can find work to do." I reluctantly consented to this and limited the time to three days. They were in hopes that I would find I was mistaken about this man and that he would prove himself true and be granted the privilege of remaining with us. There were many earnest prayers made for him the next two days, but at the end of his time-limit in the mission he had made his escape, after having stolen goods and money from our people to the amount of about one hundred and fifty dollars. He took a bicycle, a violin worth forty-five dollars, about twenty-five dollars' worth of books, two trunks of clothing, some of which was new, and also forged a check on an aged brother for one hundred dollars. We afterwards learned that this man had gone under an assumed name and had been in the Canon City penitentiary for

six years. It taught our people a great lesson which they have never forgotten and which proved of far greater value to them than the goods he stole. There is a floating class of criminals and ex-convicts who make it a business to go from city to city, making a profession and identifying themselves for a time with missions and churches, where they work on the sympathies of people for temporal gain. When they find there is danger of their being found out, they will often borrow money from people whom they have succeeded in deceiving, or work some other scheme, and then take their departure. Later they will appear in another part of the country under a different name, and still continue their old devices, playing the part of a penitent, then professing to get converted, etc. Some of them are wise enough to almost deceive the very elect. It takes the Holy Spirit to ferret them out and to expose their hypocrisy.

In the days of Elijah the Lord sent a famine on Israel because of their awful apostasy (1 Kings 17). It was during this time that the Lord commanded Elijah to turn east and hide himself by the brook Cherith. It was here that he was fed by the ravens, who carried him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening. Soon the brook dried up and the word of the Lord

came again to him saying, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there; behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." It might appear strange to some people that the Lord would send His prophet to a poor widow's house to be sustained in time of famine, but God never makes any mistakes, whatever may be the outlook from a human standpoint. Elijah obeyed the Lord.

When he reached Zarephath he met the woman at the gate gathering sticks to cook her last handful of meal, that she and her son might eat it and die. If the modern evangelists had been in Elijah's place they would have turned away, concluding they were out of divine order, and had mistaken the voice of the Lord; but Elijah knew that God had spoken, and nothing daunted, asked the woman to bake him a little cake first and afterward make for herself and son. He told her that the Lord had said that the meal should not waste nor the cruse of oil fail until rain should come upon the earth. At this time she could have had no greater test. With a starving child at her side, and looking into an open grave, she was asked to give her last morsel to a stranger, on the promise that God would work a miracle. In the act of this poor widow we find the fulfilment of the

scripture recorded in Luke 17:33: "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." In giving her earthly substance to the prophet, she sought not to save her own life, and as a result she saved the lives of both herself and son. The death route must be taken before the station of divine miracles is reached. It was so with Abraham when he was "as good as dead" (Heb. 11:12).

Elijah was no doubt a total stranger to the widow and her son and she could have produced plausible arguments to excuse herself from granting his request. The safe way, from a human standpoint, would have been to have kept what she had with the hope that life might be prolonged until help came from some source, or until she witnessed the increase of the meal in the barrel. Most any person would have asked him, "Why not work the miracle first?" But in this there would have been neither sacrifice nor faith, and "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1). Faith is trusting in the dark.

A little girl who was tenderly endeared to her old rag doll was asked by her father to throw it into the fire. She did not understand why this request was made, but obeyed

his word and threw it into the flames. It was a great sacrifice for her to give up the doll. The father, pleased with her act of obedience, brought out a large bisque doll with real hair and blue eyes, and handed it to her. One can imagine her joy and ecstasy in receiving a gift like this. Many persons are kept in spiritual poverty when they might be the recipients of untold blessings, wearing the festal garments and eating at the King's table.

Elijah had a great task before him, as he was divinely commissioned to rid the country of Baal worship. There was no way to do this but to slay the false prophets. He called all of the people to Mount Carmel, erected an altar and laid on it the sacrifice. The prophets of Baal were there, and the people of Israel who had become so weakened by idolatry. They had been allured to the groves of Baal by profligate leaders and made to bow at his shrine and kiss his image, and God's wrath was burning against Israel because of this thing. At this time of awful apostasy, He had a chosen instrument in Elijah, who faithfully carried out His orders and brought glory to His name. When he came to the people he said, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." And the people answered him not a word.

The only way Elijah could destroy idolatry and save Israel was to take the heads off the lying prophets of Baal, and after he had put them to a thorough test and no fire fell upon their altar, he fearlessly cut them down with the sword, and no sooner were the prophets slain than there was a sound of abundance of rain. They had prepared their sacrifices and called on the name of Baal from morning until noon saying, "O Baal, hear us" (that is, O Lord, hear us). But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar that was made, but no fire fell. Is it any wonder that Elijah mocked them and said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened." Baal's prophets must have been a sorrowful sight, cutting themselves with lances until they were bathed in their own blood. The preachers in the pulpits of to-day are much like Baal's prophets, the victims, spiritually, of their own weapons. There is no God to answer their cries, and when their calamity comes, God has declared that He will mock them. They make a great noise, chant their doleful anthems, operate any amount of machinery, but the fire does not fall on their altars. The punishment of hypocritical preachers will be more awful than

that which Baal's prophets suffered at the hand of God through His servant Elijah.

"And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim." God's prophets never trouble the true Israel; it is only apostate Israel that they disturb. When men who have the Holy Spirit are charged with splitting a church, you may be sure that church is backslidden. A religious club that calls itself a church does not like to be disturbed in its carnal security. Ahab symbolizes human governments, and his idolatrous queen the fallen church. They were both equally persistent in Baal worship. Jezebel was the daughter of Ethbaal, the idolatrous king of the Zidonians. She and her wicked husband fed the false prophets and slew the servants of the Lord and succeeded in plunging the nation into more dreadful idolatry than it had ever been in before. It was at this time that Elijah appeared on the scene and was accused of troubling Israel, as people who have the Holy Ghost are accused of troubling the old church organizations to-day.

CHAPTER XX

MEETING AT PARIS, KENTUCKY—SHUT OUT AT
PLEASANT VIEW—CHRIST AS REDEEMER,
HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM AND COMING
KING—THE TRIBULATION

MAY 14th, 1901, accompanied by my mother, I arrived at Paris, Kentucky, where I had two sisters and a brother living. Three days after our arrival, one of these sisters claimed to get sanctified, and the other, who was in a backslidden state, was under great conviction. Some of the members of the Methodist Church asked me to preach for them Sunday morning, and advertised the meeting. The pastor, who was off on a vacation, heard of it and took the first train home; he interviewed the members of the official board and claimed the right to fill the pulpit himself. He had been preaching but once on the Sabbath and had left to be gone until Conference. This was another instance of how the preachers in the modern pulpits will close the church doors to keep their people from receiving any spiritual light and help. It is the same old spirit of the Pharisee who refuses to go into the kingdom himself or allow

others to go in. His deliberately ignoring the wishes of those who had planned for me to speak Sunday morning aroused a spirit of opposition in his people, which led to securing the court house the next day in which to hold special meetings.

One of my sisters was a fashionable dress-maker; during this meeting she was reclaimed and went out of the business altogether, against the protest of her many patrons. There was no little commotion when she sent back to the ladies of fashion their goods untouched. This was used of God in advertising the meetings. No Christian can conform to the world in dress, neither can he serve God and make clothing for the peacocks of fashion. The curiosity of the people was so thoroughly aroused they came out to see what had caused this marvelous change in my sister. There were nearly one hundred persons in attendance at the first service. The attendance increased from this number to about four hundred. This city, that is called the Paris of America, the people said, had not had such an awakening in many years. We prayed for God to lay His hand upon the men who granted us the privilege of holding the meetings in the court house and keep them from closing the doors against us. One day Mrs. B—— and myself were walking

along the street and talking the matter over; she pointed out a person standing by the door of the postoffice and said, "Do you see that man in uniform? If he objects to this meeting he has the power to stop it. He has been here about twenty-seven years and is now the chief of police. He rules almost like a king in this city. The colored people are so afraid of him they run when they see his dogs coming around the corner."

I had an unsaved brother in this city; he was mixed up in the county politics, and was then running for office. Knowing the condition of the churches, and having a special burden upon me for my brother's soul, as well as for others, I prayed most fervently for the officer, who, they said, had the power to close the doors of the court house against us. His wife, who was a backslidden Methodist, came out to one of the meetings. He was a Roman Catholic and had no use for Protestant religion. When things were getting pretty well stirred up in the town we were looking any hour for him to protest against meetings being held any longer in the court house. As he passed by our door one day I looked at him and had a presentiment that he would not be permitted to interfere with our meetings. The same day that we prayed earnestly on this matter, he went home and went to bed; his

last words were spoken to his two dogs.

The next morning his wife was awakened about four o'clock by the death rattle in his throat. She hastened to the telephone and called a physician, but before he arrived her husband was dead. It looked like nearly the whole town and country turned out to the funeral. It does not take God long to end a person's earthly career if it suits His purpose to do so; and thus was the book of this man's life closed.

The meetings at the court house continued with unusual interest for nearly two weeks. There arose a question among some of our friends as to the wisdom of recognizing the colored people who occupied the gallery; the officials were willing for them to occupy seats there, but not for them to take any part in the services. One evening a number of colored people requested our prayers, and as only one white person had asked for prayers in that service we dismissed the main body of the congregation and remained for a short time to pray with some of the colored people who were under great conviction. This recognition of them raised so much antagonism on the part of the white people, they succeeded in getting the county officials to refuse to let us have the court house any longer. My sister, who had secured the building, went to

see them and requested that they let us continue two days longer. They refused to do so and gave as an excuse that they were afraid smallpox might break out among the colored people.

The news of the meeting spread all over the country, especially were the people stirred up at Millersburg, where the Female College and the Military School were located, and where I had once lived and attended school. Lasting results have come from the meeting held at Paris. To God be all the glory!

A few days after my arrival at home, the Fourth of July (1901) Holiness Convention was announced to be held at Pleasant View. It had been our custom to hold an Annual Convention at this place. This special feature of the holiness work in Colorado, God had used me to set forth six years before, and up to this time I had planned the camp meetings, and especially the Fourth of July conventions, and attended them all. J. A. DaFoe, the treasurer, took it upon himself to print handbills announcing this convention. It was my husband's work to print these bills, as he was the secretary; but this would-be leader worked this scheme in order to leave my name off the bills. It was no surprise to me, as I was fully aware of the underhanded schemes he was working in order to get into a place of authority.

It was only an outward manifestation of what had been in his heart ever since I had known him. I knew the time for separation had come, and my greatest desire was to know what God had in it for me. As I waited to find out, He came to me with the sweet assurance that His will was being wrought out in my life, and the treatment received at the hands of false professors was to be used in bringing the rain and sunshine to develop the fruit in the garden of my soul. The great battle of my Christian ministry was fought at Pleasant View, where I had many spiritual children. This was the birthplace of the holiness movement in Colorado, and gained this distinction as a result of the revival held there in which I did my first preaching. The fight of the backsliders was not against me, but against the cause of Christ. While passing through the fires of persecution, there were times when the physical strain was so great it would have put me in the grave if God had not undertaken for me, but when I reached the limit of endurance the Lord would renew my strength. He was preparing the way for a much greater work than I had any comprehension of, and was permitting me to suffer in order to teach me the lessons that it was necessary for me to learn.

A few persons who were ambitious for

leadership sold out the cause of holiness by catering to worldly denominations and ecclesiastical dignitaries. Remembering the pit (the old church) from whence I had come, I determined that they should not submerge me into its mire again, and spent forty-eight hours in fasting and prayer, during which time I was enlightened concerning the future of the work. The most unspeakable joy filled my soul as Jesus revealed himself to me in the relationship of the heavenly Bridegroom. Some things I kept as secrets in my own heart, and to-day my soul mounts up on wings like an eagle into the very presence of His glory, where I breathe the pure atmosphere of His love. O, thou matchless Christ! "Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name forever more." "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and his greatness is unsearchable." "He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness." How glad I am that He has kept me from compromising and enabled me to take the crucifixion route! How glorious to die to all selfish ambitions and have but one desire, and that to honor and glorify His name!

"Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my

head; for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities" (Ps. 14:15). The strokes that have been laid heavily upon me have only proved a kindness and an excellent oil, for it was then my Beloved drew me into the secret chamber where His words were sweeter to my soul than honey and the honey-comb. The severest wounds are made by those who were once truly the Lord's, but have lost the Lord's anointing, and still maintain a profession. Whatever may be the attitude they assume toward holiness, they are its bitterest foes. People of this character, like Joseph's brethren, will put the object of their jealousy into a pit and sit down to eat bread; but God has said of His anointed, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." The treatment that Joseph received from his brethren proved a blessing to him in the end, yea, it was an ointment to his head and a doorway to a throne. The Psalmist said, his "prayer should be in their calamities." While we do not ask God to destroy people, we do ask Him to lay His hand upon those who hinder His work, and did this with regard to those who were the enemies of holiness at this Fourth of July Convention. Within three months five officers of the association were lying at death's door at the same time, and another reaping an experience of disappointment too bitter to

be expressed in words. These, and some other chastisements that followed, were from the hand of God in punishment for the course they had taken against His cause and those whom He had chosen to stand in the breach. The Psalmist said, "I am grieved at these that rise up against thee; I count them enemies." Persons who try to lower the standard of holiness until it is not offensive, have no salvation; if they have ever been converted they have lost their salvation and become the enemies of the cross.

Soon after my return from Kentucky we lost our mission hall on Larimer street. While some people looked upon the losing of this hall as an evidence of God's displeasure, I knew that His hand was in it to bring about greater things in the work. We secured a large Gospel tent and put it up at Twenty-third and California streets, where we held Gospel meetings every night. This resulted in a big revival. There were as many as seven hundred people in one service and many others standing on the outside of the tent.

It was here that we began to take our freedom in the demonstrations which are one of the features that characterize the work at the present. The women especially began to lead out in the holy dance. The opposition that it aroused from cold-hearted professors

was used of the Lord to strengthen us for the battles.

It was during this meeting that my brother, Rev. C. W. Bridwell, was married to Miss Lillian O. Thomas who had attended our meetings for years. The ceremony took place at the home of her parents at 1305 South Ninth street, September 17, 1901. Mr. White performed the ceremony in the presence of a few friends. The young woman had been true through some severe persecutions that had come from her own church people and God's approval was on the union.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord" (Ps. 150:6). Volumes have been written on the illustrious author of this text, but only a few have even a slight conception of the magnitude of "the blessing" that caused the Psalmist's lips to break forth in the above words. If every living creature could use its breath audibly in praising Him "that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," the half could not then be told.

The Psalmist calls on God's angels, all His hosts and the sun, moon and stars to praise Him; and "The heavens of heavens, and the waters above the heavens." "Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power." There is nothing so becoming to a saint as praise. He who has been created

in the image of God, for a little time lower than the angels and redeemed from sin should show forth the praises of Him, "who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light," and "made us heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints." Angels can never join in the song of the redeemed. This privilege belongs alone to the saints, "Who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." O glory! glory! "Where sin did abound, grace did much more abound."

"There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pity,
 Until Jesus our Savior from glory came down;
 He was mighty to save, He was strong to deliver,
 He has brought us salvation, a robe and a crown.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! Sing the triumphant strain;
 Hallelujah for the blood and the Lamb that was slain."

He stood in our place as a condemned criminal before the bar of justice. "The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Though we were doomed for perdition and merited nothing, He broke the yoke and snapped the fetters and let us go free. Should we not use



ARTHUR K. WHITE

every faculty of our beings to His glory and praise?

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" The very best that we can render is small. "Let Israel rejoice in him that made him; let the children of Zion rejoice in their king." "Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people" (Ps. 149:2-3).

The world is waxing old like a garment. Satan has had it clothed in mourning, and groaning under the curse for the past six thousand years, but the time has come for the saints to lift up their heads and rejoice, for their redemption and the restoration of all things draweth near. "The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." "My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away" (Cant. 2:8-10). The heavenly Bridegroom will soon come down on a white cloud and take His bride away. He has been watching her from the lattice work of His windows as she toils in His vineyard under the burning rays of a meridian sun. She is the *sun-burnt*

maiden, who has won the heart of the King and will sit with Him on the throne in His millennial glory. He has heard her sighs and counted her tears and looked upon her in tenderness and compassion when thorns and briars were pricking her tender flesh. He has heard the scoffs and jeers of her persecutors, who will soon receive a just retribution. A great loving hand has reached down and drawn the cruel arrows from her heart, wiped away the blood drops and poured in a soothing balm. Who shall forbid her from rejoicing in the sunshine of His love. Well may the poet sing:

“His name yields the sweetest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

“Content with beholding his face,
My all to His pleasure resigned:
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.”

It matters little whether we please or displease others so the smile of His love-beaming eye is upon us. “The winter is past, * * * The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land” (Cant. 2:11-12). Every sanctified heart is like the spring-time with the beautiful flowers, singing

birds, rippling waters and cooing doves. This experience is a miniature millennium within the soul. The Bridegroom comes like a young hart skipping over the hills, and then like a dove nestles down deep in the soul, where He coos over His beloved. Some bright day, Jesus will come over the Eastern hills, swifter than the morning light, wrapped in the fleecy clouds of His glory. The bride will hear His voice like that of a dove cooing for its mate, saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." The bars of the tomb will burst; the members of the bride, both the dead and the living, will be changed in the twinkling of an eye and fly away to meet Him in the clouds. He will bring His beloved to the banqueting house, where His banner of love will be over her. "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints" (Rev. 19:7-8). She will sit down in His shadow with great delight, and his fruit will be sweet to the taste (Cant. 2:3).

The Bridegroom soon is coming,
The springtime now is here,
The birds their songs are singing,

The turtle doves appear;
 My heart with love is pining
 To meet Him in the air,
 To be with Him I'm longing
 In that bright land so fair.

CHO:—Rise up, rise up, my fair one,
 And do not long delay;
 Rise up, rise up, my fair one,
 And come, O come away.

O tell me not of crosses,
 Of burdens hard to bear;
 My mouth is filled with praises,
 I've cast on Him my care;
 Ofttimes when I am weary,
 He tells me of His grace;
 When days are dark and dreary,
 I see His smiling face.

Through lattice work He's looking
 Upon His faithful bride,
 To her His secrets telling,
 In whom He doth confide;
 Behold He cometh leaping,
 And skipping o'er the hills;
 I hear Him gently calling,
 His love my spirit thrills.

The mountain peaks are glowing
 With heaven's golden light;
 The bridal train is coming
 On clouds of snowy white;
 O I will soon be going,
 The time will not be long,
 For me the Bridegroom's calling,
 To meet the heavenly throng.



RAY WHITE

While the orchestras of the skies are playing their rapturous strains, the premillennial judgments will be sweeping the earth. Myriads of the ungodly, left in the world, clad in the armory of death, will be used as the devil's instrumentalities in the tribulation wars. Jesus said, "Except those days should be shortened there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." Then "The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken" (Matt. 24). Should our hearts not melt in gratitude to Him who has made it possible for us to escape all these things? The ungodly will weep and wail and gnash their teeth and cry for the rocks and hills to fall on them, but it will be too late. "And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour she is made desolate. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. * * * And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth;

for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth" (Rev. 18:19-24).

While the marriage supper is in progress somewhere in the firmament, another supper will be taking place in the earth. And an angel standing in the sun, will cry with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, "Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great" (Rev. 19:17-18). Here is a most awful picture of the tribulation wars. The world is so corrupt now that it is almost impossible to live in it. What will it be when the voice of the bride and the Bridegroom are no longer heard in it, and these fowls which typify devils—the black vultures from the pit—are filling their filthy stomachs with the flesh of humanity. One will surely have to suffer a martyr's death if he escapes hell then and gains heaven. If the chilling winds of carnality have such a deadening influence on a soul now, how will it be when this carnival of the pit is in full blast? How unspeakable should be our joy when we

think of the possibility of escaping it and sitting down at the marriage supper of the Lamb!

This earth is the purchased possession of the Son of God, who carries the title deed to it, but ever since the king of darkness came from the charred walls of pandemonium and placed his cloven hoof on its virgin soil, it has been in rebellion against God.

The first king and queen were captured in the garden of Eden, and a generation of murderers were brought forth, and from that time to the present there has been one long-continued record of crime. But the long, dark night of sin is fast coming to a close when the discordant voices from rebellious hearts, corrupt human governments and apostate churches will forever be silenced. The time-honored empires and kingdoms will crumble and fall and the crowns will be snatched from the heads of their incumbents. The blood of martyrs will be avenged, and their murderers assigned to the vaults of eternal despair, and the black catalogue of crime wiped out forever.

Then will be fulfilled Zechariah's prophecy (14:4): "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem." John said, "I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him

an hundred and forty and four thousand. * * * And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, * * and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth" (Rev. 14:1-3). This company represents Jesus, and the bride who flew up to meet Him in the clouds, and is now returning with her divine Spouse from the banqueting chamber, where the nuptials have been celebrated. She is "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. 21:2).

Paul speaks of a resurrection that is out from the dead (Phil. 3:10), to which he was striving to attain. This resurrection takes place at the beginning of the premillennial judgments, at which time the living saints will be translated. "These are they which were not defiled with women." The fallen church is represented in the Bible by a woman who has broken wedlock. The one hundred and forty and four thousand were not defiled by her. "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb." Many deceived persons think they can affiliate with a backslidden church, that has long since broken spiritual wedlock and married the

world, and still belong to the bridehood. This is a delusion of the devil. It is unreasonable and utterly impossible to support her institutions, walk in her streets, peer in at her windows and drink out of the wine cup of her fornications without being contaminated. Yet multitudes are doing this and vainly imagine that they are the chosen ones. It could not be said of such, "In their mouth was found no guile," or that they would be found without fault before the throne of God (Rev. 14).

When the first king and queen stepped out on this newly created sphere, there was no spot to mar its beauty; but they proved unworthy and succeeded in wresting it from its spiritual orbit, and plunged it and their own posterity into a long, black night, with scenes too dark to be depicted by word or pen. Adam the first, was a failure, but Adam the second, Jesus Christ, has undertaken the redemption of the world. He will woo His bride, slay His antagonist, and sit down on His father David's throne and rule the world in righteousness. "And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; * * * And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one" (Zech. 14:8-9).

"My mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; mine own vineyard have I not kept" (Cant. 1:6). "Hearken, O daughter—forget also thine own people, and thy father's house" (Ps. 45:10).

Of necessity the bride of Christ is pressed into fields of labor that she never would have had to enter if her mother's (church's) children had kept the faith and helped her to bear the burden and the heat of the day. They are looking after their worldly interests and commending themselves with works of self-righteousness; they feel no need of the sanctifying blood of the Lamb. At the same time jealousies arise and their sacrifices are fireless and rejected. They are not righteous, and like Cain, they would kill their brother. It is carnality, diametrically opposed to holiness. What a monster! It is fallen Adam as a fugitive in a pugilistic attitude, with wrinkled brow and darkened countenance, firmly set teeth, clinched fists and hardened muscles. He came from the regions of night, forced his way into the fair garden of the soul and fouled the lilies of purity under his feet. Here he has barred the doors and reigns supreme. His only conqueror is Adam the second (Christ), who, by your yielding to Him, will enter the gateway of your soul and search him

out in the secret chamber and "bind the strong man and spoil his goods" (Matt. 12:29). These goods are the works of the flesh: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcrafts, hatred, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, etc., etc. Cain, a true representative of the flesh, brought an offering without blood, and was not accepted. Abel, emblemizing the new man, brought the sacrificial lamb, and the fire from heaven consumed his offering. "Without the shedding of blood is no remission" of sins.

Carnal religion has no blood in it; therefore its ambassadors are enemies to the cross of Christ. Isaac was the child of promise. Ishmael, who was born after the flesh, persecuted him who was born after the Spirit; even so it is now. "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other" (Gal. 5:17). Sarah, who emblemizes the true Church, said that the son of the bond woman should not be heir with her son. Isaac typifies the new birth, Ishmael, the "old man," or depravity. He mocked Isaac, and was cast out on the weaning day. The time comes in the experience of every regenerated person when the carnal nature must die, or the result is spiritual death to him who retains

it in his heart. Had Ishmael been permitted to stay in the home he would have killed Isaac.

Jacob crossed his hands and blest Ephraim, the younger son of Joseph. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and Jacob, the younger, obtained the inheritance. Then Esau sought to kill Jacob. Adam the first forfeited his rights to an inheritance, selling this world and humanity out to the devil. Adam the second redeemed it with His own blood, but the son of Belial, firmly intrenched in his stronghold in the human heart, refuses to relinquish his false claims, and obstinately contests every inch of the ground. Through the long battle of centuries rivers of blood have flowed and mountains of dead have been heaped up. Multiplied millions have gone down under the stroke of the grim monster, and are now writhing in the flames of torment, where they will be the victims of the devil's torture forever.

The bands are playing funeral notes. Slowly moves the procession behind livery draped in black, bearing the remains of a departed soul to the city of the dead. The body is consigned to the earth, attendants stand with heads made bare, while the minister repeats, "Earth to earth and dust to dust." Flowers are placed upon the coffin lid, and a

few words of consolation are spoken to the friends in mourning. In the meantime the spiritual eye pierces the blackness of night and sees a lost soul just entering the reality of an eternity in hell. Enraged demons taunt him in their frenzy and torture him with coals of fire. He shrieks and groans, vainly trying to release himself from his tormentors, but it is too late. He refused to let old "Adam" die in spite of the direct command "to put off the old man with his deeds." He clung to him to the end and in so doing sealed his doom forever, and now in the pit of dark despair, he breathes the foul, pestilential breath of tobacco chewers, drunkards, harlots, murderers, and suicides. There is nothing for him but remorse, for there is no repentance in hell! It is too late! He rejected mercy and the die is cast! The door is forever closed, and the soul left in hopeless despair to writhe in the flames of torment forever!

THE SINNER'S DOOM

The day of wrath is near at hand,
When wicked men shall fear
The name of Jesus crucified,
Whose words they would not hear.
A time of trouble it will be,
When men for help will call,
And smite their breasts and cry aloud,
"O mountains on us fall!"

"Too late, too late," our Lord will say,
This is the day of doom,
For all who have the Cross refused,
In heav'n there is no room;
For you they crowned My head with thorns,
For you they pierced My side,
You spurned My love from day to day,
My name you have denied."

In hell the rich man called for help;
Alas, it was too late,
And all who like the rich man die,
Must share his awful fate.
He lived for self, and self alone,
And in his sins he died;
In hell he lifted up his eyes,
"Send Lazarus," he cried.

Down in that world of dark despair,
There's not one ray of light,
Where darkness shrouds the souls of men,
In hell's eternal night.
O look to Him, lost ones, to day,
His blood can make you free;
He is the refuge of the soul,
For mercy to Him flee.

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE PACIFIC COAST—TOKENS OF GOD'S
FAVOR—ORGANIZATION OF THE PEN-
TECOSTAL UNION

IN THE AFTERNOON of October 3, 1901, the Lord spoke to me very clearly telling me to visit our missionaries at Cheyenne, Wyoming. It did not take me long to get ready and in less than two hours I was off. Our headquarters there had been moved since I had last heard from the missionaries and I did not know where to find them. I made a few inquiries, but found no one who was able to give me any information in regard to them. It was after ten o'clock and the weather was cold and damp and I was getting chilly, after having walked blocks in trying to find them. I stopped and asked the Lord to direct my steps; I could almost feel a hand turning me around and I knew the Holy Spirit was trying to direct me. Going in the opposite direction I walked straight to the mission hall. The Lord wonderfully blest this visit to the salvation of souls.

Three days afterwards I was alone in prayer, when suddenly the well of salvation in

my heart began to overflow. With it came the evidence that the Lord had planned a missionary trip for me by way of Butte, Montana to the Pacific coast. I had no money with which to make this trip. However, it was clear to me that my transportation would be provided, and I was so confident of this that I told a sister that I had the assurance the money would be on hands in a few days. Five days later I received a postal card from the leader of the Butte mission, telling me that he had sent the money to Denver for my fare to Butte. He knew nothing of what the Lord had shown me in regard to this trip, and no one had told him that I had any thought of making such a trip.

I returned to Denver, and started to Butte on the sixteenth, arriving there two days later, where I found the missionaries all well and the work in a prosperous condition. The Lord wonderfully blest my labors during the next two weeks. I said nothing to anyone about going on to the coast and was wondering how the way would be opened, when one day the wife of the leader of the mission came in and asked me if I would not like to go to California. I told her I would be pleased to go, but avoided telling her of any definite leading that I had. She informed me later that her husband would buy me a ticket if I

would go. In the meantime she decided that she and little Alma, her three-months-old babe, would accompany me.

I had long wanted a trip on the ocean, and God had promised me that I should have it, but I supposed it would cost more by ocean steamer from Portland, Oregon to San Francisco than by rail, and did not say anything about it. A few hours before we were to leave, the brother who went to buy our tickets came in and asked me if I would prefer to go from Portland to San Francisco by water. I told him I would be delighted with such a trip. He went back to the ticket office and arranged for our transportation that way.

Before leaving Montana other persons put enough money into my hands to pay additional expenses on this trip, some of which I did not receive until I had reached Dillon, seventy miles south of Butte, where I found my sister and her four children at the depot anxiously waiting to see me. Dale, her six-year-old boy, brought me a basket of lunch. He had broken one of his arms a few days before, but this did not hinder him from making good use of his other arm, for the basket was supplied with food for the journey. This was a touching scene and caused me to weep for joy, as I felt it was a token from God that He would supply all my needs on this trip. When

the train was starting, a brother rushed up and handed me four silver dollars.

A morning or two later our train was running along by the beautiful Columbia River, within one hundred miles of Portland. The mountain scenery along this river is beyond description, and the luxuriant vegetable growth added to its charms. My soul was full of the music of heaven, and I could find no words of expression that would do justice to my feelings.

Before reaching Portland, Sister P—and the baby were both quite sick, which was caused by the motion of the train. Neither of us knew anyone in Portland, but I asked the Lord to have some follower of Christ who was interested in work similar to that in which we were engaged meet us at the train, and immediately received the assurance that the prayer would be answered. When we reached the station I saw no one to whom I felt impressed to speak except a policeman. I asked him about the hotels, telling him that we were missionaries and wanted to find a quiet, respectable place, where the charges would be reasonable. The moment I said we were missionaries, his face lighted up and he asked what society we belonged to. I told him we were Pentecostal workers. He said, "I am interested in Pentecostal work myself." We

found him to be a Christian man, who said he had secured his office in answer to prayer, that he might have the opportunity to help people who arrived at this station, many of whom were strangers from all parts of the world. He seemed very much interested in us, and in less than twenty minutes put us on a street car and sent us to his quiet little home on the outskirts of the city, where his wife received us with great kindness.

He was the leader of a weekly holiness prayer meeting held in the neighborhood. At noon he was off duty, and at three o'clock, in company with himself and wife, we attended this prayer meeting, which he asked me to lead. There were homes opened to us, and the people showed us great kindness. The following evening I preached in the Free Methodist church; at the close of the service the people insisted on taking a free-will offering for us. When some of these good people bade us good-bye the next evening at the steamer docks, it was like parting with old friends. The three days' stay in Portland will ever be one of the bright spots cherished in my memory.

As our steamer, the "Columbia," moved slowly out into the river, my thoughts turned toward home and loved ones and the possibility of never seeing them again; yet I felt

as secure as a bird in the cleft of a rock. We reached Astoria about four the next morning, where our ship waited for daylight and high tide before crossing the bar at the mouth of the Columbia. Here, as I stepped out on deck, my eyes beheld the wonders of God and His handiwork, which would simply exhaust the descriptive powers of the most gifted writer. At the mouth of the Columbia River a wonderful picture met my eyes, never to be effaced from memory. The mouth of this river was dotted all over with vessels of almost every description, lying at anchor or plying the water amidst flying seabirds. There was beautiful mountain scenery on either side of the river, and the great Pacific lay out in full view before us.

As the great waves broke against our vessel when we were crossing the bar, I thought of the stream of life on which I had sailed for fifteen years after my conversion, before reaching the turbulent waters of consecration and sailing out into the great ocean of God's love, where its height, depth and breadth cannot be measured.

The Psalmist said, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth up the stormy wind which lifteth

up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven; they go down again into the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end" (Ps. 107:25-27). The above picture was actually before my eyes. I saw the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, which was verified spiritually in my Christian experience nine years before when the Lord sanctified my soul.

The stormy waves seemed to lift our vessel up to the heavens; then she would go down again into the depths. In less than half an hour three-fourths of the passengers were seasick and reeling to and fro like drunken men. I had prayed that the Lord would not let my trip be spoiled by seasickness, and received the evidence that I should have the desire of my heart, and while others were lying prostrate on their beds, dreadfully nauseated, requiring the assistance of the attendants on board, I was perfectly enraptured with the wonders of the ocean. In the afternoon I began to feel some of the symptoms of seasickness, enough to convince me that I would be no better than the others if my trust were not in God. I went down to the supper table, but could eat no food. The waiters looked at one another and smiled, as much as

to say, "She will not be down again for a while." Some of them had marveled how I had kept up while others were so sick. I told them I was trusting the Lord to keep me well. Not being able to eat any supper, I was fearfully buffeted by the enemy, but, determined not to let go my hold on the promises of God, I went to my room and asked the Lord just for His glory to keep me from getting any worse. In ten minutes every symptom of seasickness was gone and I was troubled no more during the rest of the voyage.

About three o'clock the third morning we were nearing the "Golden Gate," the lights were glimmering along the shore, and there was no fog to hinder our immediate entrance into the port. I arose and dressed long before the break of day and sat looking out at a window, while Sister P—— and her little daughter Alma slept. A view of San Francisco, a city of nearly four hundred thousand people, beautifully lighted, made an impressive picture. I thought of the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, and there, amidst the roaring of the waves, a revelation of God's glory came to me which almost overwhelmed me. I was given a slight idea of what it will be at the end of life's journey.

"When the old ship of Zion has made her last trip,
I want to be there, I do;

With heads all uncovered, to greet the old ship,
I want to be there, don't you?
When all the ship's company meet on the strand,
I want to be there, I do;
With songs on their lips and with harps in their
hands,
I want to be there, don't you?

"When Jesus is crowned the King of all kings,
I want to be there, I do;
With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,
I want to be there, don't you?
Hallelujah we'll shout again and again,
I want to be there, I do;
And close with the chorus, Amen and Amen,
I want to be there, don't you?"

The "Columbia" was docked at seven a. m., and in a few hours we had crossed the bay and were located in the home of a saintly old lady in Oakland. Here we stayed for three days before leaving for San Jose, the city that is called the garden spot of the Coast. I was told it was also called the Gomorrah of the Coast. I certainly could not do justice in trying to give the reader even a slight idea of the beauty of this almost tropical city, with its varied palm trees, flowers and fruits that met my vision in every direction. The roses and calla lilies, the favorites of most everyone, grew in great profusion.

On Friday afternoon, Sister P—— and myself were walking up one of the main streets

of the city in the direction of the Christian Alliance hall, where we were expecting to attend a meeting, when I caught the eye of an old man who had a pop corn and candy stand on the corner. We had gone only a few steps when he came running after us, calling, "Madam, madam, are you not from Colorado?" He stood trembling with excitement as he confronted us. I told him, yes, that I was from Denver. I did not recognize him at first. He said, "I know you, but I can't recall your name. We lived near you, in a little terrace facing the alley. My wife attended your meetings. She was taken sick and given up by the physician, and you prayed with her and the Lord healed her. O, she must see you. She will be delighted to know you are here." After the close of the meeting, an hour and a half later, we were again walking up the street and were overtaken by this man, who handed me ten cents, begging me to take a street car to his home. We had only gone a half block farther when we met his nineteen-year-old son, who was apparently as much excited as his father. He said, "You are going to see mother, I know, and I must go with you; I want to see what she will do." His mother was almost overwhelmed with joy. They lived in a large rooming house where there were a number of other families, among

them the leaders of the Florence Crittenden mission, one of whom she called, and to whom I was introduced. I was asked to talk in the mission the next evening, which led to special services being held, in which God was glorified in the salvation of many precious souls. It was about five days before the real break came, but after that the altar was filled at almost every meeting. On the first Saturday evening the power fell on the people and souls were liberated with mighty shouts of victory, which brought people from the streets and clerks from the stores for blocks around. They filled the aisle and stood looking with wonder on the scene at the altar. A brother who drove in from Santa Clara every evening, said he had been praying for months for a revival. When the outlook was the least encouraging, he would say, "Soon the cannon balls of salvation will be rolling up and down these streets." All may not have the gift of preaching, but everyone can pray; and yet there are only a few persons who become mighty instruments in prevailing with God for souls. We need more prayers to counteract the influence of counterfeit holiness preachers. After an absence of nearly two months, I reached Denver, December 12th, after having seen many old-time conversions, and having traveled four thousand five hundred miles.

During the weeks spent on this journey, the Lord talked to me definitely about organizing our work. The difficulties of such an undertaking were inconceivably great, especially when my husband and many of our people thought such a step would be a great mistake. The experiences that I had passed through in missions, where false shepherds would creep in and carry off the lambs, were sufficient to show me what we would have to contend with in taking a definite step toward organization. For years I had faithfully preached against the apostasy of the old denominations, and God's word had been hammering in pieces the rock, and much of the opposition to an independent work had given way among those with whom we were working; but still there were mountains of difficulty to be removed. I knew to delay would hinder the work of the Holy Spirit. I had asked the Lord many times to put me in a hard place if He could trust me in it, but when this prayer was made I had but little idea what it meant.

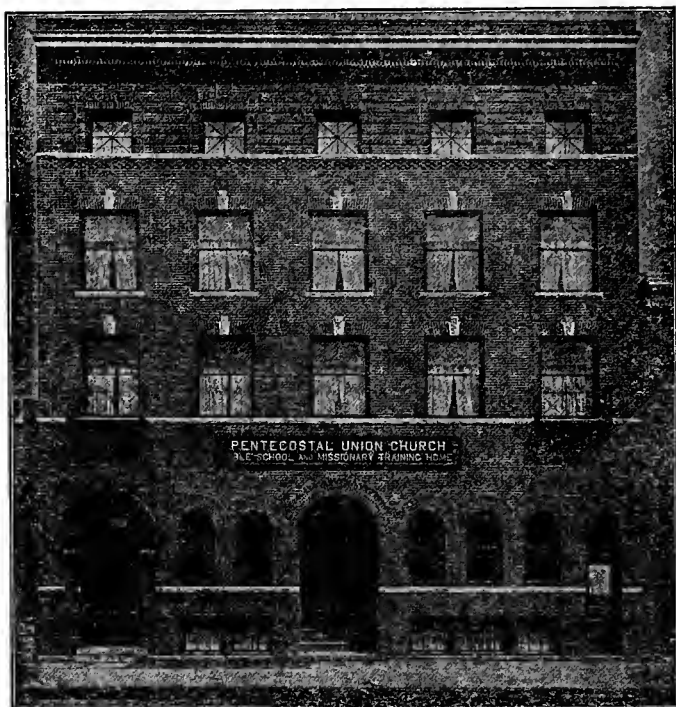
The question of what to do with our converts had been a great problem for seven years. In spite of all efforts to make church homes for them in our missions, where most of them were converted, they were drawn away into the backslidden churches where they soon died spiritually. As we presented the subject

of organization to our people we found a few of them were fully prepared for it, while many others were unsettled. God helped me to use wisdom in dealing with those who were halting between two opinions, and at the end of two weeks after my return from the Coast, fifty persons were ready to co-operate with me and unite with the new church, the organization of which was affected Dec. 29th, 1901. We accepted no person who belonged to labor unions, worldly fraternities or lodges. We lifted up the standard according to the light we had and God put His seal upon the new organization. It was indeed the beginning of days for our work, which is now better known as the Pillar of Fire, though The Pentecostal Union is still the legal name.

In 1903, a Bible School building was erected at 1845 Champa street, Denver, Colorado, a picture of which is given on the following page. In 1906, operations were begun in the East. A history of the development and progress of the work from its organization to 1907 may be found in the book entitled "The New Testament Church," by the author of "Looking Back from Beulah."

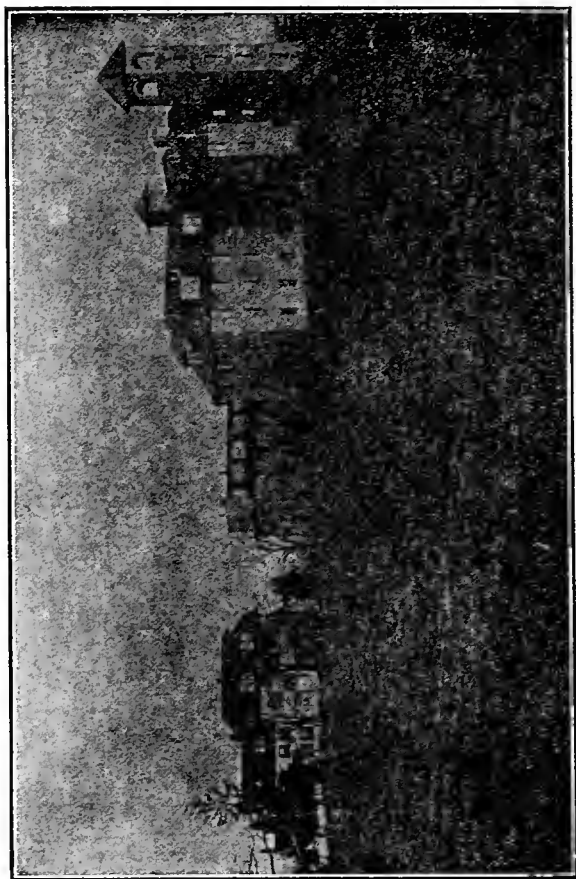
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